

Love at the End

John Mark McMillan

Out of the gaslight
Off the roads we've traveled on
Down by the wayside
Against the sheen of a Babylon
I've seen an empire
Taste the tempest of a gathering strong
But I found love at the end of the world

My rabbit's running
On the street hot heels of Rome
My hour's coming to reconcile with the dawn

I'm on the brink
I'm on the brink
I'm on the brink
But I found love at the end of the world

Tell the reaper
Tell the repo man
I've got nothing that belongs to him
Ruin pushes rubble in the city of sin
But I found love at the end of the world

Out of the goodnight
I was born into your arms
Like you're my country
Like you're the hills where I belong

Out of that goodnight (I'm on the brink)
I was born into your arms (I'm on the brink)
You are my country (I'm on the brink)
Like the hills where I found love at the end of the world

Tell the reaper
Tell the repo man
I've got nothing that belongs to him
Ruin pushes rubble in the city of sin
But I found love at the end of the world