

Silver Shore

John Mark McMillan

Billowing hills
Shoulders of steel
Hide behind faces of glass

The street light valleys
The midnight tallies
Recollections of our past
These thoughts of home

And tonight we sleep
With lions all around
In furnaces of fire we sleep
Tonight we sleep
With lions all around
In furnaces of fire we sleep

We're ghosts inside of our bodies
Naked inside of our clothes
We're all terrified of the writhing ocean tide
But our pockets are all full of hope
These thoughts of home

And tonight we sleep
With lions all around
In furnaces of fire we sleep
Tonight we sleep
With lions all around
In furnaces of fire we sleep

We were born on heaven's silver shores
I know it in my heart there's more to be afforded

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I know it in my heart there's more to be afforded

Did I hear you in the driving rain
I swear somebody was calling my name again

We were born on heaven's silver shores
I know it in my heart there's more to be afforded

We were born on heaven's silver shores
I know it in my heart there's more to be afforded

We were made for the other side of the lake
It's more than we can take
The fever's gonna break for us

We were born on heaven's silver shores
I know it in my heart there's more to be afforded