

# Tongues Of Fire

John Mark McMillan

The nights we spoke with tongues of fire  
The days we walked out on the wire  
We were young and we were not afraid

The angels whispered in our ears  
To tell us what the hilltop hears  
Beholden to the promises we made  
When we were young and we were not afraid

River waters moved inside  
Our bodies like the ocean tide  
The spirit swam the hallows of our veins  
The years they roared like waves down on

The rocky shores we stand upon  
And beat against our banks with iron rage  
When we were young and we were not afraid

We can still push up against those pillars  
We can light those foxes tails ablaze  
Nighttime still pushes up against the sun  
Where we grow young and we are not afraid

And you, you gotta find your way back home  
Out of the woods  
And you, you don't have to hold your own  
You gotta find your way back home  
Out of the woods  
They're gonna smoke you out  
They're gonna find you out  
Out of the woods