

Every move yeah every move
The chronology of my theology is not based on philosophy or Gre
ek mythology,
But before the garden where we all started,
Existed one of three: the trinity.
More real than the trees, the mountains, the seas, the flowers,
the breeze, the whole galaxy
'Cause every move I make, and every breath I take is a gift, a
deity.
Yea, every move I make, and every breath I take is a gift, a de
ity.
Now you say, if your God is real why can't you feel him? Why ca
n't you see him?
I say can you look into the sun and retain your vision?
Can you dissect the wind with accurate precision?
Can you feel your own brain while it makes a decision?
No, I didn't thinks so.
These eyes were not made for such beauty, such splendor,
Nor could they behold such a wonderful sight.
His shafts of light, his strength his might
Are more than my frame of thought can handle.
Yet, I see him every time I'm lost in the dark,
Or whenever life shoots an arrow straight through my heart.
I feel him by my side, his strength he provides.
I feel my confidence even after fears have reside.
More real than the trees, the mountains, the seas, the valleys,
the breeze, the whole galaxy
'Cause every move I make, and every breath I take is a gift, a
deity,
Yea, every move, you take, every breath you make is a gift, a d
eity.
Think about it.

Every move, yeah, every move
Every move I make and every breath I take...
(More real than the trees, the mountains the seas, the valleys
the breeze, the whole galaxy)
Every move I make and every breath I take...
(More real than the trees, the mountains the seas, the valleys
the breeze, the whole galaxy)
It's a diety
(More real than the trees, the mountains the seas, the valleys,
the breeze, the whole galaxy)