

The Fullness Of His Coming

Anita Lane

His boots are snapping twigs
He's got big boots on
I can hear the earth he's crushing
He's got big boots on
It's the fullness of his coming
Splitting up the concrete
The earth quakes
Splitting up the concrete
The earth quakes and waits
I lifted up God's dress
Punched him and got in
I lifted up God's tiny dress
And punched him again
He's stomping down
He's breaking down
He's breaking down Berlin's back fence
Oh how I fall
Oh how full
It's the fullness of his coming
And he's only coming for me