

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