

As Cities Burn "Contact"

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Hearts aren't really our guides
We are truly alone
'Cause God ain't up in the sky
Holding together our bones

Remember we used to speak
Now I'm starting to think
That Your voice was really my own
Bouncing off the ceiling back to me

God, this can't be
God, this can't be
God, could it be that all we see is it?
Is this it? Is this it?

Won't you come down, Heaven?
Won't you come down?
Won't you cut through the clouds?
Won't you come down?

Won't you come down, Heaven?
Won't you come down?
Won't you cut through the clouds?
Won't you come down?
Come down, come down, come down

Oh, my Heaven, why
Do you have doors to close?
Do you have clouds to stop His voice?

Oh, my Heaven, why
Do you have doors to close?
Do you have clouds to stop His voice
On the way down?

And, God, this can't be
And, God, this can't be
And, God, can it be that all we see is it?
Is this it?

And, God, does grace reach
To this side of madness?

?Cause I know this can?t be
The great peace we all seek

Won?t you come down, Heaven?
Won?t you come down?
Won?t you cut through the clouds?
Won?t you come down?

Did your clouds to stop His voice?
And, brother, have you found
The great peace that we all seek
You say take a look around
If there's a God, then He must be asleep

God must be asleep
God must be asleep
God must be asleep
God must be asleep

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