

## As Cities Burn "Empire"

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And I was a middle son  
Between two wayward ones  
I was more deserving of my parent's love

I had an angel's smile  
Hiding a vulture's bite  
I had no use for Your redeeming blood  
Aren't I glory, glorious?

Glory, glorious  
Aren't we glory, glorious?  
Aren't we worthy, worthy of  
Hearts at our feet?

?Cause I was a Pharisee  
I never saw my need for grace  
Then your love, it came to me  
Stood next to mine  
And I saw that I was poor

It showed me I was poor  
Show us, we are  
Show us, we are

Glory, glorious  
We are glory, glorious  
Not from what good we have done  
But from being the least

Glory, glorious  
We are glory, glorious  
Not from what good we have done  
But from being the least

Glory, glorious  
Glory, glorious  
Oh, I don't know  
How I was made

My heaven tower sways  
Atop their fleeting praise  
God, I don't know

How I was made

Glory, glorious  
Are we glory, glorious?  
Are we worthy, worthy of  
Hearts at our feet?

Glory, glorious  
We are glory, glorious  
Not from what we've done  
But being the least

I was a wicked one

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