

Clay Crosse "Wicked"

Visit "[Wicked](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Flee like a bird to your mountain
For the wicked bend their bows
And they load their guns and shoot from the shadows
At an upright and righteous man

Run to Your arms like a baby
When the whole world closes in
Now a righteous man, now he loves his brother
And the wicked, wicked man, now he loves hate

And on the wicked He will reign
On the wicked God will reign and reign
On the wicked He will reign
On the wicked God will reign and reign and reign

Pray for the child in the city, yeah
'Cause the city's lost it's mind
There's a dangerous cloud on the horizon
And the tear's will fall like rain from the sky

And on the wicked He will reign
On the wicked God will reign and reign
On the wicked He will reign
On the wicked God will reign and reign and reign

Now the righteous man, he loves his brother
And the wicked, wicked man, he still loves hate

And on the wicked He will reign
On the wicked God will reign and reign
On the wicked He will reign
On the wicked God will reign and reign

And on the wicked He will reign
On the wicked God will reign and reign
On the wicked He will reign
On the wicked God will reign and reign and reign

Flee like a bird to your mountain
Flee like a bird, yeah

