

Josiah Leming

"Angels Undercover"

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Take me to the church where my father and my mother
Prayed for me and my dear brother
While the angels undercover cursed our names
Children, do you believe in heaven?
Tell me, do you believe in heaven?
Cause there's a place that's filled with flames
And it's calling out your name
So you best believe in heaven
With your blind and absent faith

And take me to the park where we played, the light
went dark
And even jesus didn't matter
Cause our souls were filled with laughter
And our laughter reached to heaven
While our sorrows went to hell

Take me to the fields where my father spent his days
Slaving for a beggar's wage
The day is over, turn the page
There'll be another when you wake
Waiting in your cup of coffee
And you hear our mother coughing
As you whisper to her softly
But we still hear we every strain
We still hear every strain

And take me to the house where my mother rests her
bones
In that chair she rests her bones
Quietly, unsuspecting throne
Lock me out, but don't deny her what she owns
Because I don't believe in heaven
No, I don't believe in heaven
There's a place that's filled with flames
And it's calling out my name
Cause I don't believe in heaven
Lock me out but don't deny her what she owns
Lock me out but don't deny her what she owns

And take me to the church where my father and my
mother

Pray for me and my dear brother
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