

Sixpence None The Richer "With Every Breath"

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Allellua from the heavens
Allellua in the heights above the earth
Allellua all His angels
Allellua for the last will be first
Let everything that has breath praise the Lord
Let everything that has breath praise the Lord

Allellua in the morning
Allellua for the beauty of His scars
Allellua in the twilight
Allellua sun and moon and shining stars
Let everything that has breath praise the Lord
Let everything that has breath praise the Lord

When the night seems so long (throw your hands to the sky)
You can sing a new song (wipe the tears from your eyes)
When you're weak, He is strong
He can heal your wounded soul
And calm the storm inside

For all your times of laughter
In every hopeful prayer
When the world weighs on your shoulders
Through sorrow and your despair
With everything, with every breath, praise the Lord
Let everything, let every breath praise the Lord
Let everything that has breath praise the Lord
Let everything that has breath praise the Lord
Let everything that has breath praise the Lord
Let everything, let every breath praise the Lord

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