

## **Hidden Cameras, The "Breathe On It"**

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Breathe on it

God comes from the light of fire

When I get a hold of it

I can breathe alright

Breathe on it

His words do calm my mind

I lose my whole honor

So I can breathe on fire

I may be damaged by the rod

And damned in the light

Sit with all the wicked

Untamed by holy rites

The gasp for air is ashes

But we're breathing for life

Being best friends with all the witches

And slaves to our skinny thighs

Breathe on it

God breathes a mighty storm

I can teach a whole wet army

To breathe on fire

And when I breathe on it

I feel washed and alive  
The smell of soot is honor  
As I breathe on fire  
In the bowels of hell  
We will be known for our tongues  
Set apart from all the wicked  
Under his coat, on our own  
We may feel gifted as we blow  
Producing flames every night  
Feeling warm under the covers  
Is the air for our lungs  
As I breathe on it  
I know I've caught the bug  
God teaches whole armies  
To breathe on fire  
And as I breathe on it  
I know I've caught the bug  
I can teach a whole army  
To breathe alright

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