

## **The Hidden Cameras "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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