

# Language of God

Charlotte Martin

Ready or not, here it comes,  
A pulverizing love  
Suddenly filling every void and,  
Hidden from all naked eyes now

In every baby and open heart,  
The flowers up to the skies,  
The purple comets, the orange doves,  
And all this lifting me higher

What do you want, how do you plan to sleep now,  
What do I want, more of the feeling,  
What do you want, how do you plan to dream now,  
What do I want, I'm busting the ceilings

We are letters and words,  
In the language of God,  
And how His heart must burn,  
Every time we're lost

We are twists and turns,  
In the language of God,  
And how His heart must yearn,  
Every time I love

Every time I love you,  
Every time I love

Unraveling threads of common sense,  
And algebra in my head,  
Looking at you without a lens is,  
Nothing less than the sky splitting open

Give me your kiss, give me your hand,  
And get too personal please,  
I want you more than to get out alive,  
I want to touch your world and you touch back

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