

Three To Be Seen

Damien Jurado

It's your oldest fear
That the love you can hear will go

It's a deafening sound
We become light on the ground, then soil

To be one with the sky
Where the souls all collide
Turn to gold
We are ready

We are stars to be seen
In the meadows we are dreams
To be free

Where we bow heads to pray
We are echoes God creates
In the shade

Where the light can't come in
Breath comes the wind
In the tree

We are seen
We are seen

All are welcome in
All are welcome in
All are welcome in
All are welcome in