

Dear Believer

Edward Sharpe and the Magnetic Zeros

Dear Believer, come sing me a song
Let the octave belong to the next
And lifting us soundly back into the world
May we sing the Earth, Heaven's breath
Murder murder, you haunt every bone
But the son you have grown still resists
Anger anger, you're finally my bitch
Through glory of this, Heaven's breath.

Paradise, has its hunter
Call me blind, call me fool
I don't mind chasing thunder
I say reaching for Heaven is what I'm on Earth to do.

Dear Believer, I've no cause to go on
Save for if you take my case
See the world was good and heavy on my shoulders as a child
But I let it all go to my waist
Now comfort's rooting pigs for my blood
To stick in my mud, a flag of white
Dear Believer, of fire and rebirth
May we shine the Earth, Heaven's light

Dear Believer come sing us a song
Like we sang upon, younger days
When the world was good and heavy on our shoulders as a child
'Fore we let it all go to waste.

Paradise has its hunter
Call me wise, call me fool
I don't mind chasing thunder
I say reaching for Heaven is what I'm on Earth to do

I say reaching for Heaven is what I'm on Earth to do
Maybe reaching for Heaven is what I'm on Earth to do...