

And I could not tell by the power of
The prophet spit fire all through your blood
If Jesus had brothers like I do here
Then walking on water is a blissful fear

The demons and lions bow their heads in shame
The devil appeared in the Bible camp
You baptized my grief with a kiss of grace
Then cut off my ears and I feel no pain

The pictures are plagued with amazing grace
And Mary held liquor, so passionate
I kill a man, with fists, so he knew me well

It's like home, it's like home, it's like home, hey
It's like home, it's like home, it's like home, hey
It's like home, it's like home, it's like home, hey
It's like home, hey
It's like home, hey
It's like home, it's like home, it's like home, hey

I've seen it all
It's poetry, it's poetry, it's close to gold
It's poetry, it's poetry, it's close to gold
It's gold, it's gold, it's gold

I've seen it all
It's poetry, it's poetry, it's close to gold
It's poetry, it's poetry, it's close to gold
It's gold, it's gold, it's gold

I've seen it all
It's poetry, it's poetry, it's close to gold
It's poetry, it's poetry, it's close to gold
It's gold, it's gold, it's gold

And I could not tell by the power of
The prophets spit fire all through your blood
If Jesus had brothers like I do here
Then walking on water is a blissful fear