

# Silver Shore

John Mark McMillan

Billowing hills  
Shoulders of steel  
Hide behind faces of glass

The street light valleys  
The midnight tallies  
Recollections of our past  
These thoughts of home

And tonight we sleep  
With lions all around  
In furnaces of fire we sleep  
Tonight we sleep  
With lions all around  
In furnaces of fire we sleep

We're ghosts inside of our bodies  
Naked inside of our clothes  
We're all terrified of the writhing ocean tide  
But our pockets are all full of hope  
These thoughts of home

And tonight we sleep  
With lions all around  
In furnaces of fire we sleep  
Tonight we sleep  
With lions all around  
In furnaces of fire we sleep

We were born on heaven's silver shores  
I know it in my heart there's more to be afforded

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Did I hear you in the driving rain  
I swear somebody was calling my name again

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I know it in my heart there's more to be afforded

We were born on heaven's silver shores  
I know it in my heart there's more to be afforded

We were made for the other side of the lake  
It's more than we can take  
The fever's gonna break for us

We were born on heaven's silver shores  
I know it in my heart there's more to be afforded