

Raise Your Hands

Saint

"With the Father there is no fear"

The blind To see
The deaf To speak
The lame To walk

These things are written down
To account for what he's done
Lay your guns on the ground
No more killing in God's town

Praise the one who's coming back
To see it right
There's no turning back
In his love anything is possible
In his love anything is

Raise your hands in the air
If you believe in love
Coming down from heaven

So let it be written
So, So let it be done
You can hang on to God's love
Or you can, hang on to your gun