

Angels In Science Fiction

St. Paul & The Broken Bones

I don't know if God is real
But then I see him in your eyes
I don't think I hear his voice
But then I hear your little cry
Angels seem like fiction but now I'm not sure
Red words seem so simple but now they make it difficult

Every prayer goes to you, goes to you
Every prayer goes to you, goes to you

I don't think my sins are gone
But then you are given to me
I can't feel the holy ghost
But then I feel your breath on my skin
Angels are science fiction but now I'm not so sure
Old words seem too simple but that make it all difficult

Every prayer goes to you, goes to you
Every prayer goes to you, goes to you
Every prayer goes to you, goes to you
Every prayer goes to you, goes to you