

I can hear a train a-comin'
I hear the ground beneath my feet
This is not speculation, this is my bones growing weak.
The sound of angels screaming
The drums are marching off to war
This is not speculation, please do not televise The King.

It's like a fire coming down
We got it, We got it now.
Burn it up, burn it red
We got it, We got it.
It's like the rising of the sun
We got it, We got it now.
Turn it up, breath it in
Full redemption.

Clap your hands for breathing
Feel your heart begin to beat
This is our desperation, this is the deep calling deep.
You cannot keep us silent
We are the prisoner set free
This is our desperation, we are the service of The King.

All aboard. I hear, hear a train. Do you hear it?