

We Turn It Up

Oh Land

We turn it up, we turn it up.
We're coming up, we're coming up.

Out in the streets, I hear the crack of thunder.
People keeping low, people searching for some cover,
But in my room, I hear the sound of trumpets,
Meeting me through the field that keeps us in.

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Message to the world, can you feel the heat is rising?
From the heights of above the storm,
Can you see the lightning flashing?
From where I live, I can hear the voices joining.
Like trumpets, through the field they use to keep us in.

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If you're afraid, fear will only break your heart.
If you're afraid, you know your walls will keep them away.

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