

Staring at the shoreline  
Wishing for some hope  
The weight of empty fishing nets  
Is more than twisted rope  
And underneath stern faces  
They wait with baited breath  
With broken hearts from hoping  
While casting out their nets  
See the figure on the shore  
He speaks His words like plain men sing  
His hands they still have holes in them  
Glory to the King

Chorus:

Can you hear the bells are ringing  
Far, far, away?  
Can you hear the voices singing  
Far, far, away?  
I know that one day soon a song shall rise  
You'll hear it with the sleep still in your eyes

And Peter was a liar  
A traitor just like me  
And Judas was a hypocrite  
And Paul a Pharisee  
When truth can be so distant  
And hope evades our reach  
Peter swam across the water  
And found it on the beach

I hear they'll hang you upside down  
Stretched across two boards  
For hearing distant voices  
And crossing to the Lord.