

## **A Hill To Die Upon "We Soulless Men"**

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[Music by Adam Cook; lyrics by Michael Cook]

["They wanted, as we say, 'to call their souls their own'.  
But that means to live a lie, for our souls are not, in  
fact, our own."]

- C.S. Lewis, The Problem of Pain

The fate of the proud, our fate, could not be more  
clear.

If we continue to insist that we own ourselves, we will  
succeed in destroying a part of ourselves that still  
remains useful to God.

The fig tree will eventually be cut down, even now the  
axe is set at our roots.]

The continuum I behold, such is my inner want  
Not that I should hold above that which is not around  
me

The art of soul is now meaningless  
As I behold my total lack of self

Lo! Demeter  
Behold the earth  
Above and below  
Thou makest believe  
Uncreated!  
Above the sphere  
Rebellious globe  
Thou makes us believe

Why, oh why are we left?  
To be sin in such perfect a place  
The desolate mind is so perfectly spoiled  
In the eyes of a raptures snake

Eyes of a raptures snake

Here me speak, brothers of the earth  
My words are shattered like clay  
So I speak as if thou were a child  
Lest fire besiegeth thy hearts

Beckon forth! The soulless mankind  
Standing in ranks of thousands still more  
But this fate is what I've always feared for we soulless  
men

We soulless men

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