

Consequence

"Joshua"

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I woke from underneath the signs of a plan surreal,
But spoke, Lord, surely I will die with no strength or
steel
But by brass, I will make their towers kneel.

I know men's hearts are swayed by sound in a singer's
strains.

But have I faith enough to sing a city to decay?
I have tried to move mountains, and they did not obey,
But by brass and belief, their towers will be razed.

I sound the horn, shout in song, watch each brick obey
my call,
And know foundations are unmade by sound, and not
by steel.

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