

Forever Is Forgotten

"30 Silver Coins"

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To offer up a word of hope
This silence calls for peace
To point the heart to a place of shelter
Will the cold wind ever cease?

Content to walk in fallen tracks
And step on rungs unseen
To only finish at the top
To fulfill at vacant dream

CHORUS:

Can I yield to you today
Or like Judas do I sell my faith away
I reach into my pocket
To find my selfish gain
And open my fists to find only 30 silver coins

Uncertainty breeds confusion
As the blind follow the blind
And stumble into the quicksand
That slowly drags me in

I ride off to the east
Hoping to greet the sunset
But my shadow grows, consumes my goals
And wrestles my riches away

CHORUS

BRIDGE:

Are these things worth it?
Will they manage to stay?
Will I let your love cover me
Or wait 'til these possessions begin to decay?

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