

## Forever Moon "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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