

Cool For August

"The City Prevails"

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(Ecclesiastes 1:4)

For all the spires this city raised
You'd think this is a holy place
The shadow of a cross descends
But it's swallowed by the haze
You never sleep do you?
Always pouring smoke into
The atmosphere
What happens here stays with us till the grave

Wisdom cries out in the streets (Proverbs 1:20)

But the sirens are singing us to sleep
They're so loud that I can't think
I hear voices but I just can't tell
And when we're dead, the city prevails

Countless walk the open streets
With shackles chained around their feet
Wisdom says to fly away
But they cannot see their wings
Water, water everywhere

But not a drop that I would dare
Drink and so we think we'll go
Imbibe the filthy air

Wisdom cries out in the streets

But the sirens are singing us to sleep
They're so loud that I can't think
I hear voices but I just can't tell
And when we're dead, the city prevails

Don't be silent, God
Don't be silent
Please, don't be silent (Psalm 83:1)

Or I will fall into the world
I will fall into the world

Don't be silent
Please, God, don't be silent
Don't be silent
Please, God, don't be silent
Or I will fall into the world
Or I will fall into the world

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