

## David Wilcox "STILL SMALL VOICE"

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In a still small voice in the middle of the night,  
Brother Martin heard the simple truth  
And he followed its pleading, though it led to a  
crossroads,  
Parting in the days of my youth.  
From the heart of my city came a single scream  
And I heard it through all the white noise.  
And the papers told us that they'd killed The Dream,  
But they never killed the still small voice.

All the lies come at you in a million ways  
Some you hear and some you tell yourself  
And they say that virtue is a pile of gold  
And that weapons are a nations wealth  
But when kings stand naked in their ugly schemes  
Will the poor of this world rejoice  
Will they sell their children down a bloody stream  
Or will they listen to a still small voice

Now the one-eyed bandit in your living room  
Will convince you that you have no time  
And it will swear to take you on your one free ride  
While it's looking for your one last dime  
But the light of heaven is a simple gift  
And you can see it when you make that choice  
It will shine like riches in your inmost heart  
But it will speak in a still small voice

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