

The Finite Beings

"The Weeping"

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Want some music?

How many of us go with life?
How many of us grow with life?
How many of us go with life?
How many of us grow with life?

What will be said at the end of our days?
When we give an account how we were set in our ways
The gnashing of teeth, the weepingâ€¦!

Iâ€™m driving around listening to music and the world
outside is in chaos
Iâ€™m feeling the sound that we call music and the
world outside is in chaos

How many of us pride in ourselves?
How many of us humble ourselves?
How many of us pride in ourselves?
How many of us humble ourselves?

What will become of the lost and unsaved?
Will they be redeemed or are they forever enslaved?
The gnashing of teeth, the weepingâ€¦!

Iâ€™m driving around listening to music and the world
outside is in chaos
Iâ€™m feeling the sound that we call music and the
world outside is in chaos

Safe to say were all diseased
Wash our hands clean
Safe to say were all to blame
Rid us of our pride
Safe to say itâ€™s from within
Use this suffering
To build us up from the inside.

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