

The Trumpet Child

Over the Rhine

The trumpet child will blow his horn
Will blast the sky till its reborn
With Gabriels power and Satchmos grace
He will surprise the human raceThe trumpet he will use to blow
Is being fashioned out of fire
The mouthpiece is a glowing coal
The bell a burst of wild desireThe trumpet child will riff on love
Thelonious notes from up above
Hell improvise a kingdom come
Accompanied by a different drumThe trumpet child will banquet here
Until the lost are truly found
A thousand days, a thousand years
Nobody knows for sure how longThe rich forget about their gold
The meek and mild are strangely bold
A lion lies beside a lamb
And licks a murderer's outstretched handThe trumpet child will lift a glass
His bride now leaning in at last
His final aim to fill with joy
The earth that man all but destroyed

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