

The Arising (Instrumental)

Michael Schulte

Out from the ashes a few will arise,
Pull down the curtain revealing open eyes.
Deep from the fires with a flame in your fist,
Marks the return of a man to re-exist. Out from the dust just a few will survive,
Pulled from the wreckage to spare another life.

Deep from the darkness we live to excess,

Kings on a throne wearing crowns of great success. All my life I've waited just to lay this burden down.
I have heard the calling of the rising of the found. The rising of the found.
The rising of the found.
The rising of the found.
The rising of the found.

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