

# Sleeper

## Everyday Sunday

The seas overtaken with fire, men giving into their own desires.  
The world wrapped up in itself, not even noticing truly what is wealth.  
And I don know what to do.  
And I waiting for you.  
Wake up O sleeper, rise from the dead and Christ will shine on you.  
Lay there no longer it time to arise and never go back through.  
Scared of the thoughts, the way youe in, wanting to get out of this sin.  
You look around and just feel walls, and can get out of this eternal crawl.  
And I don know what to do.  
And I waiting for You?

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