After The Fall

We As Human

What I needed, vague; in a world that has stopped thinking?
Is there anyway to know
What is good,
What is bad?
All the lines are fading.

But are they fading?
Or are they being erased?
Or have we all slowly changed?
I can feel the changes.

Don't cry, for long.
Our time is coming closer.

I muse within my mind,
How can I take something falling and raise it to fly again?
I know I can't,
I know I can't,
But I know God can
So put your life in His hands,
Make Him your obsession,
Let Him take you, break you
Then He'll make you into more than a man.

Don't cry for long,
Our time is coming closer.

Don't cry for long,
Our time is coming closer.

Aren't you sick of how the churches are in America today?
They just wallow in their traditions
and their old religious ways,
they're so afraid of change.
They derange,
and water down what they say
as to not offend the ones who'll pay the bills.
These preachers,
they'll stand with their suits and ties,
and they only wear them when they're in the public's eyes.

'Cause they're fake, and they know it.
But they don't want you to know that inside,
They're human,
just like you.
So they stand on their stages
with the flower arrangements
that were probably paid for with the missionary's funds,
And we worship them like idols,
and we say, "Who needs the bible, when we have a pastor that is just so much fun?"
I'm not saying they're all this way,
I'm just saying we need to change.

Don't cry for long,
Our time is coming closer.
Fight through the pain of it all and remember
That rising comes after the fall.

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