

# Loud Is the World

## Dirt Poor Robins

Loud is the world that always bleeds through  
A tainted replacement for that which is true  
And I let it hold me and whisper it's lies  
It feeds what is dead in this flesh I despise  
Yet there's a light in this smothering black  
That guides and revives and provides what I lack  
But as soon as I find once again I am lost  
Drowning in waves of temptation I'm tossed, I'm tossed  
Always falling under the layers of deceit  
The enemy before me grabbing at my feet  
And I reach for the hand of the Savior I know  
He lifts me up as the world slips below  
Soon yet another temptation appears  
I'm pulled through the test by a Father who cares  
But blinded by pride once again I concede  
Upon all my hidden desires I feed, I feed

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