

The Arising

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.

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The rising of the found.

The rising of the found. Out from the flames underneath all the light,

Taking the place where the devil's out of sight.

Deep in the soul and a gleam in the eye,

One of a kind and you're best when you're alive.

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