

To the Church

Sinai Beach

As you laugh, someone cries.

As you live, somebody dies.

One will fall but another will rise.

Someone loves, someone hates.

And as you ascend into Heaven,

Others pass through Hell's gates. And let us not lose compassion

For those who have yet to be pardoned. May we not forget our fellow man.

Mourn with those who mourn,

And rejoice with the joyous.

May we not forget our past,

So if grace was ever given,

We would be the first to give it. And let us not lose compassion

For those who have yet to be pardoned.

And I know, by the grace of God, I roam,

And I'll stand before Him naked and alone.

And so will we all when death comes to take us home. The world is ours to take, so let's take it.

If the world is man's, it is what he makes it. And let us not lose compassion

For those who have yet to be pardoned.

And I know, by the grace of God, I roam,

And I'll stand before Him naked and alone.

And so will we all when death comes to take us home

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