Verb

Silage

Hubcaps sparkle in the curb
Footsteps silently disturb
The sidewalks, the clublights
The streetlamps that burn
All look good in the eyes of the worldI like the music, the beats in my head
The DJ, the MC, the flow of the band
The tastes and smells, the vibe in the air
Take away these, and I wouldn't even be hereThe problems you're seeing
Are not in these things
The music, the message
It all says the sameAre you hip to the concept?
Are you hip to the verb?Our verbs are in line
With the One who created
The stars over Nashville
And the ones over VegasBring it to them on the dos techniques and the microphone cone
I condone the tone in the monitor zone
Play me a song right now that I'll never forget
And feel the kick inflect from fiberglass drumsets
It makes it easy once you hear the speakin' from the Peavey's
Recieving what you will, complements of the db's
Who's your favorite band?
Find your friend, make a dub
Bought the ticket when they rolled through at the local club
We say if they ain't divinely excited
Watch the words that they write if not shrubs have been ignited
Whatever we speak, we need to stay true to that
God's response can be shocking like a thousand gigowatts
Sometimes I feel like I'm running out of time
And if I look through the eyes of the world, then I'd be blind
When I feel like I'm yelling, sometimes it's like a whisper
Then write songs that help prolong the life of the listener
But I can't depend on me, 'cause really I can't do nothing
So why in the world does the Devil keep fronting
Tryin' to take what ain't his, like it's something he created
And if you think he did, then my friend, you've been bamboozled
When I speak from abundance, the Verbs are like power
Counteract and break the back of the ones who devour
Live musicians don't die, they just decompose
If you chose to go with the One you know who rose

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