

## Ex Nihilo

Andy Mineo

Yea, who woulda thought I'd step inside this train station,  
then get hit with some inspiration? It's amazin.  
the most beautiful pieces of art come from the ugliest situations,  
So I praise Him, rejoicin in my sufferin cause I know  
He's got a masterpiece in the makin,  
and I ain't scared of death nor Satan,  
cause I know who's hand that my name is engraved in,  
this right here is a proper statement,  
I am not the artist, I'm the canvas that He's paintin,  
like I remember last year bein homeless,  
sleepin on the air mattress, but on the phone with,  
three record labels, who to go with? I notice,  
you like to fix things with them tools that are broken,  
so when them dark nights hit his soul,  
I know enough to know to trust you with what I don't,

Bad days, I suppose, too much for me to remember,  
let me back up, I'm too close, now I can see the whole picture,  
you make somethin out of nothin, nothin  
you make somethin out of nothin, nothin

Sittin back meditatin on creation,  
thinkin how you made everything out of nathan,  
what a statement, you sustain it,  
let there be, and there is, my brain can't contain this,  
that's why the fame and the claim is so dangerous,  
it'll make a heart sing that my name is the greatest,  
so, Josh, Rich, Ray, Alex, De,  
call me to repentance if I ever go astray,  
if that money ever get in the way, then I'll burn it,  
the price for my soul is something I couldn't pay,  
sometimes I read them articles believin what they say,  
sweatin my own press, God is so unimpressed,  
nah, I'm a mess, made out of dust,  
to return to it upon death, my soul rests, and yet,  
they makin heroes out of the ones who been rescued,  
who cares if they remember my name if I forget you?

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Your egos nothin,  
I'm nothin much, but He knows somethin, Exnihilo,  
He's next to zero,  
He leans on nothin and nothin I want more than hear those trumpets,  
no nothin I want more than to hear those trumpets,  
my earlobes jumpin I feel so love sick,  
lot of us got ideas but still no substance,  
and a lot of times I can see it but the mirror don't love Chris,

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