

# The City Prevails

Cool Hand Luke

(Ecclesiastes 1:4)

For all the spires this city raised  
You'd think this is a holy place  
The shadow of a cross descends  
But it's swallowed by the haze  
You never sleep do you?  
Always pouring smoke into  
The atmosphere  
What happens here stays with us till the grave

Wisdom cries out in the streets (Proverbs 1:20)

But the sirens are singing us to sleep  
They're so loud that I can't think  
I hear voices but I just can't tell  
And when we're dead, the city prevails

Countless walk the open streets  
With shackles chained around their feet  
Wisdom says to fly away  
But they cannot see their wings  
Water, water everywhere  
But not a drop that I would dare  
Drink and so we think we'll go  
Imbibe the filthy air

Wisdom cries out in the streets

But the sirens are singing us to sleep  
They're so loud that I can't think  
I hear voices but I just can't tell  
And when we're dead, the city prevails

Don't be silent, God  
Don't be silent  
Please, don't be silent (Psalm 83:1)

Or I will fall into the world  
I will fall into the world  
Don't be silent  
Please, God, don't be silent  
Don't be silent  
Please, God, don't be silent  
Or I will fall into the world  
Or I will fall into the world