Sleeper

Everyday Sunday

The seas overtaken with fire, men giving into their own desires
.
The world wrapped up in itself, not even noticing truly what is
 wealth.
And I donæ□° know what to do.
And Iæ□¦ waiting for you.
Wake up O sleeper, rise from the dead and Christ will shine on
you.
Lay there no longer itæ□¯ time to arise and never go back throu
gh.
Scared of the thoughts, the way youæ□®e in, wanting to get out
of this sin.
You look around and just feel walls, and canæ□° get out of this
 eternal crawl.
And I donæ□° know what to do.
And Iæ□¦ waiting for You?

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