

Hammering Heart (Sessions)

John Mark McMillan

Horses, they run
And pound the earth like thunder
The courses they're on
Are crushed in their wake
The force of the sun
Pounds the earth asunder
The torch of her strength
None can escape

Like the hammering heart of The Maker
The hammering, hammering heart
The hammering heart of The Maker
The hammering, hammering heart

Ships toe their lines
Beneath the stars and wander
At the source of their light
And the blackness between
The moon tows the tides
And pushes the currents under
As the continents in time
Bow to the grinding sea

Like the hammering heart of The Maker
The hammering, hammering heart
The hammering heart of The Maker
The hammering, hammering heart

Did I crawl out of the creek bed?
Off the sea floor?
Baby, just to live like this!
Do we get everything we hope for?
Are you hopeful?
I feel it when the dopamine kicks!
In the grind over time everybody gets crushed!

Everybody gets crushed

By the hammering heart of The Maker
The hammering, hammering heart
The hammering heart of The Maker
The hammering, hammering heart