

# Ten Thousand

John Mark McMillan

Ten thousand glimmering like coals in our chest  
Ball bearings drawn to the magnetic breath  
Of ten thousand weeping with wings on their tears  
Amidst ten thousand voices for ten thousand years  
For ten thousand graves yawning unlocked and unlatched  
Now ten thousand holes with rocks on their backs  
Ten thousand tombs gaping wide singing the praise  
Of ten thousand bodies unlaced and unlaid

As the ten thousand highways unfold their doors  
For the ten thousand standing on Nineveh's shores  
Where the blood of a husband silences wars  
For the girl who rises to meet him  
And she sings

World, I have overcome you  
World, I have overcome you  
World, I have overcome  
By my song and the blood of a son

Ten thousand rivers  
Run red like my veins  
Where the bones of men hum  
Like a rattling cage  
For sinew to cling to  
And wind to remain  
In ten thousand lungs  
For ten thousand days  
Breathing like a choir  
Of holes in the ground  
Where the cynical have lain  
Where the cynical go down  
Save the gravity of time  
Lets go of her drowned  
Like ten thousand sparrows  
Unlocked and unwound

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