

Extol, From The Everyday Mountain Top

The right words from the right people
The sweet taste of their approval
Admiring eyes of the worried ones
The slick smiles of the shallow
Keep your silver coins
They're worthless next to what you'll trade them for
The acclamation of the crowd
Begging for more tickling in their ears
Praying for me to bow down to
The temptation of the false prophets
Keep your silver coins
They're nothing when I feel His endless love
I know you dream of feasting on my bitterness
Dance in delight while I realize myself to death
Won't be sedated
By swallowing your bait
To want a pet on my back from some preacher
Instead of living out my faith
Keep your transient gold
I'll stick with my eternal, priceless pearl
Rather be despised down here
Than feel ashamed they day I leave
Leave me alone now
I will serve only One
Got no desire for a field of blood on my own
Rather be despised down here
Than feel ashamed the day I die