

# The Storm, The Procussions

hey.....the war is on outside  
this ain't a soundclash turn it up high say hey.....  
fists up toward the the night sky  
and light it up with a battle cry  
my people....you hear the rain coming  
you gonna stand fast, or just keep running  
hey....this life is a long fight  
even when the lightening strikes

Stro

i've got my armor and artillery  
hands on a weapon in fact that's ready to attack all enemies  
living with a life given back to the creator  
an out of shape soldier in a swamp full of gators  
on the mission i've been given it's deep  
i'm forgiven so i've got an innervision of peace  
in the rhythm of life i breathe  
i'm fighting with a fire inside that burns brighter  
till the final bell rings

Mr J Medeiros

I was born in a violent storm in an endless fight between right and wrong  
i write songs like letters from war  
stuff a message in a bottle then i send it to shore  
encouragement for the men and woman who lost steam  
rebel music for my people who been swimming upstream  
yo some things are not what they seem  
who you thought was the peasant might just be the King

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Rez

I'm learning total humility brought by humidity  
frustration draining to the sides of my face  
feel cry from your grace tears seep into my cheek  
every crease in my face is a stroke of war paint  
just battlefield journalist capturing a picture of this  
combat mission from a complex prison  
wage war on my inner that's riddled with imperfection  
my sword swung high as the storm subsides

Mr J Medeiros

I was not made just so i could decay  
these songs aren't played just so we can get paid  
i walk in the Way and the Truth til the Light works through me  
i ain't afraid to say the word beauty  
i ain't afraid to be odd  
i know the path is hard but somehow im getting closer to God  
knowing by His scars i am healed i kneel in the storm  
till the Morning Stars revealed

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