

# Deadman, When The Music's Not Forgotten

please come close for i long for you to hear  
hear the sound that will rid you of your fears  
in a land where no water can be found  
in a place where there is no fertile ground  
longing for yearning not to be forgotten  
in an age when the music is forgotten  
in an age when the music is forgotten  
and the truth speaks of great and mighty things  
teaching us what the peace of heaven brings  
we must give we must give to all the others  
those in need who we fear to call our brothers  
reaching out so that we are not forgotten  
in a time when the music is forgotten  
in a time when the music is forgotten  
if we stand on a hill and do not touch how can we do good?  
if we wash our hands of all our friends what change can really come?  
if we hide our fears and don't draw near have we really lived?  
or are we all just standing here hoping there is grace?  
in a dream that i had not long ago  
visions of a city made of gold  
and a sound that i'd never heard before  
such a sound saturating to the core  
such a sound one that cannot be forgotten  
in a time when the music's not forgotten  
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