

# Flatfoot 56, City On A Hill

Like a tree without its branches like a fire without a light,  
You a battle weary soldier who is running from the fight,  
Like a ship without an anchor, you a boat without a crew,  
You hide the light inside you as you whoring out the truth,  
On the outside your pretty on the inside your drenched,  
In the blood of the anointed in the wound of the oppressed,  
Fill your cup full of sorrows as you soil the masters cloths,  
You were faithful at the wedding feast, but now your wasted in the road,

Like a city on a hill with a black out in affect  
You defy the one who made you is there one that you respect,  
Like a city on a hill you you are tattered and torn,  
You defy your maker as you return to scorn,

Put life to your footsteps, put spine to your feet,  
Will you make your decision are you chaff or are you wheat,  
Will you rise or will you fall, will you stand or will you crawl,  
Will you be the ones he's called you to be or turn away and run,  
I say No

No more on the fence