

A Mountain So Big, A Question So Small

Destroy The Runner

Another child is born into this pain,
And the unfortunate die slow
Who do we blame?
Give our fingers a place to go
Give us a name that you know,
They know and we all know
A God we can't see is barking orders at me
A thought and a dream is more than it seems
As children play in the street
Children are also crying
As they choose what to hear
Children are also dying
One question started off, and now there's more
Are answers found in hats of thorns?
What is the point?
He's given us all a choice
We'll flip and coin, and rejoice, rejoice, we rejoice!
The drowning are asking
"Who'll stop the rain?
Have the angels all gone away?
The suffering is not passing
"Who will stop the pain?"
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