## **Hope For The Dying**

I heard the angels say I wish that we could wake this sleeping city So desolate I wish that they'd remove the veil from their face I heard them say Yet they remain... Take their hearts and mold them to everything that you are Take their souls; ignite them until they burn for you Make this day, the day your reckoning bestowed On hungry hearts, the flavor of mercy and justice Would the angels say I wish could wake these sleeping people We see them lay So beautiful, perfect and perfectly broken Yet we see them lay And they remain...