

## Verb

Silage

Hubcaps sparkle in the curb  
Footsteps silently disturb  
The sidewalks, the clublights  
The streetlamps that burn  
All look good in the eyes of the world

I like the music, the beats in my head  
The DJ, the MC, the flow of the band  
The tastes and smells, the vibe in the air  
Take away these, and I wouldn't even be here

The problems you're seeing  
Are not in these things  
The music, the message  
It all says the same

Are you hip to the concept?  
Are you hip to the verb?

Our verbs are in line  
With the One who created  
The stars over Nashville  
And the ones over Vegas

Bring it to them on the dos techniques and the microphone cone  
I condone the tone in the monitor zone  
Play me a song right now that I'll never forget  
And feel the kick inflect from fiberglass drumsets  
It makes it easy once you hear the speakin' from the Peavey's  
Receiving what you will, complements of the db's  
Who's your favorite band?  
Find your friend, make a dub  
Bought the ticket when they rolled through at the local club  
We say if they ain't divinely excited  
Watch the words that they write if not shrubs have been ignited  
Whatever we speak, we need to stay true to that  
God's response can be shocking like a thousand gigowatts  
Sometimes I feel like I'm running out of time  
And if I look through the eyes of the world, then I'd be blind  
When I feel like I'm yelling, sometimes it's like a whisper  
Then write songs that help prolong the life of the listener  
But I can't depend on me, 'cause really I can't do nothing  
So why in the world does the Devil keep fronting  
Tryin' to take what ain't his, like it's something he created  
And if you think he did, then my friend, you've been bamboozled  
When I speak from abundance, the Verbs are like power  
Counteract and break the back of the ones who devour  
Live musicians don't die, they just decompose  
If you chose to go with the One you know who rose