

The Sound (John M. Perkins' Blues)

Switchfoot

The static comes in slow
You can feel it grow
Our stream of conscience flows
Under the streets below

The rivers made of sound
Still running underground
Runs like a silent flood
We run as thick as blood

Can you hear it rise
Up from the ground?
Can't drown it out
Can you hear it now?

This is the sound
Of a heartbeat
This is the sound
From the discontented mouths
Of a haunted nation

We are the voice of breaking down
Can you hear me?

This is the sound
Of the desperation bound
By our own collision
We are the voice of breaking down

The static comes alive
Beneath the broken skies
John Perkins said it right
Love is the final fight

Let it rise above
Rise above
There is no song
Louder than love