

# After The Fall

## We As Human

Why do I even think  
In a world that has stopped thinking?  
Is there any way to know  
What is good, what is bad  
All the lines are fading  
But are they fading?  
Or are they being erased?  
Or have we all slowly changed?  
I can feel the changes.

Don't cry for long,  
Our time is coming closer.

I muse within my mind.  
How can I take something falling,  
And raise it to fly again?  
I know I can't, I know I can't,  
But I know God can.

So put your life in His hands,  
Make Him your obsession.  
Let Him take you, break you  
Let Him make you  
Into more than a man.

Don't cry for long,  
Our time is coming closer.  
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Aren't you sick of how the churches  
In America are today?  
They just wallow in their traditions  
And their old religious ways.  
They're so afraid of change  
They derange, and water down what they say  
So as not to offend the ones who pay the bills  
These preachers  
They stand with their suits and their ties  
And they only wear them  
When they're in the public's eyes  
Cause they're fake and they know it.  
But they don't want you to know  
That inside, they're human just like you.  
So they stand on their stages  
Next to the flower arrangements  
That were probably paid for with the missionary's fund.  
And we worship them like idols  
And we say, "Who needs the bible,  
When we have a pastor that always is just so much fun?"  
I'm not saying they're all this way  
I'm just saying we need to change

Don't cry for long  
Our time is coming closer  
Fight through the pain of it all  
And remember that rising comes after the fall.