

Reckoning Day

John Mark McMillan

The lions in the street
Bend their heads
For the reckoning day
Cause the interstate's
Giving up her dead
For the reckoning day

Would you come alive everybody
Would you come alive everyone
Get up out of bed for the
Sound of the song unsung

Bury all your guns in the sand
Cause the temperature's changed
And the blood shot
Eye of the sun
Stains the bones of the slain

Would you come alive everybody
Would you come alive everyone
Get up out of bed for the
Sound of the song unsung

The hour's gonna take you apart
On the reckoning day
If the property lines of your heart
Are drawn in the clay

Would you come alive everybody
Would you come alive everyone
Get up out of bed for the
Sound of the song unsung

The tidewater's taxing the shores
Of the washing away
The flood stands
High at the doors
Of the houses you've made

Would you come alive everybody
Would you come alive everyone
Get up out of bed for the
Sound of the song unsung

Lift up your head
Oh you gates
Lift up your eyes
All you who wait
Daughter and son
Ashes and dust
Come untied from the
Weight of the age