

# THE SINGING MOUNTAIN

Elisabeth Cooper

Copyright © 2020 Elisabeth Cooper  
All rights reserved. Aside from brief quotations for printed reviews, no part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means-electronic, mechanical, photocopy, recording, or any other without prior permission from the author.

[www.elisabethcooper.com](http://www.elisabethcooper.com)

ISBN: 978-0-578-76454-2

All rights reserved. For worldwide distribution.

# Dedication

This book is for the seekers, for the lovers of beauty and mystery, for the wonderstruck warriors who never stop living for the King of the Mountain.

This book is for the poets. Your time has come. Release your hearts into the world and watch as the eyes of the earth turn to see you; as the hearts of the nations transform under the beauty, truth, and power of your words.

And, finally, this book is for my friends and family who have fiercely loved and supported me. You know who you are. You are gold to me.

# Contents

## *Zion:*

Zion  
Mountain  
We Build Cities

## *Time:*

Healers  
Governors  
Quantum Garden  
History's Future

## *Immortality:*

Bearers of Life  
Movement  
Streams of Consciousness  
The Substance of Grace

## *Voice of the Mystic:*

Mystic  
Realms  
Remembering  
Flames of Wisdom  
Galaxies  
Endless  
Kaleidoscope  
Sacred  
The Music of Stillness

Hearts of Fire and Steel  
Who Are These People?  
The Heart of the Mystic  
New Poetry  
Light Sings  
We Build Cities

*Justice:*

Where Justice Lives  
Crown  
A Song of Justice for the Farmer

*The Great Cloud:*

David's Song  
Listen to Sheerah  
Mary

*Warriors & Forerunners:*

Pioneers  
Warrior  
Consolation  
Silence  
The Rumble

*Tercets & Quatrains:*

Wisdom's Awakening  
Spun  
The Eyes of Justice  
Before Time

Munificent  
Rivers  
Woven  
Remembrance  
Unbound  
Heritage  
The Sound  
Words Drawn  
Ascending  
Untethered  
God Marches

*Spoken Word (Adapted for Print):*

Calling the Artists  
Where Poets Prophecy  
Wake the Dead

## **A Note from the Author**

Dear Reader,

I am so honored that you've picked up my book.

I am convinced that poetry is more than mere words on a page, more than an optional addition to our literary consumption. Good poetry contains deep truths, allows us to gaze into a pool of beauty and truth if we take the time to listen as it speaks.

The potential of poet and poetry has been grossly underestimated. A poet is more than a craftsman. Poetry is more than pretty words.

A poet is one who translates the loveliness of truth and goodness into something that awakens new ways of understanding. Poetry flows from the poet's heart as something the world can stop and marvel at, something that can move hearts to the point of healing and change, something that can shift society and culture into the arms of justice.

Poetry should speak with eloquence and authority. It should hold and unfold mysteries. It should prophesy and create.

My greatest hope for this collection is that it lives up to that standard, that it opens the door to more for your heart, and that it takes you out of time and into eternity. I hope that in your quiet moments these words become portals into the reality of dimensions beyond what you see and that you are transported

into realms of beauty, truth, revelation, and healing  
as you read.

This book is for seekers. May it be a blanket of  
comfort and healing, a revealer of mysteries, a voice  
of wisdom.

May the light of these words illuminate darkness,  
and may this volume become a friend to your heart,

Elisabeth



*Zion*



## *Zion*

We carved our hearts  
In the mountain sound

And the sound of the mountain  
Carved its heart in us

Imprinted with words  
Of thundering drums

Surrounded by light  
Dancing strings wildly

Ringling

Voices of bells  
Announcing freedom

Air awash with music  
Colors alive with Wisdom

Zion has a hold on me  
The Music of this city is home to me

I'm caught in patterns of the mountain's light  
Finding lost memories  
Of before  
My before

In folds and crevices  
Valleys and peaks

I have come to find  
Where I was born

In the dream of a King  
Washed in wonder and possibility

The hues of Zion  
In the city of my heart

Everlast

I'm in the city  
And the city is in me

Identity carved  
In waters deep

Deep mountain waters  
Sing with fire, wine, and oil

Born in blood and water  
In the rhythm of His heartbeat  
I remember  
My origin

Zion singing

# *Mountain*

I saw a mountain

with worlds inside

And the sound of  
gardens blooming  
swept over me like music

A teeming creation

of spices and fruit

cities upon cities

doorways to universes

Libraries and scribes

pour out living letters  
filling mouths with  
Wonder and Justice

Patterns of Grace  
weave reality into  
atmospheres higher  
than heights of earth

The Mountain sings,

forever new and ancient

the songs of Holy

an invitation

## *We Build Cities*

Let dreams of God  
from heights of Zion  
pour out like water  
into the earth  
from the fountain of  
our lives.

We build cities  
the earth has never seen.

From inside the glow of  
the singing mountain  
they rise in our hearts  
to form

Cities born of  
blueprints  
stored in dreams  
of Your heart.

They wait

for hearts to believe  
beyond the reach  
of what they've seen.

Minds

to open up to eternal beauty  
waking the future today.

Eyes

with new cities in their view  
glory carved from Zion, deep



*Time*



## *Healers*

Wisdom is better than silver and gold  
Saturate with substance  
I cannot hold in my hands

Call me a new name the earth has never heard  
I'll ride on the wings of Justice  
Bearing the unuttered miracle  
Wielding healing  
Inside the burned-out broken cracks of creation

Give me a drink from the ancient well  
While whispers ignite fires  
The dawn summons me

Where are the healers of time?

## *Governors*

The arches and concaves of time  
That bend, buckle, break  
Under the weight of reality  
And the government of wine

This malleable substance

Time

Begs to be governed  
By sons and daughters

Take it in your hands

Grace

Like the forming  
Of earth's clay

## *Quantum Garden*

Remember past your present  
A quantum garden  
A shining city

The reality of life is  
More firmly rooted  
In the unseen

More ordered  
Beyond the confines  
Of time and space

Outside of time  
Into eternity

Your life is bigger  
Than you once thought

## *History's Future*

To take what's been done and heal it  
Is not so out of reach

The arms of eternity  
Override the confines of time

And Grace drips on fissures  
Of the long lost and broken

Never let time stare you down  
Or defeat you

Its ability to govern lies only  
In the permission you grant it

Blood cries out for justice  
Death will never win

Healing runs over forgotten places  
The future is changed to promise

*Immortality*





# *Bearers of Life*

We bend light with our words;

draw grace over darkness,  
pull fire into monotony of days,  
bring thunder to break injustice.

We are the shifters  
the shapers  
the makers.

We are the breakers of death,  
born of the Breaker of Death.

We are the carriers  
the bearers  
the vessels

of

Life.

# *Movement*

Movement is  
opposed to death

Blood pumping  
water rushing  
sound dancing

Symphony  
of Breath

Take  
one  
more  
breath

And another  
and another  
again  
repeat

The refrain of immortality

## *Streams of Consciousness*

In golden rivulets  
Connecting and dissecting  
Dimensions  
Alive here  
Alive everywhere

Light has no shore  
Breath has no limit  
Outside of time

Mysteries from shattered cubes  
Come clattering  
Over false perceptions

Until broken, they lie  
Under a sea of Grace

And a River that lives  
To breathe life  
In streams of consciousness

Concentric waves  
Beyond banks  
Of time and place

# *The Substance of Grace*

The substance of grace  
Liquid time  
Like holy wine

Rises under me  
Wings and tides  
Song and rhyme

Grace

Breaking of ground  
Thunder of the sound

Justice

Carrying, lifting  
Weighing, sifting

The empowerment of the ages  
In the substance of grace

Over me

*Voice of the Mystic*



# *Mystic*

Let the nations hear  
The voice of the mystic  
Creation listens  
Fire glistens  
In mysteries mined and traversed  
By the brave in the earth

Hidden they've lived  
Until the earth makes a final appeal

Crying out for golden threads of understanding  
To spin around them  
Like the firesong of angels

Calling for the substance of flames, oil, wine  
Desperate for wisdom and meaning

We've turned all our lives  
On this revolving axis  
But we failed to live revolution

So the voice of the mystic comes  
Silence, singing, sound  
Shaking the ground of cracked foundations  
To build with sure revelation  
The quantum glory

The voice of the mystic cries  
Make way for union  
In whirlwinds of words  
And tips of tongues  
Articulating holy fire



## *Realms*

I came up  
through  
a flaming sword  
swirling with letters  
of light.

I came up  
through  
a singing river  
breathing air of water  
at rest.

I came up  
through  
a golden garden  
a fortress  
of a name.

Fires and spirals  
took me in their arms  
carrying me into  
unbreakable might

A fountain of unceasing love

## *Remembering*

Somewhere  
deep in the river of our blood  
we remember  
Eden

Generation upon generation  
of forgotten grace  
but the winds of Eden  
still blow

Light in my veins  
the fire awakens  
nearer to me than  
air in my lungs

Realities dream

To awaken Eden  
in corners  
of my heart  
asleep to the Light

## *Flames of Wisdom*

Sit with Wisdom  
until her counsel covers you

Steadily singing  
until night  
gives up its stand  
against you

And winds  
are no longer  
monstrous beasts

But wild still  
they burn with fire

## *Galaxies*

Awaken to wonder  
and cavernous depths  
of infinite breath  
alive in me

Firebolt

Awaken to lighting  
striking  
each cell blazing  
with light

Singing

I am eternal depth  
nations and worlds  
I am one with the Timeless  
Limitless

Heart

The only timepiece of heaven  
constant rhythm  
perfect order  
pumping light

River

The world is about to see  
galaxies in me

## *Endless*

In endless cords of light  
Refracting white  
Eternal color  
Time does not imprison  
Distance is an illusion

The mystic reaches  
Beyond time and space  
Lives beyond reason  
Where reason was born

Deep in the embrace  
Of Reality

## *Kaleidoscope*

Seven flames combined  
as I looked into  
bright mantles  
of Holy

Mingled fire dancing  
as I stood upon  
a lucid sea  
of Actuality

And now I see  
everything  
as it is intended

Gushing from  
fiery hues  
of Spirit burning

# *Sacred*

Listening is holy  
Observing, sacred

Fires  
and  
rivers  
tell

The holiness  
of listening  
carries  
wonder  
and  
understanding

In hands  
held  
open  
amid  
thunder  
and winds

## *The Music of Stillness*

There is a philosophy of progress  
Nothing grows in stillness

We must keep moving  
Make things happen

Turn the cogs of the wheels of machines  
Sweat and toil and churn

To that I say  
Go stand in a forest

Let purposeful stillness  
Seep into your bones

Absorb life in holy serenity  
The progress of rest  
For in silence  
There is music

In stillness  
There is growth

The mighty trees are about their business

Without sweat  
With effortless grandeur

As they forge life in stillness



They sing  
They live  
They grow  
They stand

Carpets of moss  
Ferns with their swords  
Wild hearted blooms

They sing  
They live  
They grow  
They stand

The forest and the wilderness know  
The unending well of the mystics

Enfolded and captured  
They rest unto greatness

In stillness running with rivers of music

In stillness wrought with growth and strength

In stillness bursting with banquets of beauty

They sing  
They live  
They grow  
They stand

# *Hearts of Fire and Steel*

Bring back the fervid zeal  
The hearts of fire and steel  
Hands that believe and build

Bring back words of silk and hammers  
Spirits in light crafted  
Minds of wisdom and wing-spread

Let the promise of beyond what we see  
Awaken  
Origin of Breath, blow

In embers and winds of Eden  
We wake to the glow

## *Who are These People?*

The Kainos people  
The tomorrow people  
Today  
The cloud walkers  
The living-well talkers  
The wine cellar dwellers  
Immortal

With honey dripping from their tongues  
With mantles of eloquence  
Resting on their shoulders

Who are these people?!

The dark horses  
The special forces  
The people with divine DNA  
Coursing through their veins

# *The Heart of the Mystic*

Hands

Reaching

Grasping mysteries

To hold before the eyes of nations

Earth, behold.

Cosmos, hold your breath.

The mystics,

Living in winds

Walking on clouds

Inviting mysteries to dance in our veins

And we, in the veins of mystery

Right outside the matrix

Beyond the fringes

Of the comprehensible known

Lives the mystic

Reaching

Dwelling

Breathing the air of the unseen

The revelator

Dreaming

Leaning

Abiding in eternal mystery

Earth, listen

Cosmos, at attention

The rustle of a lion rising

The lilt of a turtledove singing

Carried on the voice of the mystics

Chariot songs

The mystic cries

The mystery is reality

John, the revelator cries

Look, listen

The glistening dawn

Of dreams unseen

Combing through

words of silver wisdom

And melodies soft and loud

## *New Poetry*

New poetry is crying out  
from hidden caves  
from city fountains  
from the mountain of Light

Colors on words we've never seen  
frequency gleaming in syllables untethered  
from mortal logic

Guttural cries for redemption, reason  
transcendent replies from  
wells deep and wide

Listen

Order from chaos

Everything alive

Wakened to the sound

Listen

Justice runs swiftly

Into nations and systems

Transformation all around

Beauty rests

upon hearts who stop to listen

The mystics

The poet prophets

Rising



## *Light Sings*

Where-forever I go  
Light sings  
In choruses great  
In whispering winds  
Covered in soft and furious strength

Walking encompassed  
By feathered wings  
Courageous words  
Build seas of power in me

I walk inside layers  
Worlds and cities  
Of endless light



*Justice*



## *Where Justice Lives*

There's a sound of rumbling  
The thunder of laughter  
In the courts

And all the chariots of justice ride  
On the rhythm

Joy, the sound of government  
Swirling around in the wine

Profound  
Justice lives  
In waves and breakers  
Of life and light  
In body and blood

In the redemption of time  
In mines of destiny  
Where the treasure  
Holds  
Ancient wisdom

Where light  
Sounds its trumpet  
And life prevails

# *Crown*

Justice  
Turns its head  
To tear-soaked hearts

Looks pain in the eye

Stares slavery and death  
Down the barrel  
Of a song  
That crowns the head  
Of the broken

## *A Song of Justice for the Farmer*

Tears of God  
mend the soil  
as worn hands toil  
to turn dirt into beauty  
and perhaps bread

Unseen, forgotten by most  
Beaten down by hands  
who hold corrupt power  
In places they've never stood

But higher arms hold noble hearts  
The Highest of all  
And the wind of justice blows  
On dreams of Eden

For dirt is well loved  
by the King  
And from the beginning  
It has held the song of His breath

God  
was a gardener here  
before He was a carpenter





# *The Great Cloud*



## *David's Song*

You heard the songs I played  
for a king tormented

You saw raw grit held in a stone  
strike a giant dead

You saw my strength  
You saw a shining moment

I came out of the shadows that day

But you never heard the years of songs  
I played in open fields

On dewy nights  
on blazing mornings

Those hills are full of my song

The earth has heard  
no other ear

Still my solace abides

There are some songs that drip with gold  
and the mountains are their home

## *Listen to Sheerah*

Authority rests on my frame  
like a silken mantle of grace

I will not let my voice  
remain tethered to  
the age I live in

I am a woman

of incredulous audacity  
and the world will hear me

Vision and Wisdom  
I have  
caught and held  
to wield  
and lay upon history  
like bricks and mortar  
unmovable

I build cities  
I usher in the future

Listen

You can hear it

The sound of hammers and stone  
foundations set and settling  
they will remain unmoved  
for thousands of years

God, Himself, defends my cities

Still, stands the sun  
over them  
to defeat  
enemies at the gates

Listen to me-  
Build your cities

From counsels  
and mountain Light  
come blueprints  
for cities that will stand  
and change the face of the earth  
forever

Listen to me

## *Mary*

No one expected Him to weep

My own tears consumed me  
I knew who He was when I poured  
All I had in this world at His feet

The Redeemer of all things

I thought death had swallowed my brother  
Grief hung around my neck  
I had one hope

Him

One would think the King of the Universe  
Would first work the miracle  
And then we'd rejoice

But the heart of a King  
Sits with the broken  
And my friend weeps with me

*Warriors & Forerunners*





## *Pioneers*

Where are the pioneers  
With dew and pearls of destiny  
Laced between their lips

Calloused hands

Eyes that see beyond brushes of chaos  
In the fire of His gaze they dwell  
Becoming the blaze they behold

Fearless feet

Ears that hear beyond the clattering voices  
Bellowing their cries of  
Distraction, derailment, and deafening doubt

Unbending spines

Minds of steely oneness  
In synchronicity with the thoughts of the King  
Sword wielding wild spirits of the brave

Battle tested hearts

Proven in dark fiery silence  
On roads they built alone  
Graced in steadfast resolution

Fiercely forged

Unmoved in storms of accusation,  
In the face of misunderstanding

Formed in solitary, wondrous paths of ancient  
discovery

They stand

Hearts entangled into the King's rhythm  
Taking shape in the sound of many waters  
Love stronger than death

One

The earth has yet to hear the roar  
Of the fire-branded warrior  
Love driven revelators as they sound victory

Get ready

With voices of water and gavels  
With hands of skill and beauty  
With hearts of prophecy and fire

They come

## *Warrior*

Night falls on the warrior  
Rending eyes dim and heart heavy  
Lending questions a bigger space than deserved  
Pending answers in pools of uncertainty

When darkness  
Brandishes time as a weapon  
Still your heart

In the midst of the sound  
You will hear  
The stirring of waters and wind  
Of thunder and rain

A fountainous song of everlasting love over you

And the song of love  
Is the song of victory

Have you ever heard the drums of victory sound?  
Like a force of reckoning and reigning  
Like waves breaking  
The rhythm shaking  
Every voice contrary to the win

So now, my daring warrior  
My rider of truth, my lover of justice  
Let your bleeding heart sink safely  
Into the rhythm of love and victory

Breathe  
Breathe in  
Breath out

And let  
Your lungs fill

Let the shrill and vapid sound of defeat  
Shatter to the ground

And let the Maker's hands hold you  
The thundering drums of His heart surround

## *Consolation*

Let Me bring you in  
to rest a while  
until all your tears  
make a salty sea  
and love comes in  
like softness to win

Sit at My table  
like a friend  
at midnight calling  
for grace and understanding

Come to the meadow  
lay beside Me as stillness  
moves the pain to leave

Let Me bring you in  
I'll stand so you can fall  
inside My heart tonight  
and kindness isn't faith long forgotten

Run to the river  
for healing in the water  
stirring as doubt flees

Sit in My garden  
where memories are planted  
in the forgiving soil of justice

## *Silence*

The absence of sound  
Is not the silence I crave  
But the absence of noise

Give me birdsong  
And sighs of weary warriors  
Pen scratch  
And rivers speaking

Give me cries of honest hearts  
A lone violin singing  
Blossoms unfolding  
Wind playing tips of pines

Give me laughter and tears  
Give me boots on velvet earth  
Give me crackling fires under silken skies

Give me the songs of purity and grace  
Wonders that baptize

## *The Rumble*

Where is that rumble coming from?  
The earth is shifting  
From deep wells come golden songs  
Forged under wings  
And carrying lightning

Where is that river running from?  
Washing death and decay away  
Rolling like thunder  
From the throne of wonder  
Symphonic release from the Conductor

Into living flames  
And stones that breathe  
The air of His heartbeat

Here are the hands that bear revolution  
From mysteries come revelation  
Graced in fertile soil  
Of hearts in mystical union

Here are the hearts that will launch  
The earth into the next era  
Beyond revival  
We come  
Beyond history  
We go  
Into the new and ancient way  
Of union revolution

This is the apocalypse now  
This is the glory of a new age  
This is the full revealing of Beauty



*Tercets & Quatrains*



# *Wisdom's Awakening*

Drink the cup of Wisdom  
Let her colors dance in your veins  
Lightning meets thunder in the waking

# *Spun*

Silver surrounds words of golden truth  
And I am spun  
In gleaming amber streams of honey

# *The Eyes of Justice*

Justice rolls in wheels within wheels  
And finally, eyes look upon  
The forgotten

## *Before Time*

Laughter and tears command the chariots of justice  
And blood answered weeping blood  
Before time saw its own face

# *Munificent*

Munificent justice  
A river kept teeming  
By the reins of mercy

# *Rivers*

Crooked made straight  
In the rivers of my veins  
From before the before



## *God Marches*

The sound of thunder  
Reverberates in the Balsam trees  
God marches  
And I am entangled into victory

# *Woven*

In deep and ancient mystery I discover  
Grace woven into life  
And love breathing immortality

## *Remembrance*

I shook slumber from my frame  
Saw my reflection in eyes of fire  
Suddenly I remembered  
The dream I was born in

# *Unbound*

Tears unbound  
Brittle and brave  
Held tight by wisdom  
She spins her gold

## *Heritage*

On the banks of provision  
Beauty wept my eyes to see  
And the red cord of heritage  
Silken and singing- waits to baptize me

## *The Sound*

My fingers run through the sound of justice  
A racehorse at the gate  
A turtledove singing

# *Words Drawn*

Something deeper  
Lives in words  
Drawn from the river  
Everlasting

# *Ascending*

Realms  
Like helix ladders  
Ascending  
Into mysteries of reality



# *Untethered*

Untethered in concentric  
Rhythms of grace  
Above the circle of the earth  
Cloudwalkers



*Spoken Word*  
*(Adapted for Print)*



## *Calling the Artists*

Wisdom has bellowed in the winds of the earth.  
Joy has called out in longing.

Come!

Be the thunder of God in the earth.  
Be the beauty of His name poured out.

I join my voice  
with the voice like the sound of many waters,  
the voice like the sound of a trumpet.

And I call for awakening

Silence the singers to truly sing.

Still the dancers  
to dance the dance of divine romance  
and rejoicing that crushes injustice.

Awaken the dreamers to dream  
the dreams of heaven's heart.

Oh, you creators created by The Creator,  
still yourselves  
to receive the movement of heaven.  
Silence yourselves to receive the sound of heaven.

Awaken yourself from sleep.  
Come back to yourselves.  
Come back to original design.

The great voice of loving-kindness is in the earth  
again, the sound of the bridegroom come.

So come!

Come one, come all to the revolution,  
to the great awakening,  
to the spectacle of the ages.

Release the dancers!  
The earth is groaning!  
Give me your painters,  
give me your poets,  
give me your mathematicians and your magicians,  
give me your musicians,  
give me your downtrodden passionate lovers of  
beauty.

Give me the fullness of a generation on its knees.

Give me the artists who sit in wisdom.

Give  
them  
to  
me

and let their freedom be wrought  
in the river of Life.  
Let them be born again in the blood of covenant.

And then-

let the earth be shaken to its cultural core.

and let the government of joy and freedom come  
bubbling up from the ancient wells.

Let the artists uncap the ancient wells!

We dig  
We see  
We hear

Let the poetry of promise pry open the depths of  
healing for ancient wounds.

Let the beauty we make with our hands shape the  
future into glory.

Let the sounds of our awakening shake brokenness-

like  
the breaking of chains,  
like  
the crumbling of stone,  
like  
the rumbling of waves and breakers.  
Like the waking of veins  
that pump the blood and the wine  
into dry bones on a desert floor.

Dancing.

Let the dry bones dance again.

Let streams flow in the desert.

This is the day, this is the hour for awakening  
ushered forth in the arms of beauty and power.

This is your day.  
This is your hour.

Let the artists loose-  
The wild, unbridled, untamed, uninhibited

Let  
them  
loose

and watch constructs of religion crumble.

A new day is dawning.

So rise up and ring the bells of the morning,

all you people of beauty and wonder.

We are the song of a new day.



## *Where Poets Prophecy*

Out in the wilderness

where poets prophecy to dead bones.

Out in the desert where a cry rings out.

Deep in the silence

where a call goes out to the four winds.

Tucked in the cave of darkness

there's a holy light.

These are the birthing rooms of miracles.

Nobody sees.

Nobody sees what happens in the darkness,  
nobody sees the tears in the silence.

Nobody sees.

But these are the birthing rooms of miracles.  
These are the places where seeds are planted.

These-

Are the dance floors of love,

The trading floors

where the catalysts for change are set like flint.

Immovable.

These are the corridors of power, the halls of wonder, the chambers of thunder.

But

These

Are the places we never want to go,  
the places we never want to know.

We don't want to be here,  
we don't know how to see here.

These are the places we feel lost.  
We question who we are here.

We

Question

Everything

And we must

For when we question, we find answers.

These

Are the incubators for destiny,  
formation chambers of power,  
the fierce establishers of authority.

These are sending rooms for miracles,  
the places where the call rings out,  
the rings are handed out.

Place the ring on my finger

and let its seal mark my life.

In the silence.  
In the darkness.  
In the wilderness.  
In the desert.

These are the places we never want to go.

We don't want to go  
and we most certainly don't want to stay.

But these are the places  
where the light is born into darkness.

These are the places  
where deep calls unto deep.

Deep. Calls. Unto. Deep

And we go there!

We go there  
because we are the tomorrow people.  
We are the dreamers of dreams.  
We are the runners  
in the foreground of the great unknown.  
We are the pioneers and engineers of the future.  
We are the creators of beauty,  
the believers of justice and peace.  
We are the priests and kings and prophets emerging  
from the unknown depths of God.

We have been forged in pain and pressure.  
We have been formed in fire, water, wine, and oil.  
We have been found in the eyes of God.

We know the secret to the power of love.

Power lies in the places people never want to go.  
Miracles are waiting.

They're waiting.

They're waiting.

They're waiting.

They're seeds on the winds of the wilderness  
and they are waiting!

All the power of love we search for  
is so often found in the places we never want to go.

But seek and you will find.

Seek, move, never relent.  
Be brave, be strong, be courageous.

Forge into the deepest and highest place.

Even if you go alone,

Go.

For these are the dance floors of love.

## *Wake the Dead*

We need more wakers to wake the sleeping  
We need the sleeping to rise

The call for revolution runs deep and wide  
Revolutionaries, the earth calls for keeping

Where are the scribes  
and the poets and the bards  
Who lift songs of light in the night  
And craft truth and wisdom into words

Healing on their lips  
Carrying grace in their grips  
Singing outside of time  
To unheard rhyme

That sets new paces and wins races  
To shift spaces into realms we've only seen through  
laces  
Of whispers as we sat inside the gates

We are the gates who have run through the door  
And we run without stopping  
We do not tire  
We do not weary  
We run and we sing and we never stop

To shake false rhythms

To break systems of corruption  
To heal the weeping  
And raise the sleeping dead

We come bringing justice  
And dreaming dreams  
Of Eden rising  
And a city hemmed in by gems

It's time for a new day breaking  
Light cannot be taken  
By darkness  
So sing singers  
And tell poets  
And play fingers on strings to bring glory

And let the holy explosion  
Rumble  
Let darkness crumble  
In the wake of the warriors who cry love in the  
streets  
And speak the jarring truth  
To heal the nations and creation

Listen!  
The sound of beauty is rising  
Ring the bells of justice and  
Wake the dead  
The day is new

