

The Smoke is Thick

The smoke is thick, the scene is bleak, the population stands still.
All hearts are aching, all thoughts are racing, the people fill ill.
The worst has come, were feeling numb, were angry and were mad.
How can this be, in the land of the free, to be so hopeless and sad.

Planes have crashed, buildings fell, thousands have died.
Rescue workers, search round the clock, through the rubble piled high.
Prayers are said, we've sweat and bled,
we've cried and cursed and stomped.
The land of the free, has been knocked on its knees,
so lets pray, then stand back up.

It's one thing to stumble, and then to fall,
or get knocked flat on our back.
It's another to get back up, and face adversity, and the facts.
The sun still shines, the birds still sing, life does still go on.
The Lord above, does still love, and his peace will reign on.