

Mumblings n' grumblings,
Rumblings,
From your slumbering lips.

Testimony, of hegemony,
Apostasy it's a blasphemy,
This tragedy in cacophony,
From your slumbering lips.

The dress you wore,
Was white as december,
Pure as love,
It shown like opals.
Yet under this pouring cloud,
You seem grey as dusty ash.
I fear the embers have gone out.

Yet, might a windy blow,
Rouse you,
From drunken ramblings?
Or a holy kiss,
Wake this sleeper to beauty?

These grumblings,
These mumblings,
In your slumbering,
Cause the tumbling,
Of your moral decline.
Ranting of slippery slopes,
Is this how you cope?
With the commotion,
Brought with the notion,
That Jesus loves me?

The thought,
That I was bought,
To know faith,
Hope, and love?
That the spirit flows in these veins?
How could you distain?
The beauty of diversity, in unity,
Reflecting Trinity.

Sigh, you see,
I hear the words,
Rumbled n' mumbled,
This grumble.
I know of your notion,
Which you rub daily as lotion,
Upon a dried out understanding,
Far from the waters edge.

In the night I am buried,
Till this vision is blurred.
Under ignorant doctrines,
Falsified dogmas,
Under pious presupposition.
Plastered upon shirts, and cars,
Walls and cases of guitars.
Left forever clawing from the grave you dug,
Six verses deep.

These mumblings, grumblings,
All the while you're slumbering,
Forever hammering,
These nails in the coffins of sinners,
Through the hands of a Saviour.
Is this Christian behaviour?

So I'll cry,
Yey, I'll weep.
For you to wake from this sleep!
Oh bride, do love your brother!
If only for the sake of the Father.
Wake and sin no longer,
Wake, please grumble no longer.