

# Extol, From The Everyday Mountain Top

The right words from the right people  
The sweet taste of their approval  
Admiring eyes of the worried ones  
The slick smiles of the shallow  
Keep your silver coins  
They're worthless next to what you'll trade them for  
The acclamation of the crowd  
Begging for more tickling in their ears  
Praying for me to bow down to  
The temptation of the false prophets  
Keep your silver coins  
They're nothing when I feel His endless love  
I know you dream of feasting on my bitterness  
Dance in delight while I realize myself to death  
Won't be sedated  
By swallowing your bait  
To want a pet on my back from some preacher  
Instead of living out my faith  
Keep your transient gold  
I'll stick with my eternal, priceless pearl  
Rather be despised down here  
Than feel ashamed they day I leave  
Leave me alone now  
I will serve only One  
Got no desire for a field of blood on my own  
Rather be despised down here  
Than feel ashamed the day I die