

The Blacksmith (Words - Janie Meneely / Music - Rob van Sante)

Called himself a blacksmith, iron in his fist,
Clutching hard to truth. He said it's always for the best.
The world is just an anvil, you can put it to the test,
But you can't always see what's coming up next.

Chorus

The universe is a golden arc,
Built upon truth
And forged in your heart
He said bend your shoulder
He said beat the drum
He said be the flame
For the changes to come

The future is waiting always out of reach
Sitting in the shadows waiting for release [if it's]
Justice you're after be the arbiter of peace
Make yourself a hammer and be the change you seek

Chorus

He said to us—it never gets old
Hope is the furnace, your sinews, your soul—
You are the blacksmith and love is the coal
It's fire in your heart turns the lead into gold

Chorus