

Lord Is Coming (feat. YBN Cordae)

[H.E.R.](#)

One, two, one
Everyday I pray for mankind
We're all slaves to a generation
Socialized and sickness is in the mind
We are habitual thinkers
Substance abusers and habitual drinkers
But free your mind because the plug
Is watching from the top floor
Hoping you too will fall for the illusions
Of the temporary high
When we think we need to get by
But are we really trying when kids are dying
And depression is trending?
Are these the signs of an Armageddon?
We're all in denial and it's all cool until you're suicidal
We never learn from our so-called idols
We're just repeating the cycle
So I never read the news anymore
It's hard not to feel hopeless
When no one noticed the explosion came from a man
Whose legal gun was loaded
It's all watered down and sugar coated
We voted but do we really get to choose?
We don't need prove that they separate us from the truth
Mothers and fathers are being separated from their youth
And they are selling the American dream
And what it appears to be
But they don't teach us
That wealth is unattainable with their currency
History is not my brother's story
The original founders were buried in the ground
Where men have planted seeds of disease
And they've justify being thieves
Feeding their inner demons
And blaming the minorities
It's a world war three, corruption versus greed
Not you versus me
But do we ever think of the need for inner peace?
They can't put a price on your soul
Don't matter your religion
Right and wrong is something everybody knows
They pick and choose what's equal
Who's good and who's evil

And this is the devil's world
But the Lord is coming for his people
We're like Daniel in the den
Surrounded by these hungry lions
Looking in the jaws of death
We reach for saving hands
No help will come from men
The Lord is coming Well the Red Sea's closing
There's no safety in almighty horses
Can you feel the driving winds?
Behold the crashing waves
The savior is on his way
The Lord is coming Coming, coming
Hurry, hurry
Bring us to the promised land
Glory, glory
We'll reach for saving hands
No help will come from men
The Lord is coming
All you people of the land
Down beneath the weight of all your sorrows
Turn around while you still can
There's no guarantee you'll see tomorrow
The doors are open wide
Surrender to the light
The Lord coming Coming, coming
Hurry, hurry
Bring us to the promised land
Oh, glory, glory
We'll reach for saving hands
No help will come from men
The Lord is coming The Lord is-
The Lord is coming
The Lord is coming
The Lord is coming
Glory, glory, glory
The Lord is coming
The Lord is-
Oh

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