

## Stone

### *Chorus*

Stone makes the mansion. Stone is my pillow.  
Stone holds up cathedrals, each one so proudly put.  
Stone lines the highway. Stone gets in my way.  
For the steppingstone and the stumbling block are all in where you place your foot.

And this stone she tells the story it is the oldest one among us.  
But her voice has long been silenced in a world that will not hear.  
And this stone is her name is Mercy, and this stone her name is Rachel.  
And she is weeping for her children now, in silent salty tears.

### *Chorus*

And this stone she cast a shadow over slums and over barrios.  
She is scattered across the desert in shallow graves beneath the land.  
And this stone she was the mother of gentle sons and loving daughters.  
Shaped by winds and water now, the children are the sand.

### *Chorus*

The law was written on the stone, and so the story goes.  
Strike her with a wooden stick, and living water flows.  
She is millstone, she is the threshing floor, she is the Roman road well trod.  
She is the stone that was rejected; she is the hidden voice of God.

### *Chorus*

And this stone has long been silent behind thrones and under violence.  
She is the fortress of the strong, she is the weapon of the weak.  
But this sound that you are hearing is a dusty throat that's clearing.  
For when the truth goes unproclaimed, then the very stones are gonna speak.  
Oh, they're gonna speak. Can you hear what they are saying?  
Oh they're gonna speak. And they are saying: "We gotta speak."