

Far between sundown's finish an' midnight's broken toll
We ducked inside the doorway, as thunder went crashing
As majestic bells of bolts struck shadows in the sounds
Seeming to be the bells of climate flashing
Flashing for the forests, that fires turn to ash
For all the homes and houses, the gusts of hurricanes thrash
and all the mighty ices, that into oceans crash
An' we gazed upon the chimes of climate flashing

D A D A
D G A D
D A D A
D G A D
A D
G D Em A
D A D G
D G A D

Through the city's melted furnace, unexpectedly we watched
With faces hidden as the walls were tightening
As the echo of the wedding bells before the blowin' rain
Dissolved into the bells of the lightning
Tolling for farmers, whose soil is turned to dust
For the ecosystems crashing, when balance's being bust
Tolling for the species, not able to adjust, An' we gazed upon the chimes of climate flashing

Chimes of Climate

Through the mad mystic hammering of the wild ripping hail
The sky cracked its portent, the clouds asunder
That the clinging of the church bells blew far into the breeze
Leaving only bells of lightning and its thunder
Striking for the scientists, whose warnings are unheard
Striking for the engineers, whose solutions are deterred
and for the climate sceptics, whose reasoning is absurd, An' we listened to the bells of climate striking

In the wild cathedral evening the rain unraveled tales
For the disrobed faceless forms of no position
Tolling for the tongues with no place to bring their thoughts
All down in taken-for-granted situations
Striking for the nations, where land is lost to sea
Striking for the refugees, with nowhere left to flee
and each and every searching soul, without a place to be,
An' we listened to the bells of climate striking

Even though a cloud's white curtain in a far-off corner flared
An' the hypnotic splattered mist was slowly lifting
Electric light still struck like arrows, fired but for the ones
Condemned to drift or else be kept from drifting
Tolling for the young and bold, not knowing what goes on
For our children's children's children, not yet knowing we did wrong
for the billions babies of posterity, to which this earth belongs,
An' we listened to the bells of climate tolling

Paralyzed an' dumbstruck as I recall when we were caught
Trapped by no track of hours for they hung suspended
As we listened one last time an' we watched with one last look
Tearstained an' swallowed 'til the tolling ended
Striking for the gentle, striking for the kind
Striking for the guardians and protectors of our time
An' the heroes of the climate, who never will resign,
An' we listened to the bells of climate tolling