

Far between sundown's finish an' midnight's broken toll  
We ducked inside the doorway, as thunder went crashing  
As majestic chimes of bolts struck shadows in the sounds  
Seeming to be the chimes of climate tolling  
Tolling 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

Through the city's melted furnace, unexpectedly we watched  
With faces hidden as the walls were tightening  
As the echo of the wedding chimes before the blowin' rain  
Dissolved into the chimes 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 ...chimes of climate flashing

Through the mad mystic hammering of the wild ripping hail  
The sky cracked its portent in naked wonder  
That the clinking of the church chimes blew far into the breeze  
Leaving only chimes of lightning and its thunder  
Striking for the scientists, whose warnings are unheard  
For the many able engineers, whose solutions are deterred  
and for the climate sceptics, whose reasoning is absurd, An' we ...chimes of climate

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 ...chimes of climat

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 ...chimes

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  
Spellbound 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 ...chimes of climate