

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