

# Kyrie (There Are No Words)

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Clayton Faulkner

1. There are no words that can contain the depth of sorrow,  
 2. "It is enough!" the prophets cry. Yet still black men are  
 3. It is enough! The guns must cease from war-ring madness  
 4. It is enough! We can-not wait! No more excuse for  
 5. No! No more death! It is enough! No more dead sons! It  
 6. Oh - my soul, it aches and yearns for days when pas-sions  
 7. I've had enough of these cha-rades, of cli-ches and hast -  
 8. There are no words that can contain the depth of wounds our

grief, and pain that mo-thers, sons, and all ex-claim:  
 doomed to die by those who wish to vi-li-fy:  
 by po-lice who are sworn to pro-tect, keep peace:  
 bi-as, hate! Your sa-vage-ry we can-not take:  
 is e-nough! No! No more tears for lives cut short:  
 burn\_\_\_\_\_ for oth-ers with deep love, con-cern:  
 y cru-sades whose trite-ness cuts like bla\_\_\_\_\_des:  
 souls sus-tain each time a griev-ing heart ex-claims:

Ky - ri - e e - lei - - - son.  
 Ky - ri - e e - lei - - - son.  
 Ky - ri - e e - lei - - - son.  
 Chris - te e - lei - - - son.  
 Chris - te e - lei - - - son.  
 Ky - ri - e e - lei - - - son.  
 Ky - ri - e e - lei - - - son.  
 Ky - ri - e e - lei - - - son.