

Dust

J = 75

Words and Music by Nik Day

I was made from the ash - es,
I was part of the earth.

Dm

3
8 And I could stay in ground or find the way out And shake off the dirt. I

3 F G B^b

5
cried to my Mak - er, and He saved my soul. And I'm head-ed to the cit-y with the streets of gold

5 Dm F G B^b

7

8

Far on the op - po - site side of the set - ting sun.

I'm ris - ing

7

Dm F G B[♭]

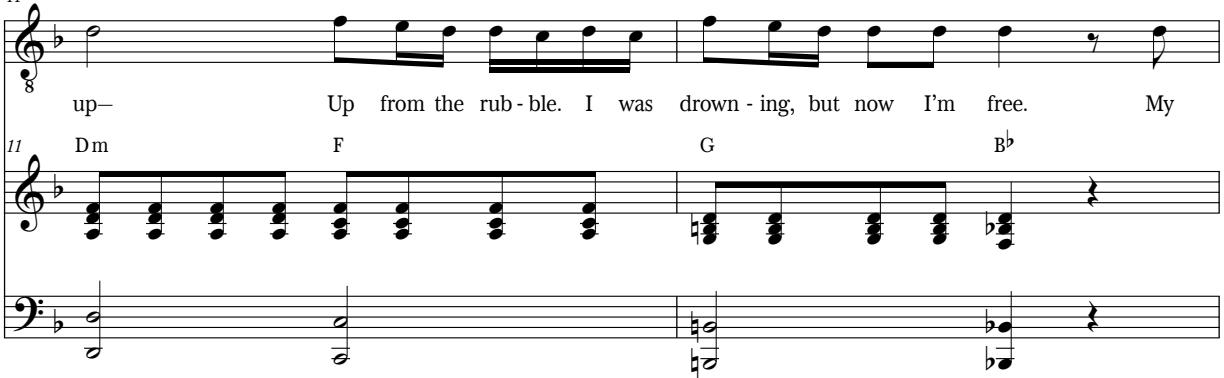
9 



up, My soul is on fire. Noth-ing's got a hold on me. I'm ris - ing

Dm F G B \flat

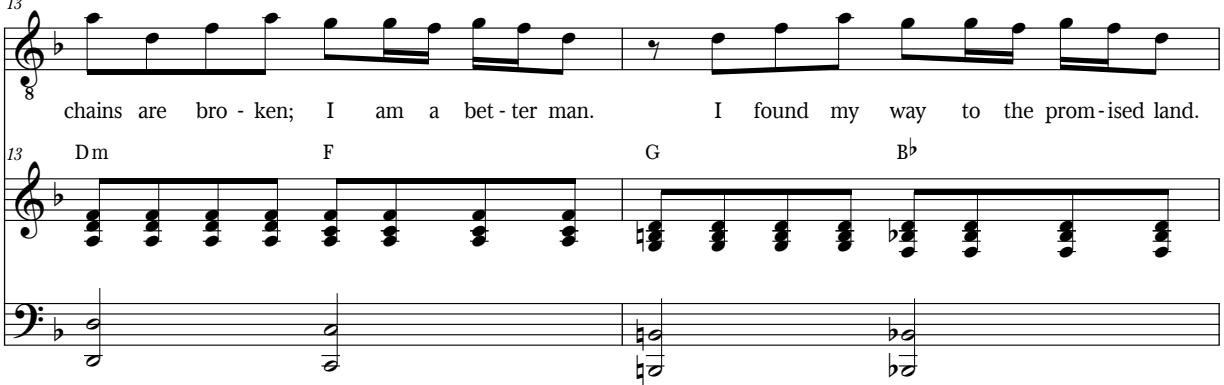
11



up— Up from the rub - ble. I was drown - ing, but now I'm free. My

Dm F G B \flat

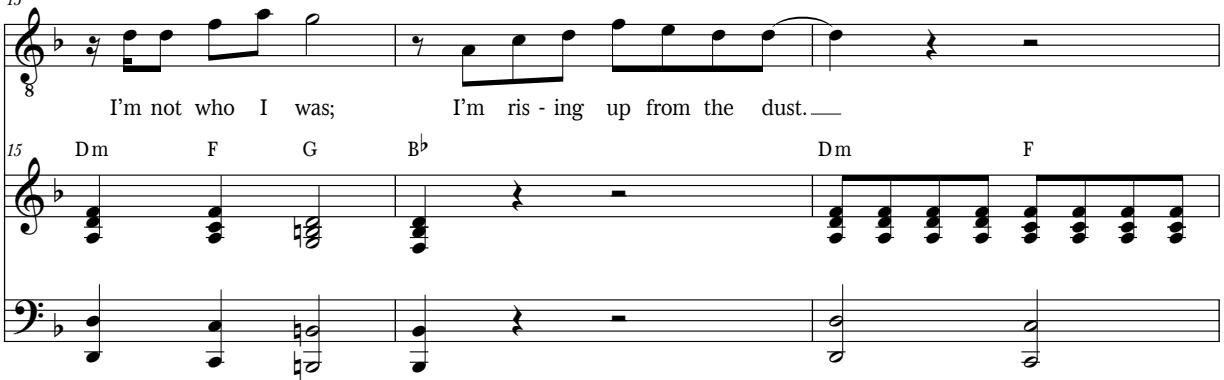
13



chains are bro - ken; I am a bet - ter man. I found my way to the prom-ised land.

Dm F G B \flat

15



I'm not who I was; I'm ris - ing up from the dust.—

Dm F G B \flat Dm F

18 To Coda ♪

I'm ris - ing up, I'm ris - ing up.

21

Like a dia - mond un - der pres - sure, Like met - al to the flame,

23

I was bro - ken down, but I'm not bro - ken now. I'm strong - er from all the pain. The

25

riv - ers that I cross are gon - na wash me clean. And the sum - mits that I'm on will help my blind eyes see

D.S. al Coda

27

Far on the op - po - site side, And though it's a slow climb. I'm ris - ing

27 Dm F G B^b

29

I'm ris - ing up, My soul is on fire.

29 G B^b Dm F

31

Noth-ing's got a hold on me. I'm ris - ing up - Up from the rub - ble. I was

31 G B^b Dm F

33

drown - ing, but now I'm free. My chains are bro - ken; I am a bet - ter man.

33 G B^b Dm F

35

I found my way to the prom-ised land. I'm not who I was;

G B♭ Dm F G

37

I'm ris - ing up from the dust. —

B♭ Am G Dm F

39

I'm ris - ing up, I'm ris - ing up. —

G B♭ Dm F

41

I'm ris - ing up from the dust. —

G B♭