

## Judas, Our Brother

Being As An Ocean

My heart began to race as I drank of Your blood  
and again I felt the Sleep wash over me like a flood.  
Blessed and anointed, I stepped out in Your name.  
Blinded, I thought I carried purpose like a flame.

I'm struck deaf and dumb, alone amongst the olives.  
How could I have just given up the Lamb without blemish, spotless?  
I thought I'd be the one to spring the trap,  
that knowing look in Your eye as you handed me the cup,  
Bearer of Your shining light it's all been building to this.  
How was I so blind?

Realization has pulled the veil from eyes.  
Sleep has given way to cold sobriety.  
Now I finally see that Your purpose wasn't revolution.  
Rather, unconditional, loving inclusion.  
I watched the rock sheath his weapon.

An empathic hand on the head of the Roman.  
I don't want their tainted money.  
That was never the motivation.  
My spring on the latch, failed midnight incursion.  
I thought I knew The Word, heeded Your lessons,  
but my pride has left me in ruins.

How was I so blind? How did I miss it?  
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Oh, Brother Judas, woe to thee!  
I've handed over my Savior, damned to hang from a tree.  
Oh, Brother Jesus, Your name blessed be.  
I will hang with thee; I will hang with thee.

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