

Sleeping Sicarii

Being As An Ocean

This could be the One, the King to come and break our chains! Ambassadors of change. We were hungry, filled with fish and bread. How could we relent when legions remain well fed? The multitude will press on, Gracious King at its head. To whom all dominion is given, no resource is spent! We were thirsty! Ever-flowering horde, ne'er reliant upon the spring!

We've waited in exile, in expectancy. All eyes eager towards the Sun. Knowing things had to get better eventually.

I've held this endeavor in heart and mind, reflecting upon Lazarus, brought back to Life. I swear I've seen it with my own eyes. I'm assured that we shall never die.

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"Surely, Lord, it is not I!"

I stir from Sleep as I am handed the wine. Blood and body, take and eat, the Twelve, soon no longer in exile. As I kiss his cheek, I find to my defeat, a mix of Love, fear, and sadness. The Son Of Man handed over; Lamb led to slaughter. (Compliant savior; loving Father.)

Bless the spotless sheep. The shame I feel is killing me.