

## Sleeping Sicarii

### Being As An Ocean

This could be the One, the King to come and break our chains! A  
mbassa- dor of change. We were hungry, filled with fish and bre  
ad. How could we relent when legions remain well fed? The multi  
tude will press on, Gracious King at its head. To whom all domi  
nion 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 th  
e Sun. Knowing things had to get better eventually.

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

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

"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 ch  
eek, I find to my defeat, a mix of Love, fear, and sadness. The  
Son Of Man handed over; Lamb led to slaughter. (Compliant savi  
or; loving Father.)

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