

# The Zealot's Blindfold

Being As An Ocean

Your tradition was an illusion, a monstrous pillar of ash  
towering high, blacking out the sky; illusion of substance.  
As we pull that tower down, we saw Heaven kiss the ground.  
Oh G-d, the Life that shot through our bones.  
We cried out for water driven from stone.  
To finally meet the Shining One, that we might praise, as They  
shown.  
A connection we could own, someone to stand firm as stone.

Withstanding the wave, no matter how uncertain.  
When times appear grave, You will carry our burdens.

This could be the Light; this could be the Fire,  
the Lamb to bring the sword. Blaze rise higher.  
We must make this right, for our need is dire.

Look how they are healed with a touch!  
His cloak, a wrinkled hand reached to brush, see all infirmity  
turn to dust.  
Granted sight to the ever blind.  
Touch of spit and mud; or was the main ingredient Love?  
Could this really be the one to draw the oppressor's blood?

Withstanding the wave, no matter how uncertain.

I've fought in the dark for too long.  
I'll show my face, I'll bare Your name.  
No longer afraid.

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the Lamb to bring the sword. Blaze rise higher, higher.  
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If he is for us, who can be against us?

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