

The Disciple

Blind Stare

The missionaries came
Gathered us all
Crowd stares blindly
They start their presentation

Deep down there's something wrong but
Everyone joins so so do I
Open armed they welcome me
My new-found family

I listen as they teach - but I know better
How everything should be - but I'm no better
Then words turn into acts
The feeling of togetherness
So good, so right, so fine
Yet so wrong

Their words seem wise so true
And their doctrine crystal clear
One of Us or one of Them
And sure they should not be

Peace it shatters so fast
Then comes the call to the arms
By force a soldier I'm made
And so let the war begin

My conscience dies as do they
Triumphant our cause now
The man I was is no more
For what it's worth I'm one of us.