

Beloved

Derek Webb

Beloved these are dangerous times
Because you are weightless like a leaf from the vine
And the wind has blown you all over town
Because there is nothing holding you to the ground
So now you would rather be
A slave again than free from the law

Beloved listen to me
Don't believe all that you see
And don't you ever let anyone tell you
That there's anything that you need
But me
Beloved these are perilous days
When your culture is so set in it's ways
That you will listen to salesmen and thieves
Preaching other than the truth youve received
Because they are telling lies
For they cannot circumcise your hearts

Beloved there is nothing more
No more blessings and no more rewards
Than the treasure of my body and blood
Given freely to all daughters and sons