

Wrestling Israel

Flobots

Hunu? got cheeks when he's wrestling
I wanna keep my confessions so I keep throwing guesses at
Him like suggestions don't spar him pressin' on me
Here's a lesson tryin' to be where my best is and I
Keep throwing lefties 'til my right's all right
Where I left him out of reach of the people out to get him
Don't do handouts; no I hand out concessions
Sayin' "I ain't got nothin' but my hands. Clutch my treasure."
A measure of a man is kindness
Why do I preach to the choir and whatever my kind is?
My eyes are on the other side of minus
If my lifestyle tapes from the other side, I'm fine with
Threats to my climate hang in the air like promise
I wanna be seas need a planet to rise with my
Feet on the bodies; these streets are overlined
And from anyone the chosen one can
rise
For the broke and way we fight today
And the fires burning bright as flames
There's a balm in Gilead
There's a balm in Gilead
I was never one to wanna throw away the laws
More the one to wanna floor debate the flaws
Offer up amendments and coordinate the cause
And keep the faith a let the Lord escape the cross
Dear Gods,
please protect me from those who take you literally
Pause, bless each emotion that contols me
Please forgive me for every time I didn't really
Reflect peace
or at least provide a bitter release
To those literally burned by your followers
Workin' for Haliburton or totin' Excaliburs
Some of them know all the words but unaware of the
Honorarium from Livin' on a Prayer
Sincerely John and Brer, we deliver high (with no cannibus)
P.S. we try to stay humble but we hope that you're a fan of us
If not we can adjust.
P.P.S. My God, why have you abandoned us?
For the broke and way we fight today
And the fires burning bright as flames
There's a balm in Gilead
There's a balm in Gilead
I'm trying to walk the path of an ancient hemophiliac
Basilisk lizard while I'm standing on a lilypad
Retelling stories that are older than the Ilead
There is a balm, there is a balm in Gilead
We but the balms in the side and the side to heal
Put the balm inside, inside reveal
? ring hollow like a Glockenspiel
Time for what might not be real
So whatever your tradition, never stop wrestling
With precedent and privilege, never stop wrestling
With flags and divinity, never stop wrestling
With love for your enemies, never stop wrestling
With faith and community, never stop wrestling
With every god you worship, never stop wrestling

Tryin' to be perfect but love who you are
To divine your true prupose
For the broke and way we fight today
And the fires burning bright as flames
There's a balm in Gilead
There's a balm in Gilead