

There's Not a Step We Can Take That Does Not Bring Us Closer

Jason Webley

And we return to her with thirsty eyes,
With history burning between our thighs,
With naked longing trembling behind our smiles.
We're going back to touch this hallowed land,
We've got God in our hearts, we're holding gifts in our hands,
And in that bag there is a loaded gun,
This is a loaded gun, I've got a-

And we return, backs straight, chins high, hair shorn,
We're going back to taste the grain from where our hunger was born,
In bodies withered, wrinkled, worn,
The framework showing through where the skin is torn.
We are army ants, we are worker bees,
We are salmon in the stream after years at sea,
And this is blind man's bluff, but we don't need to see,
Because we never miss our targets, no we can't miss.

And we return to surrender, we return to fight,
To keep warm inside her beauty just another night.
We're going to turn back the tape to where the music starts,
We're going to feel the cost of living in our fingers and hearts.
We're going back to the place where the river begins,
We going to break until the tears have burned away the sins
We're wanna lose ourselves and learn to make love again,
We here to finish what we start, we're going to rip this all apart,
We're going to press against the sky until we see our mother's face.