

Escape From Planet Cancer

Showbread

the sea is stained with the shadow of us
as we cut through the skies overhead
it moves through the opaque chasm of black
as the west, disappearing, melts red
inside the churches all turned to dust
there are fingernail tracks in the wall
someone was struggling to find their way out
but instead they found nothing at all

and over the sea in a warm sunny place
men and women sit watching tv
they say, "it's a shame anyone has to die, but it was
either them or me."

it was so easy to gather up embers
and watch as the spark caught the chaff
it's harder today when the words that we say are all
wasting away in a fight we outlast

all safe and snug, tucked away in our mansions
we smile feeling comfortably safe
and over the sea there's a dark cold place
out of sight, out of mind, out of reach, washed away

all this talk of war and peace
and what it means to be free
all this conforming and all this rebellion
and the toll that it's taken on me
when we dig up the treasure that we've hidden
and we find our hearts there in the dirt
do we pledge allegiance to a man or a place?
or ourselves or a flag or a book or a church?
can power over anyone ever make us free?
are safety and security all that we believe?
is there something more to this?
a dangerous hope indeed
that Jesus Christ is the truth that sets us free

maybe there's good to be done
where darkness abounds
we dare to hope
use love to beat evil down