

Come A Time

ThouShaltNot

When the sky turns black and the floodplains crack and
you cannot look away
Because on every side is the unstoppable tide in motion
from the very first day
Will you fall down with your knees to the ground in the
hopes that you will be spared
From whatever the wrath that may lie in the path of
those whose convictions dared?

And when you're called to serve, will you have the
nerve to do all that you know is wrong
Just to save your skin no matter which side wins, just
to know that you were there all along?
Is it better to reign in a world of pain than to serve
a cause divine?
We'll see who you are underneath darkened stars, there
will come a time

And where does evil lie, in the heart, in the eye, is
it a guest without a host?
And does your mind concede to what your body needs, to
what a silent hunger craves most?
And bending word to the limb, falling out, giving in,
will you see all that Earth would conceal
Below the melting land and underneath the desert sand?
Is the desperate voice inside you even real?

And is it true when you stare into the sun you can see
the insides of sight itself?
Is there a way to speak but not say so you'll know if
words come from you or something else?
What do you hold in your hand, what do you understand
to be only thine?
And are you ever free and can never be unclothed to the
wind, uncovered to the bone?
Will there come a time?

But who am I to ask you how your lips will move your
words
And who am I to know the way your fingers curl?
And who am I to wonder just what skin you've chosen
this day?
And who am I to stand behind you and to claim I see
your eyes?