

# America Gomorrah, More Than A Carpenter

It's a nice day for a walk  
I think I'll go to the lake  
I see the people standing there  
I hear a voice

"Friend, tell me what's going on?"  
He shakes his head and walks away  
I see a man in a boat  
I hear him speak

Birds!  
Rocks!  
Thorns!  
Good soil!

You think you see, but you are blind  
You think you hear; you do not understand  
Your hearts are hard, you've closed your mind  
Oh, I would heal you!

More than a man  
The Son of Man  
More than a carpenter  
With Eyes of Fire  
And voice like a stream/thunder  
His words cut to the bone

He tells another tale as I watch  
I sense his words are true  
Though he talks in riddles  
I know there's more

Many leave now, though I stay  
I need to understand  
Tell me more, I need to know  
Who you are

Who is this man, a carpenter?  
How did he learn such truth?  
Who is this man, a carpenter?  
No, so much more