

Common Market, Crossbow

It goes

(Hey) The interjection interrupts the status-quo
Grab the staff holdin' back the stratus off the plateau
Cold settle in, elders talkin' long winters evident
Seal it closed; deal another dose of medicine, they say
(Hey) Things could always be worse the church is waterproof
Impermeable to the blood the slaughter produces
We'll wait it out here and summon the saints to oversee us
Pastor chaperone, lead us in a prayer for non-believers sayin'
(Hey) Lord they strayed from the fold
Gave em the knowledge of Solomon and they made the choice to trade it for gold
Grant us victory against the victims Satan takes in
Paused to end the room in unison repeated amen, and then
(Hey) A solitary echo through the sanctuary set it off
How can we be leaders if the rest are lost?
Quelled quick cleric rose and spoke, addressed him heretic'
He drew heat from the manuscript in Hebrew, Greek and Arabic
Many are called, but few are chosen he quoted
To which the team ratified and all but one seemed satisfied
Same cat: Explain that please where's the balance?
The panel seized no man of reason ever dared to challenge the
Infallible Priest deferred to Bishop, the Bishop to the Cardinal
Cardinal to the Pope Pope to Oracle
And She suggested possibly the meaning was implied
That the chosen one' was he the others chose to cast aside sayin'
(Hey) You cannot be worthy with your dirty garb
Fuck your thirty-odd-year ministry; you're finished leadin'
People down a narrow path, complicatin' Pharaoh's Math
Castigate the cat for trynna harrow with the parallax
(Hey) Who you think you're foolin' with your nobleness and globalism
When your pearl of wisdom lack the opalescent sheen
We're accustomed to carats in high teens
By the King we demand you answer to a higher being sayin'
(Hey) Hey all the way to your beheading
You're gon' pay for letting broken etiquette affect the wedding ceremony
Pony up and put your pumpkin in the guillotine
Storefront watch and score one for the Philistines
(Hey) Pay attention, son here's where the plot twists
Bloody moon debauchery and talk of the apocalypse is
Taken outta context, Pagans tout a contest
The knight was a sacrifice to let the pawn check

(Hey) Now they're makin' moves in self defense
Trynna piece together strategies from clues shelved since
The Orthodoxy had interpretation liberties exclusively
Stone-throwin' finger-pointin' bitches you aint new to me
(Hey) See we are not the Puritans or Lutherans
Or Calvinists or any other Protestant pseudonym
Ironically they persecute us, too to turn em all against
The truth mental funnel out the fundamental tolerance
(Hey) We're callin' from the wall around your compound
Reclaim our stomping grounds common bond'll be the God Sound
Pump it speakers stay conveyin' translations of the message
By virtue of the words it's evidence of the
Vestige of the lesser prophets make it a point
Through acknowledgement the successor drop it over the joint
Touch greatness how long you gonna play us to the side
See the pauper you condemned is now him that takes the bride sayin'
(Hey) Today we celebrate the revolution
The cycle is complete and each has made a contribution
From this day forward we're gon' work allied in concert
Faith applied in service not concerned with makin' converts
(Hey) A single inquisition from the gathering
A smattering of what about's? and heads started scattering

Typical folks a prone to dodge the one to search
And I said pardon me for probin' but I used to go to church