

Frank's Enemy, Hanging on a Tree

So easy to forget, honestly
So easy to forget this was for me
I was on His mind when I didn't have to be
This was Someone with time for better things

Before my eyes the quiet battleground
Used to think my soul's salvation was all I needed for a rout
It was as easy as a prayer, as hard as being sincere
I've got Heaven coming but it took hell to get here

Hanging on the tree--there He is
Nailed to the tree--there He is
Hanging on the tree--there He is
Nailed to the tree

How'd you feel if that was your mother
How'd you feel if that was your father
His mind on you in the midst of His shame
Like a lover who only calls your name

A love such as this I can't imagine
Sometimes I miss the point even after it's spelled out to me
I'll carry on with my poor imitation
Of that walk between death and victory

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