

Franks Enemy, Acts Of Love

I don't know the circumstances
All I've heard is what I read
And a couple of people where I worked
Are dead of the disease
Your emptiness your void no different
Than the one once inside me
Someone got in front of your eyes
And became so tempting
Who was the human landmine
That you shared passions with?
What was going on in his mind
The moments that you kissed?
Awareness of death's specter
Or ignorance untold?
Or fear of what was in your blood not knowing what was in his own
So tempting to say
I'm glad I'm not you
Get away from me
You're not like me
So tempting to say
It's your own fault
You asked for it all
Hear judgment's call
Til God pulls me from my sin
And shows me all the hate I'm in
Nothing left to do but give
And pray that you can still live
My flesh so used to searching
Sometimes forgets it's found
All the reason it needs to live
Beyond touch and sight and sound
So tempting have been the situations
It has been through
No guarantee that in the future
I won't have to face what's facing you
If Jesus is my master
His Spirit the Source from which I live
I must allow Him to take over me
Allow Him to let me give
To temper exhortations
With decisive acts of love
Acts with fingers that point not at me
But straight up above
Cholera in times of love
Triumph of the pill
Sex is dead the new cry
The god of choice is ill
Children of the revolution
Slowly eaten away
Society binge and purge
Of liberation ways
Conqueror germs in the air
Running through veins
All across the face of the earth
A growing red stain
Souls spiraling downward falling
Solutions backfired
Accompanying drought of love
Eros getting tired