

Jack Foster III, Broken Hallelujah

The perfect stain upon my heart is transparent
like a stained-glass window in the sun
a double rainbow in the rain
colors the pain
kaleidoscope of hues
windstorm of colors
we focus on the blues

Our religions are broken
they're just ritualistic tokens
on the periphery of what's important
it's kind of insane
they embrace trivial dogma
then fight over it
who gives a damn
they've lost the heart

Nothing's sacred, nothing's pure
nothing's holy any more
people needing help are shown the door
Nothing ventured, nothing gained
nothing here to kill the pain
the colored glass can't take away the stain

Hallelujah
being blind don't make the world go away
Hallelujah
time to fix the broken hallelujah
Hallelujah
faith is more than having nowhere else to go
Hallelujah
let's try to fix the broken hallelujah

Nothing's sacred, nothing's pure
nothing's holy any more
people needing help are shown the door
Science tells us to pay no heed
we do as we are told
a royal flush and still we fold

It's the spaces
the thin lines from place to places
connectivity
kings and aces
you boil in oil every day you toil
not knowing what grace is
take a good look at your daughter's face
I'm sure you'll get a glimpse

Hallelujah
being blind don't make the world go away
Hallelujah
let's try to fix it
let's try to fix the broken hallelujah
Hallelujah
being blind don't make the world go away
Hallelujah
time to fix the broken hallelujah