

# 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