

Jacks Of All Trades, The Black Sheep Tale

This is about a metaphor... paraphrased... some allegories
how I came to know the grace...
a symbolic picture of shearing of my wools...
and how the game got new rules...

I'm abandoned, hurt and sore
My skin is ripped by the cutting thorns
I'm everybody's cheap laughing stock
A spitting cup, just listen how they mock
My flock scattered, fell on the rocks
Shocked, shattered, fold's door locked
Is there justice for a poor
For a lowly, for a whore
Who's there to...
search for the lost
Bind up the injured
Who's there to...
Strengthen the weak
Destroy the strong and sleek

I try to understand what freedom is
Surely it's something far from this
I'm longing for a warm embrace
Erase the ache in a healing place

Great is the pain that I got to face
Yet the pure rain'll wipe off the disdain
I hate the rams, way they did treat me
As a lamb, they bruised me too deeply

Maybe life's here to put me down neatly
But the strife and fear crush me completely
They muddied the clean water, trampled the green lawn
Butting me with their horns

I called out, for shelter I called
Now they're warned that You're the Lord
Yes He broke the bars of my yoke
Made a joke out of the goats

He's there to
Search for the lost
Bind up the injured
He's there to
Strengthen the weak
Destroy the strong and sleek

I'll be taken to rich pastures
On the mountains of plenty
In clear water valleys
By the grazing lands of mercy

For the Lord is my Shepherd
I shall not faint
Jesus came to dye white all the black sheep