

Jimmy Needham, Benediction

No one is good not even one

The front pages of papers of children raped by rapist
Iraqi torture chambers and we the blame claim we're blameless
Wrong all
And swelling up inside of us there's this pride in us this arrogance
And our only line of defense is the sense that
I'm not as bad as this friend of mine so I must be fine
We mean well don't we
Yet I've never seen good intentions set a man free from
Hurt all
This poor unfortunate soul
Filling a single void with toy after toy with girl after boy
How boring this wasn't this meant to be Humanity's life story
Warring with Good saying what have you done for me
Bought all
Hanging out for six hours marred beyond recognition
In complete submission to his father will still
A proclamation was made louder than the loudest temptation
With more beauty than all his creation
More eternal than eternity more angelic than the heavenlies
It is done for you and bought with blood
Accept
Rejoice
For freedom has come