

Roper, Day Of Pigs

Saturday

I could feel the crowd's dismay
They've acquired quite a fire
to burn the profane on a funeral pyre
Voices shrill
cutting silence like they mean to kill
Some pep rally where we scream His name
like God was losing in a football game

[Chorus:]

I don't want to waste His name this time
I will never cast Him to the swine
(Grasping at some feeling you once knew
is nothing sacred ever safe with you?)

Silver tongues

all the spirit of an iron lung
Selling highs as if we needed one
Flash the lights so not be outdone
Counterfeit
wanting joy so much we take a hit
like a tapeworm deep in hunger digs
Waste the sacred just to feed these pigs

If this is real, then you must find it
between the space of grace and grim
It's nothing you can manufacture
your walls cannot contain Him

crbt2('Roper','Day Of Pigs')

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