

Crackers & Grape Juice

(1 of 2)

Thirteen magicians am I
broken bread, a sip,
a kiss of betrayal and lies
our nature full fills, this fix

And then they all fled from me, I am
a liar, he ran
a thief, he ran
a killer, he ran
and left me to be the pure, I am

I fed us, sat with us
taught us, healed us
blessed us,
While counting on our nature to,
Reveal us, our own regret, but,
for this is not a test.

I am the sacrifice of the realms, external
a new righteousness free
free of the best of me, internal

Love us for we know not what we do,
magnetically attracted to my purity
in spite of the dirt we do

I suffer what we cannot
durable without wrinkle of spot
wickedness finds no comfort in my soul
my body is young, as my spirit is old

I love us when we hate each other
I stand between us and trouble
when we run for cover

Strange relationships that sting
spill not my blood after roosters sing
Conspire no more this execution
Imaginative Retribution

Together we suffer not
My revolution towards our evolution
spoils all plots

I am the ^{BALANCE} ~~difference~~ between us
that kept you
I saw you coming
because I sent you

Bend away from our density
Freedom now to render our propensity
The propensity for peaceful, smiling eyes
Non violent whispers of zero compromise

This table of Contents with severed heads
return me to my Father all thee who have fled
Father please forgive them is what we stand on
for I must be freed to lead my grandsons

Another storm is coming
let me lead us through it
Secrets and pointed finger of the cunning
must wish He never knew it

We must prepare a new truth
where bread and wine
can never be reduced
to simple crackers & grape Juice

- Xyzst