

Day of Pigs

Roper

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 loosing 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 pigsIf 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

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