

Sandbag Sin (Small Traces of Truth)

[Lex Zaleta](#)

The believers' last stand begins;
They're stacking Bible upon Bible,
Using that old reliable
As they try to sandbag sin. The floodwaters are rising;
Evil overruns the banks.
It's too late for chastising;
The enemy's on our flanks. Started as a gentle rain,
A deceptively soft shower.
Little by little, it gained
More prominence, more power. That's when the last stand did begin;
Believers started stacking up Bibles,
Hoping that old reliable
Would help them to sandbag sin. The floodwater's still rising;
Evil's flowing through the towns.
No hope on the horizon -
Earth cries and decency drowns. Black water rises; wickedness wins.
You can't stack unopened Bibles -
Unread Bibles are not reliable -
When you're trying to sandbag sin.
Those unread Bibles are not reliable
When you're trying to sandbag sin.

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