One for the Vine

Genesis

Fifty thousand men were sent to do the will of one His claim was phrased quite simply Though He never voiced it loud I am He, the chosen oneIn His name they could slaughter For His name they could die Though many there were believed in Him Still more were sure He lied But they'll fight the battle on Then one whose faith had died Fled back up the mountainside But before the top was made A misplaced footfall made Him stray From the path prepared for Him Off of the mountain on to a wilderness of iceThis unexpected vision Made them stand and shake with fear But nothing was His fright compared With those who saw him appear Terror filled their minds with aweSimple were the folk who lived Upon this frozen wave So not surprising was their thought

So not surprising was their thought
This is He, Gods chosen oneWho's come to save us from
All our oppressors

We shall be kings on this world"Follow me
I'll play the game you want me
Until I find a way back home""Follow me
I give you strength inside you
Courage to win your battles"No, no, no, this cant go on
This will be all that I fled from
Let me rest for a whileHe walked into a valley
All alone

There He talked with water

And then with the vineThey leave me no choice

I must lead them to glory

Or most likely to deathThey traveled cross the plateau

Of ice up to its edge

Then they crossed a mountain range

And saw the final plain

Still He urged the people onThen, on a distant slope

He observed one without hope

Flee back up the mountainside

He thought He recognized Him by His walkAnd by the way He fell And by the way He stood up And vanished into air

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