

# Sour Grapes

## The Iguanas

And the angel of the lord led me  
Into the belly of the holy mother  
A chamber black as pitch  
But I felt no fear, only comfort,

For I was as a child in the womb  
And she begged me  
"Hear through yonder portal  
Which looked upon the heavens,  
And behold! a morning angel"

[Hal-le-lu-jah!]

She ascended slowly from far beyond the horizon,  
Her light like a heavenly finger pointing the way  
And on yonder wall she traced for me a path  
Which led me five directions, eight winters to east,

[Hal-le-lu-jah!]

And behold!  
As my feet landed firmly  
Upon the vital winter of the second storm  
There appeared before me a heavenly star

[Hal-le-lu-jah!]

A holy virgin, the bringer of life and breath  
And she spoke unto me saying  
"Fear not the movement of the heavens above or the earth below  
For change is what we are, my child.

[Hal-le-lu-jah!]

Righteous are those  
Who look up and sway with the wind,  
Who look down and dance with the shifting of the soil,  
Who swim with the movement of the tides

[Hal-le-lu-jah!]

Who seek the truth around them  
And discover that we are  
And have always been in paradise.  
The reflections of heaven on earth. Amen!

[Hal-le-lu-jah!]

And she spoke again saying  
"Know, my child,  
That there is no devil seeking  
To cause guilt nor harm to men.

[Hal-le-lu-jah!]

No evil, save blind faith, ignorance,  
And the desire for the unprepared  
To blame others for the devastation  
Left in the wake of change

[Hal-le-lu-jah!]

Change, my child  
Change is in the heavens  
Change is on this earth  
Change is all around us

[Hal-le-lu-jah!]

And if we  
Are reflections of the divine  
We must roll with these changes,  
For we are these changes.

[Hal-le-lu-jah!]

Eyes wide open,  
We must look upon  
The heavens as a mirror.  
Wide awake, aware, deeply breathing

[Hal-le-lu-jah!]

And when the shit comes down, my child,  
You will be there,

A true and holy survivor  
To inherit the kingdom of god.

[Hal-le-lu-jah!]

You will rise above the rumbles of the unprepared  
To greet the new day,  
To drink from the sweet fruit of the vine,  
The water of life, the blood of the risen Christ, my child.'

[Je-ho-vah! Yah-weh!]

'Go now, son,  
Tell them all.  
The ignorant, the blind paw by dogma,  
Blinded by faith, the doubters, the nay sayers.

[Je-ho-vah! Yah-weh!]

Tell them all, child,  
They can not see  
The kingdom of God,  
They can not see paradise  
Unfold before them

[Je-ho-vah! Yah-weh!]

They can not drink  
From the chalice  
Which holds the blood of Christ,  
The water of life,  
Until they get right with Jesus.

[Je-ho-vah! Yah-weh!]

Until they get right with Jesus.  
It's always gonna be  
Sour grapes with you, boy,  
Until you get right with Jesus. Amen!

[Je-ho-vah! Yah-weh!]

---