

Under the Blood

Steve Taylor

"Sell a mirage," says The Voice of The Cunning
Button down, yes-men, market it well
"Sell a mirage and the hordes come running"
Cheap grace rains like pennies from Hell
In the cool flame flickers some psychopath stick man
Weeping to the cameras, begging for trust
But the seeds lie here in a proud heart needing your covering under
Under the blood
A cover under the blood
Under the blood
There's a refuge under the blood
Shutter the room, there's a light penetrating
Stick men tremble and cover their eyes
Shutter this room, there's a judgment waiting
Cheap grace rains down quite a surprise
In the stained glass ghetto
There's a hired hand setting up a table
In remembrance of no one at all
And if I'm that man
Could your mercy bring me back
Into a communion?
Under the blood
Under the blood
Communion under the blood
Under the blood
Can you reach me?
Under the blood
There's a light in the hollow
Under the blood
Where you lead, I will follow
And the blitzkrieg drones
And the bleeding earth groans
And your comforter heals me, whispering hope
You're alive
In the soul of a sinner
Cover me under
Under the blood

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