

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 HellIn 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 underUnder the blood
Under the blood
A cover under the bloodUnder the blood
Under the blood
There's a refuge under the bloodShutter 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 surpriseIn the stained glass ghetto
There's a hired hand setting up a table
In remembrance of no one at allAnd if I'm that man
Could your mercy bring me back
Into a communion?Under the blood
Under the blood
Communion under the bloodUnder 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 followAnd the blitzkrieg drones
And the bleeding earth groans
And your comforter heals me, whispering hopeYou're alive
In the soul of a sinner
Cover me under
Under the blood

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