

Words To The...

Deliverance

(Jimmy P. Brown II)

A crime of the mind, it's a terrible thing to waste
A sign of the times when mine is feeling out of place
Could it be that it's me who's a victim of society's plan
New stage - big chance, a wave of the Savior's hand
Words to the wise and the poor of spirit
Words to those whose thoughts are clear
Words to those who have the ears to hear it
Words to the ones drawing near
I walk away when they say that my Lord and my God is dead
When they kneel they reveal that they worship an idea instead
Getting caught in the thoughts of a nation selling lies
We are chained to the game of ignorance epitomized
The mind and the time lie in the embryonic state
To reveal and conceal as we're learning how to love and hate
Laying waste as we taste of the fruit of the poisoned tree
Guiltless lamb come again breaks the chains
And to set us free
A crime of the mind, a terrible thing to waste
Now I know why I'm so helplessly out of place
Sin undone, kingdom come, cause this world is not my home
Cast my lot, food for thought, words of wisdom of a life atoned?

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