Sour Grapes

Sexytime

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!]

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