

Song of Everything

Movement 1

Small and deep from Ocean's breeze
The beast and birds, grass and trees
God's great creation- verse libre'
The divine grace, and soul commision
The lonesome wish for one decision
The burning of the wasteland
Sinks to shores of tumultuous consequence
And in the storms, slicing through the soul
Fear, love, wounds, doubt
Greed, truth, war, shout
Flesh, lies, wind, deep
Merge, wide, run, leap
And surging through the threshold
Of each
Safe throughout eternity.
Wondering, we stare into the dark
Ominous
Infinite tapestry of stars
We breathe deeply
We love and lose
We learn and choose
This is what makes the man
beyond an accidental clan.
Ours is the mystery
Finding the great one in three
Believing and striving
Wondering if we're the one who's hiding.
O God of revelation
O God who once did speak
Burning bush, hand on wall
War of Hur and Aaron's arm
But mystery-incarnation

Author of the vast creation
a gentleness and calm release
He grew and kept
He bled and wept
Placed cloistered in a borrowed tomb
behind a stone and Roman seal
With Him the vanquished hopes
death cradled purpose jealously
He stood watch
The treasures of Christ's import silent, trapped and forgotten
and then... In a moment the grand verdict was announced
Resurrection underscored the cross
Snatching victory from cruel loss
Still and sure rules of natural laws reversed
Alive he justified the cursed
Those Lost within the trap of sin
The vagabonds were welcomed in.
He lives and speaks
The redeeming voice is drowned
in the cacophony of constant sound
But if you listen
He will speak.

Movement 2

The aroma of alabaster
An unmistakable scent
Beauty and extravagance
An elemental composition of a woman
Surrendered, vanquished, undone
Reckless passion borne of pain
Wasted treasure endless gain

I, too, will waste my life

For the One who spits in mud
The rescuer amidst the flood
The friend who calls me from a tree
The ghostlike vision on the sea
The Prophet at the healing pools
Arms outstretched to bands of fools
The One who breathes life into bones
Who understands wearisome groans.
I need his love not sterile proof
That distances and stands aloof.
The thing he so desires in me
Is trusting what I cannot see
Dispatching demons vanity
Through squeals of pigs calamity
And still the grand design is true.
The God who renders all things new.
Yes, He will render all things new.

Movement 3

Everything born of adversity is hewn in opportunity
This primordial ballet of soul chrysalis
Set in motion the grand orbit of redemption.
His prophecy:
Few will come
The road is narrow
Author of the moon and sparrow
The Beauty of uncertainty
Vicarious fortitude of faith
Lilies are the adornment
Of brutal sun and driving rain
Courage borne in doubting rubble

Yet I struggle
I wonder
Formulas crumble
The Word of God labors through perfect storms
Headless giant
Harlot hero
Hungry mass
Balaam's ass
Less about a set of rules
More of mercy for the fools
What is the hope for the world?
It is the Church
A building hewn from the heart of whoring dirges
Wandering,
Unfaithful
Captive and ungrateful
And still she is a bride of beauty
Still she is the one beloved
Still pursued with priceless passion.
The one that through the ages
Distorted graces
Wrecked lives with shame
Divided races
The bride that pierced the side of the groom
The bride that judged without restraint
The crimes of tyranny and hate
Scorching the earth with un-civilization.
Chasing lovers of pleasure and pieces of gold
While scorning the poor, seeking, driving,
feuding, striving to be significant before the grave
Keeping score, imploring, folly, enclave of lies.
Is a man more a man by trusting himself
Or is there peace for such a wretch?
Much of self- is more like rot

Movement 4

Jonah cries a screed in prayer
For three days and nights.
In the belly of the beast.
He was saved and he was devoured
Both happened.
The three Hebrews under the thumb of a king
Stood and refused
The furnace ignited
They fell and they were saved.
Both happened
The rattles of a dying man
A late Messiah at a desperate scene
The stench of death and
And Lazarus moves
He was dead and alive

Both happened

Stephen shouts the truth of grace
Pharisees of rage and hate
Pummeled by the stones of man
Horrid death and glory seen
Both happened.
From Joan of Arc's pyre
To Bonhoeffer's stand
From martyrs' fire
Executioner's hand
I was destroyed
And I was redeemed.
Hated and esteemed

Both happened.

Movement 5

Lord, teach me to pray.
Let my prayers be so immersed in love
That all I want is you!
I will waste my life for just a glimpse of you
Prayer must be romance
Its composition stained with tears
A courtship brief
Eternity is the festival redemption
And the prayers of the saints
Cascading through all generations

May I touch the robe of Jesus
May I hear the silent voice
May I trust the hand of Jesus
Prayer becomes my holy choice

Everything is waste and void
Everything futility
A chasing after winds obtuse
Mortal insecurity
But constant intercession
Saves heart and heals the soul
Disciples grand possession
Broken, wounded lives made whole

The pure and holy iconoclast of satan's furtive plans
Our dark and ancient rival
The father of bitter strife and self worship.
Traveling to and fro

His mouth stuffed with accusation
With an urgent mission of damnatio
His hands brewed an ancient libation:
chaotic tumult, relentless oppression
He credits to his favor all terror and obsession.
Prowling through the scrapheap east of eden's gate.
Minions; victims of lucifer's mendacity
Cast down with everything that scorns grace
From magnificent and worshipful
To vengeful knaves
The keeper of doom
The digger of graves

But death, sin and disease
The reproach of all...
Lucifer falls to his knees
As all dastardly scum fallen foes
The song of redemption sounds
To every star, hamlet, city and road
First, the song heard only be those who
Listen
But as day turns to day
The sound grows
It baffles the skeptics.
The music brings sweetness to the faithful
And remorse to the cynics
It is victorious, unflappable, unstoppable and loud.

The song is heard from the east
The rising sun heralds the new day
This perpetual day of grace
Will soon crush the dark desolation
And the schemes of fallen angels.
No longer will men strive against men

Or chains repress the weak
No longer will disease and death
Attack the least of these.
Orphans, unborn innocents
Those on distant shores repressed
Will soon hear the ever growing anthem of redemption.

Amen, amen, amen!

Fine'

And here is the name that binds men's souls to grace
It shelters, protects, and resurrects Kingdom and soul
O to Jesus I bow my knee
O to Jesus I live and breathe
O to Jesus I stand in faith
O to Jesus All is won
O to Jesus I run the race

O to Jesus, God's own Son