

peacemakers

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come face to face in friendly fire / taste the blood and bitter lies
that stain the rhetoric of peace / stale beliefs that there's one race
just one God for all to praise / renounce or perish by the sword

*thinking hard upon an enemy's rage / I find myself alone and caged
afraid to stand among . . . peacemakers . . .*

simple quoting from the books / ageless truths get overlooked
bounty deep in every page / its a missionary's zeal
still sending fodder to the fields / that in their pain man and woman come of age

*I'm looking deep into my enemy face / away from fear, to the mirror of grace
to stand, stand among . . . peacemakers . . . peacemakers . . .*

we'll all come face to face / with bitter lies and bloody tastes
with chosen peoples / blessed races / sanctioned gods demanding praises
archaic readings from the pages / subjugation through the ages
distorting time / disrupting spaces / wearing masks / erasing faces

*I'm searching far and wide / this work of love is an art
healing soul / living by the heart / standing among . . . peacemakers . . .*