

395-1000
Church bells

I used to cringe and bristle every time i heard that bell
The pastor on the tv, his self-righteousness to sell
The promise from his followers that I'll end up in hell
An opiate demanding that I listen and not tell

division was the message that i heard with every ring
Take advantage the people, reject their spirit's spring
Look at all the conflict and the suffering you bring
No angels and no mercy, no redemption on the wing

I have had a change of heart these months since Janie died
I've spent less time in anger as in longing i have cried
My sense of the immensity of love has blown me open wide
Tears now I hold dear, the same ones i used to hide

I now believe for hope to blossom, sorrow paves the way
When I weep I span the chasm between the we and the they
And just as church bells of my past left me speaking my dismay
Now for my vulnerability on bended knee I pray

When i weep my heart is torn wide open in that grief
The end of separation provides each one with such relief
For in that moment i reject my hatred of the thief
Amazing how exquisite , and yet oh so very brief

But lest we're watching sadness soon's devoured by our rage
Our soul's destruction is assured when we blithely turn that page
The ones who reject anger are the holy and the sage
For they know that their hatred keeps us living in a cage

So when i hear the church bells now i bow my head and cry
I listen to my sorrow, listen less to how and why
For i believe my sadness is a truth to hold on high
And In mourning I embrace the truth that love will never die