

Redemption

Phil Keaggy

Do I want to be right or be redeemed?
Will I be brilliant at the cost
Of being obscene?
There is a life in this world
And then the other side
Time and space are curved by sin
And might and pride
Do I want to be right or be redeemed?

Through my eyes is the power of punishment
To not look or recognize
Is the same as looking in judgement
Every action, every thought is alive
Whether slave or free, artist or scribe.

We are all here for each other you see
Not to be uniform but to live in unity.
It is a glorious debt I can never repay
It is an unending wet I cannot dry away

It is a joyous heart beating
Through the din of alone
It is a defeat retreating And turning to stone
It's the darkness of night relinquishing power
To the roar of the dawn
It's a thousand spring flowers bursting into song

It is the deafening quiet just before the storm
The lion of love without shape without form
It is that place where all that is not music
Is silence - It is redemption
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