

The Gospel Of Mary

Josh Ritter

We left our home by dark of night
Joseph and my boy and I
When all the gunmen were asleep
We slipped into the forest

We left everything behind
Joseph and my boy and I
Took only what we had to keep
And the hopes they would not find us

We prayed our prayers, we broke our bread
With others who had even less
Till finally all we had were dreams
And we hoped that they would fill us

We lived on roots and the bark of trees
Joseph and my boy and me
Drank the water from the stream
And hoped it would not kill us

A man offered a change of luck
All we had for a cargo truck
With fifty others in the back
They shut the door behind us

It got so hot we could not breathe
Joseph and my boy and me
When we arrived, the sky was black
That's where I buried Joseph

The river stole away my shoes
The soles of both my feet were bruised
My boy lay silent in my arms
His dreams were deep and soundless

The day was long, the sun was high
A hammer on an anvil sky
By the wall I fell and cried
For death was all around us

He found me there where I had slipped
But handcuffed tied around my wrists
Shackles tied around my legs
As if I could escape you

And since I could not hold my babe
You took my only boy away
And though I plead and though I beg
You won't say where he's gone to

I'm tired now, my eyes are dry
There's only me alone tonight
In a land I thought would be
Ours if we could make it

A land that welcomes strangers in
A land that beckoned like a friend

If I had the chance again
I'd rather die than take him

The holy family got away
A simpler time, a simpler place
And Egypt stretched out it's great hand
To welcome them with mercy

Now Joseph's dead out on the road
My boy is gone and I don't know
Where he is or where I am
With every breath, it hurts me

And you who stood at your great gates
Watched us as we met our fate
Then took our pride and stole our babes
You will one day die of something

But as you rest your weary head
Your family close around your bed
May your thoughts all fly instead
To the ones who you gave nothing

The naked one, the starving child
Who crawled the final brutal miles
Through blood and filth and rock and wild
In the hopes of only living

May the pain within you dwell
And may it follow you to hell
All alone in a lonely cell
Forever unforgiven

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