

Made Straight

Propaganda

So self-sufficiency dies hard, right?
But when rightfully humbled, God shows up in burning bushes
May we step into the fray like "I got something to say"
May we hold no armies, no weapons, no ceremonial authority
Just a walking stick of an old-timer and not an ounce of fear
May we have a faith birthed out of a revelation of promise
A reflex caused by what you know to be true of God
Life is not a comic book
There are no perfect victims or villains, just us
We are smog-laced oxygen tanks tossed to capsize murderers
Resting on his power of deliverance and the integrity to accomplish it
May I stand in the belly of what Babylon is biting
In the vein of the best metaphor of what love exists for
May my legacy be permanently associated with those hated
An exodus from Exodus with zero concern for what Pharaoh thinks
May we be crooked champions
And we are not those without hope or hoping in hope alone
Resurrection shows that this land is not our home
We are sojourners living out what a past action bought us
With the knowledge that we have yet to see the fullness of what it got us
All of creation groaning, labor aches and pains
Like the crushing of a planet's moon could make Saturn's rings
My crooked soul covered in blood stains
Blessing is a perspective, the ironic gift of cancer
If I could bottle the feeling where every morning's a blessing
'Cause every breath could be your last one man, that's the answer
Be patient with one another, be gracious 'cause our time is short
Remember you too were once in darkness 'fore he brought forth
Christ the hope of glory sealed our eternity
Purchased permanently, by only Him worthy
But my mouth has yet to catch up with what my heart knows
And my heart is still lightyears behind my library, it's scary
There's no plaques on my wall
'Cept the influence I had on those with plaques on they wall
It could leave a man salty like "when it finna be my turn?"
And a lower me is leaning towards an attitude beneath me
And I am just like them, a systemic participant
Longing for escape and hoping in salvation
Yeah, hoping in salvation
Waiting for the day He make the crooked way straight

We march on a crooked road
And we raise our eyes
And we raise our eyes
Justice is going to roll
Like a river wide
Like a river wide

Glorious state of our soul's gentrification
But the purchaser ain't put us out, he paid all our mortgages
And repaved the streets and found homes for the orphans
Once under the thumb of an unbearable slum lord
Dumb son of a gun said rescue could never come lord
And we all believed him and took matters into our own hands
And made a filthy mess of our own homelands
And crimes of survival, they were proof of a flawed system
And we only got ourselves to blame, our cheating little hearts

But the hope of trans-cultural love and acceptance
That erased racism and sexism, the blessed
Day we don't look down on the poor like we ain't like them
And they not us and gender ain't fodder for suicide among us
The already but not yet, so we look for it with joy and anticipation
For when the time keeper comes soon and make the crooked way straight

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And we raise our eyes
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I'm really starting to enjoy my alone time as I'm getting older
I've started to notice I'm becoming more introverted
Tryna declutter
Finding I don't need a lot of stimulus to get me over
And you can turn the track down
I like it when the level's even in my head
Sometimes I find the volume is peaking in my brain
Stays in the red and it's not sustainable
Help me to remember peace of mind
Despite what would be happening
And hold on to the quiet
Remember the quiet
Help me remember the quiet
Remember the quiet