

Matthias Replaces Judas

Showbread

it is so that my transgressions have born a withered fruit,
the sun has scorched the rising plans;
alas they have no root, the bleached bones of animals bound by
leather strips,
dance through the air with laughter as i wield this wicked whip
,
as you did warn me carpenter, this world has weakened my heart,
so easily i disparage, self-seeking the work of my art,
and there you have come to me at the moment i bathe in my sorrow,
so in love with myself, sought after avoiding tomorrow,
where do you find the love to offer he who betrays you?
and offer to wash my feet as i offer to disobey you,
your beauty does bereave me, and how my words do fail,
so faithfully and dutifully i award you with betrayal,
the weak and the down trodden fall on broken legs,
as i walk past a smile i cast, fervor in my stead,
but my bones like plastic, do buckle backward now,
i lay in this field by Judas' bowels and anticipate the plow,
i can not be forgiven; my wages will be paid,
for those more lovely and admirable is least among the saved,
and where would i fit Jesus?
what place is left for me?
the price of atonement is more than i've found to offer up as my plea,
Jesus my heart is all i have to give to you, so weak and so unworthy,
this simply will not do, no alabaster jar, no diamond in the rough,
for your body that was broken, how can this be enough?
by me you were abandoned, by me you were betrayed,
yet in your arms and in your heart forever i have stayed

Your glory illuminates my life, and no darkness will descend,
for you have loved me forever, and your love will never end