

## Stood Before Saint Peter

The Icicle Works

In the moment of my madness  
In the presence of my shame  
I stood before St. Peter  
Naked and unnamed  
Praying the fell with genius  
Win the blue silk hoe  
Across the street where angels stood  
In colors bright and bold

He said, "Son, before I judge you  
I have to make this clear  
Your heartfelt prayers for Heaven on Earth  
Don't come to much up here  
'Cause you still kill your brother  
And watch your children die  
Two thousand years ain't changed your ways  
And still you wonder why"

"The east side and the west side  
With great distance in between  
Are parted by false values  
And a blindness seldom seen  
There's murder in the city street  
Bloodshed in the fields  
You take your life so lightly  
Can you imagine how Jesus feels?"

As I climbed the staircase  
My suitcase in my hand  
The stars around me shone like jewels  
On a vast and promised land  
We never claimed perfection  
It's hard enough to learn  
Heaven's doors are open wide  
The fires of Hell still burn