

# At the Table

This I know  
My trial is over  
Cancelled not adjourned  
And I leave to live in thanks  
For life already earned

But this truth  
Is far above me  
Demons cloud his face  
For someone else  
His endless mercy,  
Someone else his grace

*We take your blood, your body  
Warms us like wine, fills us like bread  
Nail this moment of failure  
High above your head*

If you came  
But not for this  
What worth would it be?  
If not for this  
Why your birth?  
Why your lonely death?

*We take your blood, your body  
Warms us like wine, fills us like bread  
We take your blood, your body  
Festive as wine, basic as bread  
Nail this moment of failure  
High above your head*

Who can chart the course you take,  
From the hosts of heaven's glory  
To this abandoned place?

From eternal favor, without any stain,  
To the one and only offense to God,  
Who can guess the pain?

What fuel could power, descent from above,  
A distance beyond all human distance,  
But your burning love?