

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?