

Clear and Present Gospel

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The sunshine glows brighter on the blackened concrete sheets
As the silent homes awoken by the sounds of the street
Buses pass the blocks and blocks without a soul at the stops
As the fears and tears are sleeping, the doors watch for the cops

The streets taught us stories, these are people we know
But these are more than lines and rhymes these are the lives that we chose
As the scripture sees the flames , I'm reminded of these
The bars might turn eternal, but the pain by degrees.

Kayla hangs her backpack at her grandparents house
And while they misplace sobriety, she finds a hide-out
A year ago, dad lost his job, the bills went to work
Lost a home, lost a wife, and Friday became a perp

But he was not more gone than any others there
See he was on the sidewalk, so they took him to jail
"You'd better watch your kids." they said, holding the lock and key.
Sin under supervision can the state set us free?

Kayla left the house while her grandpa was distracted
Headed to her aunt's place, as the streets start packing
Gang turf to cross while the temper sparks soaring
But Kayla isn't staying when her grandpa's just flooring

And who will come to stop this real hell life-ing
Not grandpa with his bud trying to dull his real strife-ing
Or the dad now bound held before the bars cemented
"Divide and conquer," says the One who got sin-to-death invented

Sin sick houses silent, neighbors talk but hide a secret
'Good to talk to Christians but for safety sake just leave it
Alone,' they say and, 'leave this place,' pointing out the house
'They're the reason the rest of us don't ever come out.'

The house seems to be burning as the sun bakes the bricks
Stands defiant off the sidewalk circled by the stones and sticks
The TV speaking freely while the are shades shut locked
The attraction of distraction nearly drowned out the knock

Fear with a glance, the boyfriend peers through the door
No uniforms or guns just some kids with the Bible
"We heard Jesus say to come knock at this place."
He brings her out a skeleton skin tight across her face

An addict to the cane, she's got a fix that she can't break
Got a salesman stopping by - for her daily use dose a crank
Tried to quit a dozen times but now a decade almost done
And tons of numbers tell her what she knows her work has won

As the sun sets up their faces, now her tears shone bright
"I thought God abandoned me when I gave up the fight"
It's on the strength of his hope that he knows that you can cope
More tears, she nods, we pray, and they put away the dope.

Real salvation came to the real folks in real need
And the real doors plead for these real Gospel seeds
It's more than a program he comes to live with the afflicted
It's more than a department He sends those Spirit-Inscribed

The sun going down, as the concrete loses heat
Darkness finds the dealer stacked, all hands on the street
He's seen to many nightmares so he just stays awake
It takes a lot a work to keep the Devil from your take

The night all but concealing you see figures on their way
With their sparks of anger keep a glow to their face
The one who's stoking coals flares their grudges into flames
He loves the way they walk gives 'em fuel for raising Cane

His dominion rises higher as the fight by his banner
It's the sons and daughters dead that they pay for his standard
All the darkness reigns its seems to blot out the day
And the morning mourns alone for the dead that are slain

This land is a people plundered, hiding in the earth
But the clouds are parting overhead, stars light up the dirt
Shining in this twisted time, a common life on the block
Like the stars against the void, darkness unable to stop

In the midst of sin addiction toward a clear and present hell
The Lord has sent His sponsors, sent a friendship into hell
He lead them in and planted them in the "heart of the hood"
Its war by construction against the Devil's Linwood

We're turning down the light pollution, and filling up their vision
As the real drug dealers put out the coals of their mission
As real dads are restored, and renewing family unity
Its real sin that's dying and in this Living-Christ community,

The People of Praise life comes like a thief in the night
And suddenly the hood you knew just isn't quite right
As the real Christians start sleeping in the darkest of digs
And eight years of the real police can't equal 2 weeks ...

of the Real God's Real Peace

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