

One for the Vine

Genesis

Fifty thousand men were sent to do the will of one.
His claim was phrased quite simply, though he never voiced it loud,
I am he, the chosen one. In his name they could slaughter, for his name they could die.
Though many there were believed in him, still more were sure he lied,
But they'll fight the battle on. Then one whose faith had died
Fled back up the mountainside,
But before the top was made,
A misplaced footfall made him stray
From the path prepared for him.
Off of the mountain,
On to a wilderness of ice. This unexpected vision made them stand and shake with fear,
But nothing was his fright compared with those who saw him appear.
Terror filled their minds with awe.
Simple were the folk who lived
Upon this frozen wave.
So not surprising was their thought,
This is he, God's chosen one,
Who's come to save us from
All our oppressors.
We shall be kings on this world. Follow me!
I'll play the game you want me,
Until I find a way back home. Follow me!
I give you strength inside you,
Courage to win your battles -No, no, no, this can't go on,
This will be all that I fled from.
Let me rest for a while.
He walked into a valley,
All alone.
There he talked with water, and then with the vine. They leave me no choice.
I must lead them to glory or most likely to death. They travelled cross the plateau of ice, up to
its edge.
Then they crossed a mountain range and saw the final plain.
Still he urged the people on. Then, on a distant slope,
He observed one without hope
Flee back up the mountainside.
He thought he recognised him by his walk,
And by the way he fell,
And by the way he
Stood up, and vanished into air.

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