

MATERIAL GOD

1-12-13
(#2)

1. **The school yard now stands empty
with its dry weeds blowin' in the wind,
How reminiscent of our innocent
lives — but then, oh, how we sinned.
The sun burns starkly, though we stumble darkly
rushing ever-“there” in our haste,
Yes, self-directed, but undetected
all that we build turns to waste.**
2. **Materialism, our god ever-risen
we re-resurrect every day,
Blind to the fact, we can't reenact
the years of our lives slaved away.
We earned the curses, found in the verses
hidden in the pages of our mind,
When things get so tough, we've finally had enough
the promised blessings aren't so hard to find.**

[INSTRUMENTAL INTERLUDE] *

3. **Or, the blessings we can have, if we choose them
it's our call to keep or to lose them,
And the only price we pay
is abiding by life's perfect laws every day.
Now taste the blessings, unbind your wounds' dressings
you can't suppress the smile on your face !
Even if you tried, you could not hide
the joy that surges from this package of grace.**

[HAPPY TURNAROUND]

4. **Come taste the uplifting sound, new exhilaration found,
the bursting of your spirit come alive !
No waste, born anew, so much fun to do
in a safe space where everyone can thrive.
Every time we've tried it, no one has denied it,
it's proven true when put to the test.
Why not keep this way of living, endless source that's ever-giving,
priced at so little to invest:
lay all material gods . . . *FOREVER* . . . to rest.**

[INSTRUMENTAL, FADEOUT]

Written: January 12, 2013
through April 19, 2014 [G, R]

[END]

* With light background voices at high, eerie pitch singing, “Material god, Material god . . .”; and just before verse 3, state in a whisper, “Or the blessings”