

... AND WRESTLED AGAINST ETERNITY

2-19-16 (2)
(#23)

1. It pours down like a crushing waterfall,
the very heart and soul of inequity,
where injustice reigns for all the world to see.
I have wept the world's oceans of endless tears,
as life I couldn't live swept away all my years,
I've lived the life of Jōb and wrestled against eternity.

REFRAIN: Mere mortals, we can't understand
how a system so unjust might have been planned;
how the gold of the soul, righteousness's goal
were the nuggets we reached for but never panned.
Endless centuries of evil given out for free
while the righteous strive in vain against reality;
all our efforts, our life, our spent energy
so costly — ground to worthless sand.

2. I scream out to the Almighty, "are you there ?"
I rasp and rape my mind debating, "does He care ?"
I throw the final gauntlet: "are you even here ?"
I say it with no fear (finally with no fear).
All the building blocks that hold in place reality
have tumbled into one great heap of insanity,
as I lived the life of Jōb and wrestled against eternity.

[REPEAT REFRAIN]

[INSTRUMENTAL]

3. It's more than rhetorical, I ask, "why ? why !"
I expand my demand till it's as big as the sky.
I demand, for starters, an answer,
but none has ever come.
My life itself has been but a one-line plea
to just unleash the chains and let me run free . . .
I've lived the life of Jōb and wrestled against eternity . . .
I have lived the life of Jōb and wrestled against eternity . . .

[REPEAT REFRAIN]

TAG: I paid my life, the life of Jōb, *
set me free for the rest of eternity.

[END]

Written: February 19, 2016 (2) [C, G, M, P]

* Spoken in a low, almost inaudible harsh whisper,
as in a Leonard Cohen poetic song at low volume