

The Return of the Lamb

He was bathing by the river-side
The jailor he felt jaded and headed to the castle-gate
Asked the guard why had he let Him out ?
The guard he frowned, shook his head, said, "He hadn't left"
And the jailor – ran the corridor – found Him sitting there just like before

He saw the mud in the brick thrilled to be there
Dust on the stone jumped in the air
And the shadows wrapped round Him like hands
The Wool-Merchant's Son, the Return of the Lamb

Earlier they led Him down the road
Where He healed an ailing child, visitors they lined for miles
Moving Him again they brought a horse
A fiery steed no-one could mount – He just smiled and rode around
And the people saw Him as a God
They ran to scoop the water where He washed

And the mud in the brick laughed to be there
Dust on the stone danced in the air
And the wonder spread across the land
The Wool-Merchant's Son, the Return of the Lamb

Frightened clouds covered up their eyes
Barrack-walls even tried to hide
What do we do with lambs in spring – lead them to the knife
That's what we did to Him – one more time

Hundreds of rifles line on line
They took aim in the barrack-square - hung Him in the open air
Fury of hot metal 'gainst the Lamb
A sabre fell across the sun – rent a veil on everyone
And the Day will darken round the carcass
Hawks and vultures there will gather

The mud in the brick, dumb with despair
Dust on the stone, choked in the air
And the bullets shattered Him as planned
The Wool-Merchant's Son, the Return of the Lamb

In Tabriz today the cars whirl by

Honking horns, changing lanes, even by the barrack-gate
In Shiraz the people come and go
Up and down, to and fro – most hardly know
All the tired expressions as they walk around
If only they could see inside the town

The mud in the brick loves to be there
Dust on the stone hums in the air
And the rainbows know for Whom they stand
The Wool-Merchant's Son, the Return of the Lamb