

Joe Evans**"Firefly"**

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Firefly, first star I see tonight, light the way
Through cursed grays and wicked days
Heavier, the iron bell sounds loud and clear,
Oh and swingin' wide the church doors welcome his
messengers here

Good Reverend Phelps dancin' in his bible belt
Oh how he shines
He lights the way
Teaches love through hate
And war from faith
And his children sing
His hypocrisy while he slams his gavel down
Oh protest parade
Smugly smiling at their world gone wrong

You firefly

Fuming rebel brigade
Sad procession feeds out into the street
Silent heroes laid their lives down for what they
believed
Only to be ambushed there by those they sacrificed for
Homemade christianity painted on picket signs they
wield like swords

Tell me Mr Phelps, yeah, does your God look like you?
Does He condemn our differences the way you do?
And will He call for you when you lay your head down to
sleep?
Don't you know forgiveness is, loving your enemy?

You firefly
Oh can you tell me why
You firefly
You firefly
Can you tell me why
Firefly, can't even tell me why

