

America Gomorrah "More Than A Carpenter"

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It's a nice day for a walk
I think I'll go to the lake
I see the people standing there
I hear a voice

"Friend, tell me what's going on?"
He shakes his head and walks away
I see a man in a boat
I hear him speak

Birds!
Rocks!
Thorns!
Good soil!

You think you see, but you are blind
You think you hear; you do not understand
Your hearts are hard, you've closed your mind
Oh, I would heal you!

More than a man
The Son of Man

More than a carpenter
With Eyes of Fire
And voice like a stream/thunder
His words cut to the bone

He tells another tale as I watch
I sense his words are true
Though he talks in riddles
I know there's more

Many leave now, though I stay
I need to understand
Tell me more, I need to know
Who you are

Who is this man, a carpenter?
How did he learn such truth?
Who is this man, a carpenter?
No, so much more

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