

## **Derek Webb**

### **"Beloved"**

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Beloved these are dangerous times  
Because you are weightless like a leaf from the vine  
And the wind has blown you all over town  
Because there is nothing holding you to the ground  
So now you would rather be  
A slave again than free from the law  
(chorus)  
Beloved listen to me  
Don't believe all that you see  
And don't you ever let anyone tell you  
That there's anything that you need  
But me  
Beloved these are perilous days  
When your culture is so set in it's ways  
That you will listen to salesmen and thieves  
Preaching other than the truth youve received  
Because they are telling lies  
For they cannot circumcise your hearts  
(chorus)  
Beloved there is nothing more  
No more blessings and no more rewards  
Than the treasure of my body and blood  
Given freely to all daughters and sons

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