

## Hoyt Axton

### "Epistle"

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In the searchin' eyes of someone's daughter,  
There's a hope that maybe things'll change.  
Peace on earth will come and find us waiting,  
Unless, somehow, we've wandered out of range.  
Of salvation, mmmm.

And to the church in Baltimore, a question:  
What have you done to ease the pain of man?  
I've heard you've given comfort to some sinners,  
But I'm afraid you just don't understand.

To an orphan child dyin' of hunger,  
God is just a half a loaf of bread.  
Rise up from your hundred dollar table,  
Make sure your paroquet is fed.

And don't forget to save a dime for Jesus.  
Don't forget who sent 'em all to war.  
Take a pill to ease the call of conscience,  
It's just a dream, it really can't be more.

An' to your marchin' men in blue or silver,  
Everyone for peace is just a lousy red.  
You just can't seem to figure out the reason:  
The answer lies in what the shepherd said.

He said: "I'll choose you one out of a thousand.  
"Only two out of ten thousand more.  
"And you shall stand as one again,  
"On the sacred shores of the promise."

Instrumental break.

I am the sea an' you're a ragin' river.  
You are the sun, I'm a crystal fountain.  
Flowin' in the growin' love of livin'.  
Spirit guide us to the Holy mountain.  
Spirit guide us to the Holy mountain.

I am you an' you are me an' all together, we are three,  
Shinin' in the night-time of our bein'.

An' just in case our fathers have forgotten,  
Maybe we should help them understand.

And to the church in Baltimore, a question:  
What have you done to ease the pain of man?  
What have you done to ease the pain of man?

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