

Jacks Of All Trades "The Black Sheep Tale"

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This is about a metaphor... paraphrased... some allegories

how I came to know the grace...

a symbolic picture of shearing of my wools...

and how the game got new rules...

I'm abandoned, hurt and sore

My skin is ripped by the cutting thorns

I'm everybody's cheap laughing stock

A spitting cup, just listen how they mock

My flock scattered, fell on the rocks

Shocked, shattered, fold's door locked

Is there justice for a poor

For a lowly, for a whore

Who's there to...

search for the lost

Bind up the injured

Who's there to...

Strengthen the weak

Destroy the strong and sleek

I try to understand what freedom is

Surely it's something far from this

I'm longing for a warm embrace

Erase the ache in a healing place

Great is the pain that I got to face

Yet the pure rain'll wipe off the disdain

I hate the rams, way they did treat me

As a lamb, they bruised me too deeply

Maybe life's here to put me down neatly

But the strife and fear crush me completely

They muddied the clean water, trampled the green
lawn

Butting me with their horns

I called out, for shelter I called

Now they're warned that You're the Lord

Yes He broke the bars of my yoke

Made a joke out of the goats

He's there to
Search for the lost
Bind up the injured
He's there to
Strengthen the weak
Destroy the strong and sleek

I'll be taken to rich pastures
On the mountains of plenty
In clear water valleys
By the grazing lands of mercy

For the Lord is my Shepherd
I shall not faint
Jesus came to dye white all the black sheep

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