

## The Church

### "Myrrh"

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Emerald haunt in overdrive  
Nightmare descent into Jericho city  
Camel dust heralds our arrival  
New Christ beneath the drumkit moon  
Oh Lord we are threatened again  
In the slipstream pull of the federal men  
Plummet in some seamless night  
Down here to earth it's hopeless then

Apache gunman in the boiling crowd  
Who never got to meet you last time  
We're interrupted by the telephone  
You didn't think they were invented then  
Oh Lord we need miracles  
We need more wine and gold  
We need slaves and roads and personal favors  
We need microphones and manifolds

How can you be so invisible  
Give me the nerves to see  
Privilege on privilege  
An unwanted discovery

So now we're cruising down this shuddering highway  
With a dead sun shining on my back  
And we talk about the way people treat us back there  
Their hollow laughter, the pain in their eyes  
Oh Lord I trust your intentions  
But money strangles our love  
Struggling like a fool with my junk and my jewels  
You would have thought I'd had enough

How can you be so invisible  
Give me the nerves to see  
Privilege on privilege  
An unwanted discovery

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