

Jordan Page

"Pendulum"

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I been walking a tightrope between fact and fiction
I been wrestling with demons in small bottled prisons
I been talking with sinners who claim to be Christian
I been shouting at leaders who claim to be listening

& the pendulum swings from the left to the right
and momentum increases the need for the fight
Like a moment of blindness in a lifetime of sight
& I am caught somewhere the middle

I saw a president blind to the needs of his people
I saw a camel that passed through the eye of a needle
I saw a group of old men whose money was evil
I saw a cross breaking free from the cage of a steeple
I saw beggars and cripples dying in squalor
I saw a son whose sins had exceeded his father
I saw a nation of sleepers whose dreams were forgotten
& a bushel of apples from a tree that was rotten

& the pendulum swings from the left to the right
as momentum increases the need for the fight
Like a blindfold when its time to walk towards the light
& I am lost somewhere in the middle

I heard the echo of suffering in the valley of laughter
I heard the rumble of earthquakes far under the water
I heard a court jester whose forked tongue was twisted
Who told us of dangers that never existed
I heard voices that claimed to be moral and righteous
Whose lies and deceit were all dark and contagious
I heard talk of a country that valued its freedom
But when I protested I was arrested and beaten

& the pendulum swings from the left to the right
As momentum increases the weight and the height
But if nobody's listening, is anyone right?
& I can't seem to find the key to the riddle

I met a young woman with a baby inside her
I looked but there wasn't a safe place to hide her

I met an old man with a face like a mirror
His showed me his sadness so I could see clearer

I met an arrogant leader who robs us and cheats us
He pretends that his orders come directly from Jesus
When he sends out our children to strange foreign soil
To kill for the right to monopolize oil

I'm a raising my voice 'gainst the house of derision
That murders our freedom with short-sighted vision
I'll sing a new song about civilization
& the palace of wisdom and the death of a nation

I'll lift up the veil that's hiding the holy
& remind all the people that change happens slowly
I'll scream out a name to the echoes of Heaven
& pray that the world don't end up where its heading

& the pendulum swings from the left to the right
as momentum decreases the end is in sight
There's a lunatic handling our future tonight
& I am lost somewhere in the middle

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