

Gethsemane Revisted
(Tobin Mueller)

Time
Time is running
Time is running out
on everything that I thought
was true and would come to pass
as holy

"Put your hand on the book"
Holy
"Put your hand over your heart"
Holy
"Put your hand in mine"
Holy
"Place your hands over your eyes"
Holy
If you can't feel my wounds
Holy
How can you ask me to die?
Holy
Give me something to say to them
Holy
Something to say that is true...

One day I'm waking.
The next I'm falling asleep.
Small dreams for saving.
Big dreams for losing
in the wake of the mess that we make our lives.

Why can't it come now?
What is there waiting?
Who is it I hear?
Where are the places over and always and beyond time?

I take my hands from the book.
I take my hands from my eyes.
I find the wounds on my side.
No words will heal. I choose my life.

One day I'm waking.

The next I'm falling asleep.
Small dreams for saving.
Small dreams I will not give away to the Fathers or Sons of Time.

There was a time, there was a garden... no one fell asleep...
(I remember dreaming)
There was a time I was pardoned from all I keep inside.

Time is running out
on everything I thought was true and holy...

Time
Time is running with me

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