

When the ancestors of hope
Drown in sacred seas
And the objects of our passion
Sink with weary knees

When the wings of desperate doves
Refuse their solemn sky
And the hymns of our religion
Become the soldiers sent to die

When the shadows of the sacred
Seek the light that is the moon
And the dreams within the roses
Are undressed before they bloom

When we swim into the current
Into the river and its flood
When prayer has lost its heartbeat
And the foam becomes our blood

Take me to the touchstone
To that corner of the earth
Where the strings of music memory
Play for every birth

Where the incessant vital rhythm
Of flesh remains our right
And the drums of incarnation
Beat boldly through the night

Where nothing new is given
Yet nothing old remains
But the songs within ourselves
And the sound of broken chains

Broken Chains

By Brian Michael Tracy