Franks Enemy, Acts Of Love

I don't know the circumstances

All I've heard is what I read

And a couple of people where I worked

Are dead of the disease

Your emptiness your void no different

Than the one once inside me

Someone got in front of your eyes

And became so tempting

Who was the human landmine

That you shared passions with?

What was going on in his mind

The moments that you kissed?

Awareness of death's specter

Or ignorance untold?

Or fear of what was in your blood not knowing what was in his own

So tempting to say

I'm glad I'm not you

Get away from me

You're not like me

So tempting to say

It's your own fault

You asked for it all

Hear judgment's call

Til God pulls me from my sin

And shows me all the hate I'm in

Nothing left to do but give

And pray that you can still live

My flesh so used to searching

Sometimes forgets it's found

All the reason it needs to live

Beyond touch and sight and sound

So tempting have been the situations

It has been through

No quarantee that in the future

I won't have to face what's facing you

If Jesus is my master

His Spirit the Source from which I live

I must allow Him to take over me

Allow Him to let me give

To temper exhortations

With decisive acts of love

Acts with fingers that point not at me

But straight up above

Cholera in times of love

Triumph of the pill

Sex is dead the new cry

The god of choice is ill

Children of the revolution

Slowly eaten away

Society binge and purge

Of liberation ways

Conqueror germs in the air

Running through veins

All across the face of the earth

A growing red stain

Souls spiraling downward falling

Solutions backfired

Accompanying drought of love

Eros getting tired