

*You shouldn't call me Lord.  
Don't think I came to bring you peace -  
I came to bring a sword.*

He kicked the crutches from the lame  
and told them they could walk.  
He went into the bingo hall  
and joined them in their talk.

He cleared the shelves in Poundland  
and he gave Greggs food away.  
He told the jobless and the poor  
*You shouldn't have to pay.*

He went into the market place,  
his eyes they brightly burned;  
left taking scattered on the floor  
and tables overturned.

Someone sent for the police –  
their sirens cut the air.  
And though they searched the streets for him  
they found he wasn't there.

When the crowds caught up with them  
he told them *It's your loss.*  
*You'll find me on the edge of town  
still carrying my cross.*