**

Come to the Feast

 *by Christopher Grundy*

They've got bars on the stained glass to keep all the blessings they hide

locks and chains on the door to guard those gold crosses inside

but there's a man in the doorway who lives on the street

he touches the chains and they fall at his feet, and he says,

**Come to the feast**

**There's always room for one more, and there's all you can eat**

**you can take some to go, gather all you can hold and then go**

**go spread the feast.**

She thought she was so big, she'd go without eating for days

all her bones got so frail, and her heart was just wasting away

but now she stands strong and whole at the table of grace

tears fill the cup as the fall from her face, and she says

**Come to the feast**

**There's always room for one more, and there's all you can eat**

**you can take some to go, gather all you can hold and then go**

**go spread the feast.**

The candles are burning, the table is spread

a voice rings out clear like one back from the dead

out across the battlefields, up from the slums

over borders and color lines the same message comes, and it says

**Come to the feast**

**There's always room for one more, and there's all you can eat**

**you can take some to go, gather all you can hold and then go**

**go spread the feast.**

**There's always room for one more, and there's all you can eat**

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**go spread the feast.**

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