

Preacherman in the Hands of an Angry Sinner

By Mike Banister

**Hey! Preacherman!
Who do you think you are,
Waving that big black Bible
Like God's own tommy-gun,
Spraying scripture bullets
All over the congregation,
Piercing them with your judgments?**

Fool!

**Can't you see they're already wounded?
Show me where Jesus
Got him a big old pulpit and fancy robes,
Shook his fists,
Shouted himself red-faced.**

**Preacherman,
Why don't you come down
Like Jesus among lepers.
Touch the people
With healing words?**

Then we'll pass around the bread and the wine

And celebrate until Kingdom come.