

SONG LYRICS FOR THE *DREAMS AND VISIONS* COLLECTION

We Meet at the End of the World
Doug Gwyn, October 2025

Never early, never late
Always already gone
Trusting fate to coordinate
Converging at a point beyond
We meet at the end of the world
The end of the world

When this becomes a whole lotta that
And why becomes just how much
And truth gets buried under the chat
There's a whisper and then a touch
Then we meet at the end of the world
The end of the world

Oh, bats, gnats, and technocrats
Buzzing all around your head
Distractions from the simple fact
You're always already dead
So meet us at the end of the world
The end of the world

Cookies crumble, bubbles burst
The wheels they turn and grind
The world may go from bad to worse
But you can always change your mind
We meet at the end of the world
The end of the world
Come meet us at the end of the world
The end of the world

Let the Captives Go Free
Doug Gwyn, October 2014

Two million men behind cold steel bars
Let the captives go free
They might as well be living on Mars
Let the captives go free
Some are captives to the war on drugs
Others to the new Jim Crow
What a nation can't face about class and race
It pushes into the shadows

Forced confessions and planted evidence
Let the captives go free
Another man's life turns into a sentence
Let the captives go free
Someone's gotta pay, might as well be him
Lock the door and swallow the key
I guess it's better that justice be satisfied
Than let an innocent man go free

Standing at the foot of the cross
I can see that lynching tree
Where the guilty offer up another sacrifice
For the sins they can't bear to see

Among us stands one we don't know
Let the captive go free
Fear and dread keep him locked in the shadow
Let the captive go free
How many more men and women, O Lord
Will we lock where we can't see
Til the prisoner within comes again
And we let the captives go free?

I Am a Seven-Sealed Scroll

Doug Gwyn, April 2020

Refrain:

*I am a seven-sealed scroll
No one can read what I am
I am a seven-sealed scroll
But the Lamb, worthy is the Lamb*

When you see conquerors come
Conquerors a-conquering
On white horses conquering
Behold! the first seal is broken

When you see riders with swords
Slaughtering with swords
On red horses with swords
Behold! the second seal is broken

Refrain

When you see merchants with scales
With their thumbs upon the scales
On black horses with scales
Behold! the third seal is broken

When you see the riders of death
Taking life, taking breath
On pale horses raining death
Behold! the fourth seal is broken

Refrain

And you hear the innocent cry
And the persecuted cry
How long, O Lord? they cry
Behold! the fifth seal is broken

When you see worlds pass away
Your world-view passing away
Your view-point passing away
Behold! the sixth seal is broken

Refrain

And the seventh seal is broken
And the scroll falls open
And not a word is spoken

Behold!

Post-Apocalyptic Debris
Doug Gwyn, November 2025

We expected something apocalyptic
But it came and went and we missed it
No big bang, no special effects
No asteroids or cosmic train wrecks
Just a steady drift and scattering
A slow, progressive shattering
Like Gaza, far as the eye can see
Post-apocalyptic debris

Somewhere around 1968
The land of the free tempted fate
The future started breaking down
Into futures traded all around
Fault-lines opened everywhere
And we all said the fault was theirs
Like Gaza, far as the eye can see
Post-apocalyptic debris

Once you see the end of the world
It opens to you like a pop-up book
There's a great cell tower of Babel
Where the rabble babble and babble on
But all the king's horses and all the king's men
Can't make America great again
Like Gaza, far as the eye can see
Post-apocalyptic debris
And until the many know the One
There'll be nothing new under the sun

Higher Ground Doug Gwyn, April 2007

the waters are rising, I wonder why
is it national debt or that hole in the sky?
but one thing's for sure, the broad, fruited plain
is quickly becoming a bounding main
well say what you will about human rights
all power is theirs who command the heights
and the prayer of millions, all milling around
is "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground!"

now health care goes boom as the nation goes bust
the stock market zooms as factories rust
the media feed our commodity lust
and the dollar bill smirks, "In God We Trust"
the poor tread water as common sense teaches
preyed on by sharks and all manner of leeches
while middle-class folks stand by and frown
praying, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground!"

bridge:

So how did this old revival hymn become so depressingly grim?
And how did personal salvation become our besetting sin?

Katrina was just a toe in the water
wait til it gets a little bit hotter
when some die of flood while some die of drought
and Washington keeps on messing about
and the President swears with one hand in the till
while millionaires sit up on Capital Hill
and the electorate votes yet one more round
of "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground!"

some say the bell rings from the church steeple
to sell opiates to desperate people
but the drug that works on the ninety-nine sheep
just won't seem to put that last one to sleep
'cause you cannot cheat that one honest soul
so ask not for whom that bell sweetly tolls
the Son of Man came for the lost and the found
to plant all our feet on common ground

Dreams and Visions
Doug Gwyn, November 2021

That night I descended to the underworld
Everything was moving slow
And all around a mysterious sound
That told me, I'm your soul
My soul? I said, what can you mean?
Have I done something wrong?
Soul said, you gotta change your head
You've been up top too long
Chasing news and exchanging views
Up there on the shiny surface
Your mind bends with every trend
But down here we see the purpose
Down here – we see it from below
Down here – we flow
Down here

Bridge:

Dreams and visions – each one a two-edged sword
Dreams and visions – parables from the Lord
Dreams and visions

Up there we see the rage that stages
hatred against delusion
While greed sows corruptible seed
And the devil always has a solution
The deceiver and his true believers
Raise vicious brats from the sea
And the beast has his day but won't go away
Until the Son of Man is free
And from my bed I see the moon turns red
I see the many feed the few
Floating theories, taking polls
And asking every question but Who?
But down here – the lost can still be found
Down here – we're all on common ground
Down here

New Pair of Glasses

Doug Gwyn, November 2009

I got a new pair of glasses and things sure do look different to me
I got a new pair of glasses and things sure do look different to me
I got a new pair of glasses and things look new
it's got me singing these heavenly blues
I got a new pair of glasses and things sure do look different to me

I got a new pair of glasses and I see people do the darndest things
I got a new pair of glasses and I see the woe that vanity brings
young folks answering the call to arms
and wearing the cross as a good luck charm
I got a new pair of glasses and I see people do the darndest things

I got a new pair of glasses and I see the earth burning up
the flames of thirst draining the sweetness from the cup
but come at last the bitter dregs
when no one can still stand on legs
I got a new pair of glasses and I see the earth burning up

Bridge:

Without vision the people perish, the ancient proverb goes
They look but do not see what they know

I got a new pair of glasses and I see the glory of the Lord
coming in people free to be without the sword
I see Mount Zion and the innocent Lamb
we're gathering there in no man's land
I got a new pair of glasses and I see the glory of the Lord

I got a new pair of glasses and I can see the kingdom come
I see the kingdom wherever the king's will is done
that king is no wishful dream
she's a motherless child, hungry and lean
I got a new pair of glasses and I can see the kingdom come

She Keeps Calling Me
Doug Gwyn, December 2021

The face at the bottom of the pool
Caught my eye, drew my soul
Down, down, down
The face at the bottom of the pool
Leads all the way down
She keeps calling me
Keeps calling me

The face at the bottom of the pool
Such beauty such peace
So down, down, down
The face at the bottom of the pool
All I see, all there is
She keeps calling me
Keeps calling me

But I know I must go on
Til the last light is gone
I know I must go on

The face at the bottom of the pool
Still waiting there for me
Calls me down, down, down
The face at the bottom of the pool
Says there's room there for me
She keeps calling me
Keeps calling me

The face at the bottom of the pool
Did I see her smile at me?
Come down, down, down
The face at the bottom of the pool
She'll be the death of me
She keeps calling me
Keeps calling me

Disorient Express

Doug Gwyn, September-October 2009

the disorient express is known by its effects
it stops at every station of life
for a destiny beyond this valley of despond
and that endless plain of hatred and strife
ideologies and party lines, like posts of the power lines
fly by like so many non-events
while media sensations and tech innovations
chatter like a long picket fence
oh, it's hard to explain, but this mystery train
is going nowhere

this utopian line moves in and out of time
its center is at every point
of a universe so vast, the future and the past
are present in the marrow and the joint
there's a sharp, two-edged sword in the hand of the Lord
and it cuts as the hand discerns
between the mind's hidden art and the secrets of the heart
and the heart that's true also burns
and the truth that remains, like this mystery train
is standing still

the rails are two, blest be the ties that bind
this train runs through body and mind
and this train is bound where seekers are found
and the meek inherit the earth
where the hungry are filled and witnesses killed
for they all know what heaven is worth
'cause the ends are the means and that's what it means
when death becomes the only way of birth
and the world cannot contain this mystery train
it's going nowhere
it's going nowhere

Blessing and Curse Blues

Doug Gwyn, May 2024

With sweat on our brows
We toil for now
We work because we must
Earning our bread
Until we are dead
And laid back in the dust
And while we're earning
The world keeps turning
Turning away from us
And before we're complete
We're made obsolete
So really, why all the fuss?
No, I would never
Want to live forever
Neither should you, my friend
For better and worse
Blessing and curse
This too shall end

Bridge: Wishful thinking and social drinking are ways to pass the time
 But then at last, when time is past, so is the vodka and lime

The human race
Keeps a furious pace
Taking no time to think
Billions of lemmings
Self-condemning
Racing our way to the brink
Oh, it's terribly sad
It's horribly bad
Yes, it's even tragic
But to try and deny it
As if to defy it
Amounts to believing in magic
No, this could never
Have gone on forever
I don't mean to offend
But for better and worse
Blessing and curse
Worlds always end

Parallax Vision

Doug Gwyn, March 2026

Parallax vision, the difference in points of view
Parallax vision, the distance from me to you
The more your point of view is set
What you see is what you get

Parallax vision, subject and object together
Parallax vision, mood together with weather
Where the picture that I see
Includes a picture of me
In parallax vision

Bridge: Parallax vision, like a sudden glimpse of me
There on the screen of a closed-circuit TV
Parallax vision

Parallax vision, the space between is a void
Parallax vision, a space we try to avoid
But negation is not the end
It's where we finally transcend

Parallax vision, seeing beyond yourself
Parallax vision good for your mental health
To see as God sees you
Brings the common into view
In parallax vision