

Fr. Stan Fortuna – “School of the Eucharist”

CHORUS:

*at this school when i sit even just a little bit
i get hit with the power that made the veil in the temple split
when i submit fall on the floor and adore
can't get enough got to come back for sa-more
every prostitute and sinner every fool and hypocrite
can benefit in this school repent and commit
as the incense rises up in adoration of the throne
somethin happens to my wounded heart
from all the love revealed and shown bright light Shekina
comes to my aid to assist to change and sustain
the way i think and exist to feel the bliss because my name
is in the book of life's list that's what happens when you sit
in the school of the Eucharist*

Verse 1

be fertile and multiply progenerate procreate
yet we frustrate the divine plan it will only illustrate the disaster
of bein consumed by consumer culture
recover sanctity when spouses copulate
this is somethin that the culture can facilitate
instead they want to make big money so they desecrate
they press audiovisual triple x vulgarity and violence
they dominate that's what they celebrate
thug wannabe's or actuals that's what they emulate
and they mutilate each other bad feelins like Nas missin his mother
Dre's brother Biggie and 2Pac
bonds stocks and glocks need new buildin blocks
penitentiary and terror cells the whole wide world
is under those locks incarcerate and conversate
with a cultural inmate the new prison no vision
don't got the inner strength to tolerate the pains we feelin
unless you eat the flesh and drink the blood you got no life within you
that means you dead don't matter the size of your venue
or how many records you sell Gehenna forces burnin
in this cultural hell bond with your homies
with a mad Rodman-Iverson-type of tattoo
this battle still commin straight at you don't matter the size of your iq
ain't no human mind that can mastermind the breakthrough
give-me give-me takin greedy takin not receivin deadly fruit of not believin
it's a hard teachin John 6:66 some were badly shaken
it's time to stop fakin before we be rudely awakened

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Verse 2

deadly cultural wound who can stop the bleedin with every beat of its heart
the culture is fallin apart cultural remedy must pass through Gethsemane
all intellectual tryin without dyin to self
perpetuates the attitude “i’ll do it myself”
militant fanatics with bodacious martyrdom
suicide bombers we can’t stop ‘em we part of ‘em
it’s all over broadcast on tv CNN radio am and fm
what a way to start the new millennium
homeland security? not without a renewed sense of purity
we got a big multicultural international problem
everybody claims a piece of father Abraham
deadly disputes over the Promised Land o little town of Bethlehem
it’s perpetual - need more adoration 24/7 destination heaven
illumines September eleven it’s the Lord blessin
yeah 50 you lyrically inclined get with it bro
you do got to shine and you can if God is really the seamstress
that taylor fitted your pain don’t be another statistic
you patiently waited for your fame don’t forget you got scriptures
in your brain then spit at the cultural nitwit
get with it and live it you ain’t bitter and you ain’t a quitter
here’s a dollar’s worth of wisdom don’t be fooled by the glitter
even coach Jackson can’t deal with this kinda action
like he tried with l.a. ego bustin zen made those prima donnas champions
even Madonna with her yogi guru remember the old school
eatin pork rinds and yoohoo? every now and then
tryin to bust out of those chains sometimes you think they gone
and even friends try to do you there’s a cultural demonic possession
we ain’t learnin our lesson when will it end?
wasn’t Biggie 2 pac’s friend?
east coast west coast this greed-infested rivalry
is a dead end it’s time to stop fakin before we all be rudely awakened

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Verse 3

Nas God's son cd so hard to see confusion
even got a good song to the youth no curses in the verses miracle
i knew he could do in a couple tracks later he's back offendin
what's up what that? is he pretendin?
or does he really care about the mixed message he sendin?
hookin up with white boy producin you
seducin you to speculate about what if the Virgin Mary
had an abortion yo proceed with caution
you messin with the Mother of the real God's Son
keep walkin that road son and your chances of salvation could dwindle down to none
whose gonna take the lead and deliver the fatal blow?
rumor has it Eminem gonna change the vibe of his flow
hope so - curtain commin down on the Marshall Matthers show?
can't market me i'm too positively dramatic plus i'm Catholic
my rhymes are just right for these times
they theological relationship with daddy
for most is just biological too many young men got to pretend
even with big success too much stress
the conclusion is deadly and logical growin without knowin
the joy of a boy the problem is deep
why can't we see through this tragedy this heartfelt sincerity
combined with blasphemy is the deception of the cultural blows that's blastin me
you might not agree space shuttle columbia debris
sprayin all over the country just like that
who could foresee wake up call same kind of destruction
goin on inside of you and me terror already busted up the skyway
everybody like Sinatra singin "i'll do it my way"
cultural sublutation no chiropractor can adjust this vertebrae
only divine mercy can heal the culture anyway
come on - it's time to stop fakin before we all be rudely awakened.

CHORUS

HW:

1. What does Fr. Stan say about the Mass and/or the Eucharist in this song?
2. Choose one or two (or three, etc.) sets of lyrics and reflect upon them. What do you think they mean?