

Clay Crosse, Wicked

Flee like a bird
To your mountain
For the wicked bend their bows
And they load their guns
And shoot from the shadows
At an upright and righteous man

Run to your arms like a baby
When the whole world closes in
Now a righteous man
Now he loves his brother
And the wicked, wicked man
Now he loves hate

Chorus:
And on the wicked He will reign
On the wicked God will reign and reign
On the wicked He will reign
On the wicked God will reign and reign

Pray for the child in the city
'Cause the city's lost it's mind
And there's a dangerous cloud on the horizon
And the tear's will fall like rain
From the sky

Repeat chorus

Now the righteous man, he loves his brother
And the wicked, wicked man
He still loves hate

Repeat chorus