

Lift To Experience, Just As Was Told

This is the story of three Texas boys busy mindin' their own bidnis
when the Angel of the Lord appeared unto them saying:
"When the Winston Churchill's start firin' their Winston rifles in the sky from the Lone Star Sta
drinkin' their Lone Star beer and smoking their Winston cigarettes.
You know the time is drawin' nigh when the sun shall be lifted on high".
We told them that didn't sound very Sunday-go-ta-meetin.
"What do you expect?" they said
"When God calls the crippled deaf and blind to lead the children of Israel to the promised land
"The children of Israel?" we asked
"Don't you boys know nothing? - The USA's the center of Jerusalem."

I hear the train a-coming.

I know not, even with friends reaching out
My thoughts have escaped.
So try and rest till I trample walls over, until land dries
Even now dark times have infiltrated so, we ask you with inhibitions to heed
Breathe Lord on our desperate attempts now, deliver freedom in response.
Experience a new death, victory awaits

Prophets on risen stars.
Open fierce skies make on lookers kneel.
Experiencing a death indeed.
Now my young heros everywhere advance rapidly toward Texas
Here at the troop headquarters enlist, dispatched angels remain knelt
Enduring rainy days and you will overcome, until land dries.

Stretch out our nights been easy, under prophet's orders.
Now until stars align lay low.
Just as was told.
We are here at last
And all prophecies of old shall come to

Just as was told justice will unfold
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The truth be told it will unfold