

Metal Church, End Of The Age

I hear it in a minstrel wind, it's crying out the tune
Of a prophet's only hope to tell the world
He wrote down it on parchment, but alas no one believes
Of the vision only one man could conceive

He knows it's true

Will the people have the ears to hear or will they turn their heads
And blind their eyes to the truth once again
How is it that you know the season's changing by the leaves
But still you do not know that summer's near?

It's near

So many teachers preach a lie to the sheep who need a guide
They need a God that they can touch and see
But only if your faith is strong and hope for the unseen
You'll find peace amongst the tragedy

Woe to those who hear not
Woe to souls who've been bought
Oh, it's written on the page
Woe to those who fear not
Woe to souls who've been bought
You don't see the ending of the age

You wandered through the wilderness for forty years or more
To lead you to the promised land, promised years before
Yet still you bowed down to a calf you made with your own hands
Have you still not learned a thing, the wickedness of man

And oh, hands up to the sky
And oh, the angel passes by

One bowl for the wicked
One bowl for the sea
One bowl for the rivers
Men screamed in agony
The sun will then be darkened
The moon will give no light
The earthquakes will shake up the earth
The terror in the night

And oh, hands up to the sky
And oh, watch the beast begin to rise

Remember what I've told you
Remember what you've seen
And tell the human race just what it means