

Sleepytime Gorilla Museum, A Hymn To The Morning Star

Open your heart to the lord of light
Open your heart and mind and let him in
He holds the key to the throne of might
You are empty, say his name...
And let him in

All hail the dawn of a rising star
All hail the crowned and conquering child
Morning will come for you at last, no matter how far into night
You have strayed, say his name...
Welcome the child

A new world is crawling
From the ashes of the old
Two thousand years of guilt and fear
And the greatest lie ever told

Out of the wounded side of the dying god
Out of the sacred heart of the throttled hen
The blood is the life, the flowing milk for the infant god
The throne is empty, the cup is full...
He approaches and then...

He steps from the shadow
And he opens up his eyes
He spills the blood onto the throne
And hurls a curse up to the skies

I am the adversary and must remain the adversary