

The Chariot, And Shot Each Other

Embrace reaction.

We ain't God, but here he comes.

Destiny is real and she comes with a smile.

Passing by your grave.

Reach the plague.

Black plague.

In this city that never speaks and wakes up swinging, we will paint the rivers red.

It's fate, because they sing the same songs and they just keep singing.

But up above every storm is the day.

Shake hands with fate, and with fate shake hands.

How happy is every child of grace, who feels his sins forgiven.

This world, he cries, is not my place.

I seek a place in heaven.

A country far from mortal sight, yet oh, by faith I see!

The land of rest, the saint's delight, a heaven prepared for me.

Oh, what a blessed hope is ours while here on earth we stay.

We more than taste the heavenly powers and antedate that day.

We feel the resurrection near.

Our life in Christ concealed and with his glorious presence here our earthen vessels filled.