

Depeche Mode, John The Revelator

John the Revelator
Put him in a elevator
Take him up to the highest high
Take him up to the top where the mountains stop
Let him tell his book of lies

John the Revelator
He's a smooth operator
It's time we cut him down to size
Take him by the hand
And put him on the stand
Let us hear his alibis

By claiming God as his only rock
He's stealing a god from the Israelite
Stealing a god from a Muslim, too
There is only one god through and through

Seven lies, multiplied by seven, multiplied by seven again
Seven angels with seven trumpets
Send them home on the morning train
Well who's that shouting?
John the Revelator!
All he ever gives us is pain
Well who's that shouting?
John the Revelator!
He should bow his head in shame

Bye-bye
Bye-bye
Bye-bye
Bye-bye

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