## 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

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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 John the Revelator Bye-bye John the Revelator Bye-bye John the Revelator