

# Lift To Experience, Into The Storm

Spoken: Into the storm

Tell your mother you won't be home for Christmas this year.  
say you've headed south for the Promised Land.  
With gun in hand.

When America falls the world will fall with her.  
When America falls the world will fall with her.  
Sell the car and take the train,  
you won't need it where you're going,  
leave the bags, don't pack a thing but the clothes on your back.  
With food, gun and gunny sack,  
with food, gun and gunny sack,  
with food, gun and gunny sack,  
head for the tracks.  
If one dies along the journey keep riding through the night,  
you'll never make it if you stop to bury,  
you'll never make it if you wait for light.  
Don't pause to question justice,  
don't take the time to mourn,  
we'll have time to suffer,  
after we've suffered the storm.

Spoken: There's gonna be two hits  
Babylon is fallen, is fallen.  
You'll see it before you hear it,  
sound takes some time to travel.  
When the noise reaches your ear you will know and you will fear  
the end is near.  
Babylon is fallen, is fallen  
For the day comes, then the night.  
As we tread along the darker song,  
of salvation yet to come.  
Ponder the thought of what little you've fought.  
Yeah the journey for you my friend has just begun.  
Yeah the wind is gonna blow those (four) walls in  
and the sound is gonna drown you out.  
Behold I show you a mystery,  
we shall not all sleep,  
we shall all be changed,  
the crippled, deaf and weak.  
In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye,  
the last trumpet shall sound and the dead shall rise.  
Incorruptible we shall all be changed.  
Spoken under: (If the watchman sees the sword come upon the land, warns not the people)  
Incorruptible we shall all be changed.  
(His blood will I require at his hand.)  
Incorruptible we shall all be changed.  
(If the watchman sees the sword come upon the land and warns the people,)  
Incorruptible we shall all be changed.  
(he has delivered his own soul and shall be free.)  
Spoken: We shall all be free.  
We, we shall all be free,  
we shall be free,  
we shall be free,  
we shall be free.  
(There are no roads to where we are,)  
we shall be free.  
(the path to the city has yet to be craved.  
so follow your fate to the Lone Star State, and join us as we sing along.)

Born in sin, sufferin', strugglin' through thick and thin.  
Place your lips to my lips, and let's begin to weather the dreaded storm.  
You have been warned.  
We shall be free,

we shall be free,  
we shall be free,  
we shall be free,  
we shall be free,  
we shall be free.  
We shall be free,  
we shall be free,  
we shall be free,  
we shall be free.

We shall be

1 + 2 spoken: excerpt from Whitman's "Song Of The Open Road";

Spoken: excerpt from Augustine's "Confessions";

Spoken: There is a place.

Follow me over the Jordan across the desert sands.

Follow me O Israel into the Promised Land.

Follow me over the Jordan across the Rio Grande.

Follow me into Texas into the Promised Land.

Marching on to Zion with gun in hand.

1 + 2 tacet

Into the Promised Land.