

Lift To Experience, With Crippled Wings

Yeah the storms will surely come, (as) sure as the sun sets in the sky it shall be done.
From that city one the hill, we're gonna wait out till the winds do still.
At the pay for view, for the chosen few, yeah the storms are gonna come, sure as that setting sun.
All aboard the engine number nine, those bound for the Jordan our Texas state line.
Here at the shelter for the saints, you'll find rest for the weary and the faint.
Dry amidst the deluge inside our city of refuge.
From Athens to London to Paris to Rhome, the stars are gonna shine, from here to Palestine.
When the angels take flight deep from the heart of the dark Texas night.

So begins the Exodus to the land of the unclouded day.
With blood bought ticket in your hand, carving out a 'trail of tears' along the way.
Traveling ever homeward under (a) crippled, angry, new America.
Traveling ever homeward under (a) crippled, angry, new America.
On that railroad underground, those bound toward Texas till that great whistle sounds.
And i the train does the tracks, don't think for a second that you're getting your money back.
No exchanges, no refunds. Onward on foot till you see the rise of the Texas son.
(New America, new America, our song.)

And if you make it over the Jordan, you still have to make it through the night.
And if you reach the Holy City, it won't be without a fight.

And at that final resting place
We shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty's saving grace
And when hte bough does break
Under the Bible Belt we're safe
Where there'll be no hitting allowed
From a single storm cloud
From Athens to London to Paris to Rhome

The stars are gonna shine
From here to Palestine
When the angels take flight
Deep from the heart of the dark Texas night.
With crippled wings