

# Metal Church, The End Of The Age

I hear it in a minstrel wind, it's crying out the tune  
Of a prophet's only hope to tell the world  
He wrote down it on parchment, but alas no one believes  
Of the vision only one man could conceive

He knows it's true

Will the people have the ears to hear  
or will they turn their heads  
And blind their eyes to the truth once again  
How is it that you know the  
season's changing by the leaves  
But still you do not know that summer's near?

It's near

So many teachers preach a lie to the sheep who need a guide  
They need a God that they can touch and see  
But only if your faith is strong and hope for the unseen  
You'll find peace amongst the tragedy

Woe to those who hear not  
Woe to souls who've been bought  
Oh, it's written on the page  
Woe to those who fear not  
Woe to souls who've been bought  
You don't see the ending of the age

You wandered through the wilderness  
for forty years or more  
To lead you to the promised land,  
promised years before  
Yet still you bowed down to a calf  
you made with your own hands  
Have you still not learned a thing,  
the wickedness of man

And oh, hands up to the sky  
And oh, the angel passes by

One bowl for the wicked  
One bowl for the sea  
One bowl for the rivers  
Men screamed in agony  
The sun will then be darkened  
The moon will give no light  
The earthquakes will shake up the earth  
The terror in the night

And oh, hands up to the sky  
And oh, watch the beast begin to rise

Remember what I've told you  
Remember what you've seen  
And tell the human race just what it means