

O.C. Supertones, Grounded

I strike back like the empire
and we'll televise the revolution.
What will save you
From divine retribution?
Do our part, try to make a contribution
Playin' at 11, givin' OC noise pollution.
Think long and hard
about our world today...
what needs to be said,
and what I need to say.
We're a tower of Babel
built on anti-philosophy,
Neitzche in the west
and Krishna in the east.

War rages on through generations.
All of these Christians
abandoned their stations.
A whole world around us,
and we've ceased to reach.
An army of soldiers,
we've neglected to teach.
But, it's dim and not pitch black.
The truth will prevail.
If our God is for us, how can we fail?
No surer hope has ever been rested.
But for our adversary's worthy,
prepare to be tested.

Hoo, Hah.
How will you stand
if you don't understand?

Hoo, Hah.
Fight like a man, scriptures in hand.

And here we stand
naked, barehanded futilely prepared
for the blows to be landed.
Presuppositions is all you can stand on.
Can you twist their wrist
when they lay a hand on?
Learn how to fight
from words on a paper.
learn from the shoguns,
Bahnsen and Schaeffer.
Invincible army,
Holy Spirit our general.
Weapons are formed
from most precious of minerals.

Kids in universities,
drowning in an ocean
of apostate philosophy.
We need apologetic instruction...
mental reconstruction.
Ignorance reduction,
to halt the mass abduction.
Evangelical mind
has been scandalized.
Wisdom and truth
have been vandalized,
by the unevangelized.
No truth in a world

that is randomized.
Expose the lies
no matter how they're disguised.