

October Project, Dark Time

What dark time is coming
What dark time is here
The prophet emerges
In garments of fear
He calls to his people
To come to the feast
They gather unto him
To wait for release
Alleluia

Remember the warnings
Forget what you're told
The heart of the temple
Is hollow and cold
The face of the prophet
Is tired and creased
He raises his cup
And falls to his knees

Come take my body
Come take my soul
Come take me over
I want to be whole
Come take my body
Come take my soul

We stand in a circle
We stand in the square
The power of numbers
The power of prayer
The churches are empty
The priest has gone home
And we are left standing
Together alone

Come take my body
Come take my soul
Come take me over
I want to be whole
Come take my body
Come take my soul

Come rhythm
Come silence
Come into our shame
The fear has no heart
And the fear has no name

Come sing alleluia
come sing domine
Come sing alleluia
Come sing

Come take my body
Come take my soul
Come take me over
I want to be whole
Come take my body
Come take my soul