

Orenda Fink, Invisible Ones Guard The Gate

Something's happened, now you're far away
You had to leave, no time to explain
I call, a brother said, "Mother's gone"
The Ripper had came and took her off
I asked, "Will she be in heaven above?
A roof over my shoulder like a carrier dove?"
He said, "One, two, three, four,
There ain't no devil, there ain't no lord.
Five, six, seven, eight,
Only love, only hate."

I went to a preacher to seek the truth
The wisest man that I knew
The preacher had fallen, he's coloured too
He slept with a bottle, his face unshown
He looked at me with bloodshed eyes
A beaten man can tell no lies

He said, "Prophets, pimps, angels, whores,
There ain't no devil, there ain't no lord.
Money grows to fill the preacher's bank
He saves your soul for himself to take."

I travelled the world to understand
The words he spoke were no man's
I came to an island of beauty and pain
Shimmering souls untamed
Now the children, talking bright
Sing to me in the night

They sing, "One, two, three, four,
There ain't no devil, there ain't no lord.
Five, six, seven, eight,
Invisible ones guard the gate.
Invisible ones guard the gate."