The Stand

Saviour Machine

Are you ready for the unveiling?
We have met the enemy and he is us
Breeding divisions within the body
Distorting scriptures, creating instability
And all oppressive form s of dissonance
There is disorder, its quarantine is necessary
When pale attempts to gather men result in confusion
For unity cannot be based on doctrine
The blinding light is paradoxical
Symbolic of two spiritual lineages
The ministry of life and resurrection
The ministry of death and condemnation
The poltergeist moves ancient and established
Reviving scenes of medieval inquisition
Every desecration emphasized in psychic renaissance
Reserving atmosphere for terminating thoughts
The priest is talking backwards painting sacrilegious pictures
In his doctrinal errors, emphasizing isolated scriptures
His intolerable anointing is inhuman interrogation
And its paranormal necromancy feeds upon its nation
We will prostitute this offering with discipline and honor
We're evolving man to higher states
For the age of rationalism is over
To the uninitiated
We will stalk the enemy and cross the line
Can you feel the signs? Cross the line
Are we still alive? Cross the line
To walk the sacred halls of truth
>From whom the blood of angels cry
To fill your servants cup with light
For in his heart the spirits rise, rise
To search and trace the scars of love and infinite betrayal
For those who face resistance are protected by the grail
Break the silence, take the fear
Rape the sorrow, wipe the tears, rise, rise
Drink the blood of the lamb
Await the stand
Drink the blood of the lamb
Await the stand

The spirit haunts the armies breathing life in this militia,
To bring complete reversal of authority and power
Into the eyes of god on highest, witnessing two worlds collide,
The blood is rising in the temple, naked and alive.
The stage is set through all dimensions,
Denominations and rituals;
>From evolution to revolution and indestructible force,
Immune to righteousness based on law and civil disobedience,
The people find the pale defendant guilty on all charges.
The battlefield is cold and worn, receiving gifts of tyranny;
The revolution has arrived to turn his face around
And see it's covered with the blood of martyrs' innocent sedation,
With a kiss the child is lying slain upon the ground...
The lamb will stay awake with me to watch the revolution
And light the ground we stand upon.
The powers of the night, drawn between the darkness
In the fields of blind indifference we count
The corpses silently before the blood has dried.
His peace is broken into a thousand scars revealed,
He puts on his bloody robe for the last time.
His eyes, like mirrors, filled with murder;
I saw him falling in the streams,
Immersed in tears, crying for the others,
Fighting to receive possession of his will.
Standing in the fife, he said to me:
"if you don't reject this power it may destroy you."
For we have seen the great interval, and we have lived to see
The monster sleeping, but some will say
The monster was me.
I will hold his ashes in my hands,
Dreaming out loud, moving in metaphors, dancing away.

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