Ichthus

Theocracy

The Price Upon my head is death
They've pushed us underground
for all who dare to speak the name
the iron fist comes down
face the test, put to death if discovered
its the price we pay
Lord, bless my brothers with courage I pray(Enemies castigate
but darkness doth illuminate
Irony: the blood we bleed
every drop this fire feeds
into forever...)
Lines of faith drawn in the sand, completed by another
Stranger, show me where you stand
and if you are my brother
One part by me, one by you
CENTURIES FLY
BUT THE FLAME IS STILL ALIVE
THE MAY HIDE IT, BUT IT WILL NEVER DIE
CARVED IN THE WALL,
SEE THE TWO HALVES OF THE SIGN
THROUGH THE AGES HIS GLORY WILL ARISE
FOR ALL TIMEForced into the catacombs
unite to praise the King of kings
they fear a revolution
and the power that He brings
heaven's sons stand as one, as believers
in the blood of Christ
even in death we have true life
(Enemies castigate
but darkness doth illuminate
Irony: the blood we bleed
every drop this fire feeds
into forever...)
Lines of faith carved in the wall,
a sign of peace abided
Stare into the eyes of death
clothed in the grace provided
this will live on without meCENTURIES FLY
BUT THE FLAME IS STILL ALIVE

THE MAY HIDE IT, BUT IT WILL NEVER DIE
CARVED IN THE WALL,
SEE THE TWO HALVES OF THE SIGN
THROUGH THE AGES HIS GLORY WILL ARISE
FOR ALL TIMEThis will live on without me...CENTURIES FLY
BUT THE FLAME IS STILL ALIVE
THE MAY HIDE IT, BUT IT WILL NEVER DIE
CARVED IN OUR SOULS,
SEE THE TWO HALVES OF THE SIGN
THROUGH THE AGES HIS GLORY WILL ARISE
FOR ALL TIME
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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