Unmasked

Sarah Draget

Listen my brother and you will hear
A story to cast away your fear
Hear my sister, and you will know
A lie begun so long ago

Once upon a garden fair
A cunning serpent nested there
Through whispering leaves a wicked lie
"Indeed, you shall not surely die."

A genius plot, a master plan
To deceive our souls with a slight of hand
But listen, my friends, and you will see
The truth that waits to set you free

Yet that very day, death was born
In that sparkling world, in its very morn
For a guiltless lamb had to give its life
In the place of the man, the man and his wife

Jesus the Lamb, the Messiah, the King
Was to take the blow of the serpent's sting
And we got one more chance, with the man and his wife
A chance to choose, choose between death and life

A genius plot, a master plan
To deceive our souls with a slight of hand
But listen, my friends, and you will see
The truth that waits to set you free

But that serpent of old is alive and well
As a lion he roars while the death bells knell
And as silent and still in the grave they lie
He whispers again "They do not surely die."

A mask in the shadows, a breeze in the night
He comes like a mist, as an angel of light
A rainbow of comfort to be by your side
He wants you entrapped where there's no place to hide.

If your mother's an angel in heaven above
Then why would our God, in the name of love
Forbid in His word to speak to the dead?
To draw comfort from those who have gone on ahead?

For 'tis not your sweet mother who now speaks to you
For she sleeps in her grave, the Bible is true.
But the spirits of demons gone forth to deceive
As in Eden of old, to the beautiful Eve
And tell you the lies they want you to believe.

So he puts on a show with his voice in disguise
With a message from hell meant for your demise
For the dead know nothing, the Bible does say
They go down in silence, till the last day

When the trumpet shall sound
and the dead shall rise
And awake from the dust and fly up through the skies
With bodies made new, with Jesus they'll go
Past the stars, to their home, promised so long ago.

A genius plot, a master plan
To deceive our souls with a slight of hand
But listen, my friends, and you will see
The truth that waits to set you free
Set you free

Listen, my brother, and you will hear
A story to cast away your fear
Look, my sister, and you will see
The love that waits to set you free.

Lyrics Submitted by Daphney Jhean Pansacala

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