The Woman

Saviour Machine

She is the star shining at the center of the Earth.
She is alive, crying for her children to return.
The bride awaits the promise of the prophets to carry her away.
Born again, the blood of men,
The desert rejoice, blossom as the rose.
She, Israel,
She, Israel,
She is the heart of it all, bride of the Lamb,
Start of the fall, her time is at hand.
She is the end, dying;
She is brought back from the sword,
She will arise, destiny,
When the temple is restored.
Her birth is pain,
To finish her trasgression 'til only time remains.
Born in war, bound for deceit,
Weep for your children, weep not for me.
She, Israel,
She, Israel,
She is the heart of it all, bride of the Lamb,
Start of the fall, her time is at hand.
O, Israel; O, Israel.

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