Battle Hymn Of The Republic

Stryper

Mine eyes have seen the glory
Of the coming of the Lord
He is trampling out the vintage
Where the grapes of wrath are stored
He hath loosed the fateful lightning
Of His terrible swift sword
His truth is marching onGlory, Glory Hallelujah
Glory, Glory Hallelujah
Glory, Glory Hallelujah
His truth is marching on
His truth is marching on

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