

The Stand (Prophecy)

The Alarm

Oh I have been out searching with the black book in my hand
And I've looked between the lines that lie on the pages that I tread
I met the walking dude, religious, in his worn down cowboy boots
 He walked like no man on earth
 I swear he had no name (had no name)
I swear he had no nameCome on down & meet your maker
 Come on down & make the stand
 Come on down, come on down,
Come on down & make the stand. As I crawled beneath the searchlights
 Looking through the floorboards of this life
 I met Doctor Strangelove's cousin
 He bore the marks of time
 "Hey! Trashcan where you going boy
 Your eyes are feet apart
Is that the end you're carrying Shall I play the funeral march" (play the march)
 "Play the funeral march"Come on down & meet your maker
 Come on down & make the stand
 Come on down, come on down,
Come on down & we'll make the stand. Come on down & meet your maker
 Come on down & make the stand
 Come on down, come on down,
Come on down, we'll make the stand. When I looked out the window
 On the hardship that had struck I saw the seven phials open
 The plague claimed man and son
Four men at a grave in silence With hats bowed down in grace
 A simple wooden cross,
 It had no epitaph engraved (it had no)
It had no epitaph engraved. Come on down & meet your maker
 Come on down & make the stand
 Come on down, come on down,
Come on and make the standCome on down & meet your maker
 Come on down & make the stand
 Come on down, come on down,
 Come on down, & we'll make the stand.

Songwriters

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