

Cromwell

Reverend Bizarre

Passing through the seven gates I ride
Dusty road behind forever
You have got no hope, no place to hide
Ironsides will rise with Oliver Cromwell
Once upon a time there ruled a King
Now I see his proud head fallen
Lord Protector knows true faith will win
You should kneel and wait for another morning
Love will be my Law, Love under Will
But first there is the Law of Cromwell
There will be a graveyard on this hill
Filled with those of you who are still standing

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