Look Unto the East

Johnny Cash

The teacher of truth told tales
Of trouble times that would begin
And the cynical sower sowed
The sorrowful seeds of seven sinsThe people placed a price upon
The prince of perfect peace
And the one who wooed the world was wounded
Look unto the eastThe morning moved in mournfully
With many moments marred
By brawny beast who beat the beauty
Bound and bit and barredThey laid the lash upon him low
His lips moved not the least
Watch him come from where he did go
Look unto the eastThe devil drew his darts
And the dearest dove came droppin' down
But the spirits slips in soft and sweetly
Unseen with no soundThe comforter, the counselor
With us till time is ceased
And the groom will return for his bride
Look unto the east

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