

When He Returns

Bob Dylan

The iron hand, it ain't no match for the iron rod
The strongest wall will crumble and fall to a mighty God
For all those who have eyes and all those who have ears
It is only he who can reduce me to tears Don't you cry and don't you die and don't you burn
For like a thief in the night
He'll replace wrong with right
When he returns Truth is an arrow and the gate is narrow that it passes through
He unleashed his power at an unknown hour that no one knew
How long can I listen to the lies of prejudice?
How long can I stay drunk on fear out in the wilderness? Can I cast it aside, all this loyalty and this pride?
Will I ever learn that there'll be no peace
That the war won't cease
Until he returns? Surrender your crown on this blood-stained ground, take off your mask
He sees your deeds, he knows your needs even before you ask
How long can you falsify and deny what is real?
How long can you hate yourself for the weakness you conceal? Of every earthly plan that be known to man
He is unconcerned
He's got plans of his own to set up his throne
When he returns

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