Marching Into Battle

Stryper

I saw The Heavens open, and behold a white horse
The One that was sitting upon him, was called faithful and true
His eyes were like two burning flames, on His head a gold crown
He wore a vesture of blood, with a name nobody knewMarching Into Battle
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The beast and false prophet were bound, and cast into the sea
They're followers slain by Almighty, fowls they fed upon themMarching Into Battle
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