Shelter From The Sand

Akercocke

Nothing could save the Baptist
Not cross, not altar, nor crucifix
Old time lays waste the spirit
Without condoning or condemning
A complex sense of purpose
For those with eyes to see
“This town is afraid of me
With good reason,
It has see my true face”

[Solo Mendonca]

Walking freely among the enemy
The Baptists lack of inner capacity
Philosophical sagacity
It is not seen as a defect
But as a sign of strength
A sign of strength
"I shall lay my hands upon you
Feel my hands touch you"
As if the eyes of the blind come open
Here is the servant
In whom my soul delights
Ancient sadness of desert sands
An unending hymn of praise
To the Sanhedrin of Sheol
Everything is real
Everything dies
"I shall my hands upon you
Feel my hands touch, touching you..."
Here's the one in who my soul delights
Close enough to touch yet out of reach
Everything is real
Everything dies
...close enough to touch you...

[Solo Wilcock]

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