John the Revelator

Depeche Mode

John the Revelator Put him in an elevator Take him up to the highest high Take him up to the top where the mountains stop Let him tell his book of lies

John the Revelator He's a smooth operator It's time we cut him down to size Take him by the hand And put him on the stand Let us hear his alibis

By claiming God - As his holy right He's stealing a God from the Israelite Stealing a God from a Muslim, too There is only one God through and through Seven lies, multiplied by seven, multiplied by seven again Seven angels with seven trumpets Send them home on the morning train Well who's that shouting? John the Revelator! All he ever gives us is pain Well who's that shouting? John the Revelator! He should bow his head in shame

By and by By and by By and by By and by

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