

Where Angels Fear To Tread

Guadalcanal Diary

Black clad preacher on a mountain road
Lifts his voice in tongues unknown
Barefoot dancing on burning coals
Covered by the night

Backwoods firewater jubilee
Believers dance of victory
The lame can walk, the blind can see
Step into the light

With torch aloft and eyes aglow
Gaze into the fire below
Drawn by something they don't know

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread

Rattlesnake coiled in a young girl's arms
Green eyes flashing in the dark
Spirits keep their own from harm
Faithful to the end

Blind man standing on a narrow ledge,
Balanced on a knife edge
He comes to judge the quick and dead,
Forever and amen

Swaying gently to and fro
The valley of death that yawns below
Call to them and want to know

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread

White clad preacher with a house of gold
Wrings his hands and bares his soul
He knows the tears go with the role
Join in the crusade

Swept away by angel choirs
Give in to their strange desires
Cast your faith into the fire