

Out of the Dust

Phinehas

Dry up the sea,
with a word turn it all to desert sand
Turn all the lights out in the sky,
blot out all the stars

Make your presence unmistakable
and watch the devil flee
That old serpent that slipped through the cracks,
exiled back to the sea
So carry me to the foot of the throne room
or hide me in the ground
So bring me the head of the beast
or hide me in the ground

Wake up your hearts
The dead come to rise
No longer apart
Your bodies will rise
Let all those who dwelt in dust
be born in the light of the guilt you crush

The Earth resonates with your voice
Shaking the woodwork
With one swing the pride of a hopeless nation will fall down

Bring me the head of the beast
or hide me in the ground

Wake up your hearts
The dead come to rise
No longer apart
Your bodies will rise
Let all those who dwelt in dust
be born in the light of the guilt you crush

When we meet face to face
The world and the depths will separate
So bring me the head of the beast
or hide me in the ground
Bury me

I'd rather die than just sit back and watch you hurt

Tired brothers, loving sisters,
To all those who have had enough;
Your fight isn't over, you're going to press on

To a loveless generation
born to be an impending resurgence:
Let all those who dwelt in dust
be born in the light of the guilt you crush