

2000

Resurrection Band

In the year 2000, will we still have minds?
Will our hearts be stone-cold? And who drew the blinds?
Will the frozen tundra reflect blue light in the faces
and the passages of modern night?

And who lit the flame?
Who moved the stone?
Who promised grace in the face of Rome?
Life, in a word, is the master of time,
By the year 2000, his star may shine.

In the neon's flashing, will we be machines?
Will we push the button, erasing conscience clean?
Will the jagged mountains fall down to dust, consumed
by weapons of human lust?

And who lit the flame?
Who moved the stone?
Who promised grace in the face of Rome?
Life, in a word, is a master of time,
By the year 2000, his star may shine.

Where will you go, what will you do when your life
comes crashing down on you?
You slam the door, you lock your heart,
How will you face the endless dark?

And who lit the flame?
Who moved the stone?
Who promised grace in the face of Rome?
Life, in a word, is the master of time,
By the year 2000, his star may shine,
And who lit the flame?
Who moved the stone?
By the year 2000, may his love be known.