

What evil lurks in the minds of men
It's evident in the air..
The blackened stains of the times
Are finally revealed,
There's pain and strife
The Widow screams
The child runs away
The reflection of all that's been done
Has taken place.

Oh... Don't you believe
The time of the times is on our hands
On our hands

The unrighteous ones,
Prevail not at all
They too must face the One
Who sits on the throne.
Men will devour one another
Like the wild beast of the field,
Hungry for blood and deception
When will it all yield,
Don't you believe
The time of the times is on our hands
The time of the times is on our hands
On our hands

We must all ride out to conquer sin
And seek what's pure in life
So we can be with Him

Pain and strife
The widow screams
The child he runs away
The reflection of all that's been done
Has taken it's place

Oh... Don't you believe
The time of the times is on our hands
Oh... Why don't you receive?