

The Stand

Saviour Machine

Are you ready for the unveiling?
We have met the enemy and he is us.
Breeding divisions within the body of the lamb,
Distorting scripture, creating instability
And all oppressive forms of dissonance.
There is disorder, its quarantine is necessary
When pale attempts to gather men result in confusion
For unity cannot be based on doctrine.

The blinding light is paradoxical,
Symbolic of two spiritual lineage,
The ministry of life and resurrection,
The ministry of death and condemnation.

The poltergeist moves ancient and established,
Reviving scenes of medieval inquisition;
Every desecration emphasized in psychic renaissance,
Reserving atmosphere for terminating thoughts.
The priest is talking backwards painting sacrilegious
Pictures
In his doctrinal errors, emphasizing isolated
Scriptures.
His intolerable anointing is inhuman interrogation
And its paranormal necromancy fees upon its nation.
We will prostitute this offering with discipline and
Honor,
Evolving man to higher states for the age of Rationalism is over.

To the uninitiated,
We will stalk the enemy and cross the line.
Can you feel the signs? Cross the line.
Are we still alive? Cross the line.

To walk the sacred halls of truth
For whom the blood of angels cry,
To fill your servants cup with light,
For in his heart the spirits rise, rise, rise.
To search and trace the scars of love and infinite
Betrayal.
For those who face resistance are protected by the
Grail,
Break the silence, Take the fear ...
Rape the sorrow, Wipe the tears. Rise, rise,

Drink the blood of the lamb,
Await the stand.
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Await the stand.
The spirit haunts the armies breathing life in this
Militia,
To bring complete reversal of authority and power Into the eyes of God on hi
ghest, witnessing the two
Worlds collide,
The blood is rising in the temple, naked and alive.

The stage is set through all dimensions, denominations
And rituals;

From evolution to revolution and indestructible
Force.
Immune to righteousness based on law and civil
Disobedience,
The people find the pale defendant guilty on all
Charges.

The battlefield is cold and worn, receiving gifts of
Tyranny,
The revolution has arrived to turn his face around
And see it's covered with the blood of martyrs'
Innocent sedation,
With a kiss the child is lying slain upon the ground.

The lamb will stay awake with me to watch the
Revolution
And light the ground we stand upon.
The powers of the night, drawn between the darkness
In the field of blind indifference we count
The corpses silently before the blood has dried.

His peace is broken into a thousand scars revealed,
He puts on his bloody robe for the last time.
His eyes, like mirrors, filled with murder, I saw him
Falling in the streams,
Immersed in tears, crying for the others,
Fighting to receive possession of his will.

Standing in the fire, He said to me:
"If you don't reject this power it may destroy you"
For we have seen the great interval, and we have lived
To see
The monster sleeping; But some will say
The monster was me.

I will hold his ashes in my hands,
Dreaming out loud, moving in metaphors, dancing away.