

The Army Of The Chosen One

Sleeping Giant

An army composed, of walking dead, of willing hearts, in this our day of struggle
We speak with fire, we break all chains, the foolish bonds of carnal minds far beneath us
We see the leader transfigured light, he calls us forward in that moment receive
Gives us a new name, on stones of white, and then we stand commissioned searching for the valiant more to come
Chosen Ones!
Oh were rising, calling out your name
And you will hear our anthem raise
So answer us in truth
Answer me!
I know their faces
I hear their names, reveal their future, warriors of regeneration
I've seen their journey
I've felt their pain
I've reached into each shame filled, dark and failed existence
I see them rising my crest in heart, sealed to my vision anchored deep within each man
The day approaches, each life will close
The awesome day we see the Lion and the Lamb
Father where is the army I've seen in my visions
It's the generation the dragon has feared in his dreams
Father where is the army I've seen in my visions
We are the generation the dragon has feared in his dreams, His Nightmares!

Soon we will find out who are the real revolutionaries
Someday we will see who's in this thing for real!