

# Ruin Of The Beast

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Look up old friend  
Watch the ruin of the beast  
On the top of hill  
Being slain by the prodigal son  
For the glory and the making of His will  
Being bound by His hand  
Being lifted and shifted and molded from sand.

They sliced off His head  
And rolled in His blood  
And wrote on the walls  
"We've escaped the big flood"

But highways to byways and oceans to creeks  
The silence was screaming  
Aching and steaming  
Hoping for one soul to listen at least

Never a whimper, never a notion  
They banned all seduction, not even an ocean  
It's castles to ruins, motion to cease  
They sliced off His head for the ruin of the beast

They signed a petition that marked out the ground  
Saying, "This half is lost, and this half is found.  
He's to be tossed, she's to be crowned,  
and so on and so forth their future was bound."

The lawyers and statesmen shook hands and agreed  
Smiled for the photo and planted a seed  
Crammed in some tears, said a quick prayer  
Mumbled some lines like, "We'll clean up the air  
We'll blow up some stars, and detox the tar!"

He mumbled then burped then jumped in his car  
And never again was the beast in their story  
They buried the past in all of its glory

Never a whimper, never a notion  
They banned all seduction, not even an ocean  
Well its castles to ruins and motion to cease  
They sliced off his head for the ruin of the beast

But silently wreaking off the dust from his hair  
From the mist off the ground  
And the fog in the air  
From highways to byways, oceans to creeks  
You can hear the refrain of the prodigal beast

Never a whimper, never a notion  
They banned all seduction, not even an ocean  
Well its just castles to ruins and motion to cease  
They sliced off his head for the ruin of the beast