

New Church

The Lords Of The New Church

Tick-tock goes the clock
Almost time, say goodbye
Wolves scratching at the door
Pass the gun, don't look suprised
Light me one last cigarette
Never mind the screams
This shall be our finest hour
The end, and the start of our dream
Chorus
Our time will come
Thy will be done
So many times we've come so close
You were my Cleopatra, I'm great Caesar's Ghost
My Josephine they said your Colonel was mad
We'll make it next time, don't look so sad
Our bodies burn the guiding light
Don't cry Eva, we'll meet once more
We'll fulfill their prophecies
We lost this battle, we won the war
Chorus
Our time will come
The Will be done
My kingdom's come
The Will be done