

Satanic Messiah

The Mountain Goats

I saw the posters popping up around the city
Pale blue and washed-out red
I went down to the arena, pushing through
Hoping I'd run into you
Sweet freshly-scrubbed smell of the crowd
All the excitement in their eyes
We were all made young when he stepped onto the stage
Like an animal escaping from his cage
Raise the trumpet
Sound the drum
He whom the prophet spoke of long ago has come

All of us too dazed to leave when it was over
Dawdled by the vendors for a minute
Gathered underneath a summer sky
I was hoping you'd pass by
But though I didn't see you that day, or the next
I'm pretty sure that you were there
Making your way among the young and happy horde
Headed down to your award
Raise the trumpet
Sound the drum
He whom the prophet spoke of long ago has come