

# Ichthus

## Theocracy

The Price Upon my head is death  
They've pushed us underground  
for all who dare to speak the name  
the iron fist comes down  
face the test, put to death if discovered  
its the price we pay  
Lord, bless my brothers with courage I pray

(Enemies castigate  
but darkness doth illuminate  
Irony: the blood we bleed  
every drop this fire feeds  
into forever...)  
Lines of faith drawn in the sand, completed by another  
Stranger, show me where you stand  
and if you are my brother  
One part by me, one by you

CENTURIES FLY  
BUT THE FLAME IS STILL ALIVE  
THE MAY HIDE IT, BUT IT WILL NEVER DIE  
CARVED IN THE WALL,  
SEE THE TWO HALVES OF THE SIGN  
THROUGH THE AGES HIS GLORY WILL ARISE  
FOR ALL TIME

Forced into the catacombs  
unite to praise the King of kings  
they fear a revolution  
and the power that He brings  
heaven's sons stand as one, as believers  
in the blood of Christ  
even in death we have true life

(Enemies castigate  
but darkness doth illuminate  
Irony: the blood we bleed  
every drop this fire feeds  
into forever...)  
Lines of faith carved in the wall,  
a sign of peace abided  
Stare into the eyes of death  
clothed in the grace provided  
this will live on without me

CENTURIES FLY  
BUT THE FLAME IS STILL ALIVE  
THE MAY HIDE IT, BUT IT WILL NEVER DIE  
CARVED IN THE WALL,  
SEE THE TWO HALVES OF THE SIGN  
THROUGH THE AGES HIS GLORY WILL ARISE  
FOR ALL TIME

This will live on without me...

CENTURIES FLY  
BUT THE FLAME IS STILL ALIVE

THE MAY HIDE IT, BUT IT WILL NEVER DIE  
CARVED IN OUR SOULS,  
SEE THE TWO HALVES OF THE SIGN  
THROUGH THE AGES HIS GLORY WILL ARISE  
FOR ALL TIME