

## Wayne Hancock

### "The Spirit Of Man"

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I suddenly noticed the body of a parson lying on the ground in a ruined churchyard. I felt unable to leave him to the mercy of the red week, and decided to bury him, decently.

Beth: Nathaniel! Nathaniel!

Journalist: The parson's eyes flickered open. He was alive!

Beth: Nathaniel, I saw the church burst into flame, are you all right?

Nathaniel: Don't touch me!

Beth: But it's me, Beth! Your wife!

Nathaniel: No! You're one of them, a devil!

Beth: He's delirious!

Nathaniel: Lies! I saw the devil's sign!

Beth: What are you saying?

Nathaniel: The green flash in the sky. His demons were here all along, in our hearts and souls, just waiting for a sign from him. And now they're destroying our world!

Beth: But they're not devils, they're Martians.

Journalist: We must leave here.

Beth: Look, a house's still standing, come Nathaniel, quickly.

We took shelter in a cottage, and black smoke spread, hemming us in. Then a fighting machine came across the field spraying jets of steam that turned the smoke into thick, black dust.

Martians: Ulla!

Beth: Dear god, help us!

Nathaniel: The voice of the devil is heard in our land!

Nathaniel: Listen, do you hear them drawing near in their search for the sinners?

Feeding on the power of our fear and the evil within us?

In carnation of satan's creation of all that we dread

When the demons arrive those alive would be better off dead

Beth: There must be something worth living for

There must be something worth trying for

Even something worth dying for

And if one man can stand tall  
There must be hope for us all  
Somewhere, somewhere in the spirit of man

Nathaniel: Once, there was a time when I believed  
without hesitation  
That the power of love and truth could conquer all in  
the name of salvation  
Tell me what kind of weapon is love when it comes to  
the fight?  
And just how much protection is truth against all  
satan's might?

Beth: There must be something worth living for  
There must be something worth trying for  
Even some things worth dying for  
And if one man can stand tall  
There must be some hope for us all  
Somewhere, somewhere in the spirit of man

Beth: People loved you, and trusted you, came to you  
for help.

Nathaniel: Didn't I warn them this would happen? Be on  
your guard, I said, for the evil one never rests, I said, ?  
exorcise the devil!?! But no, they wouldn't listen, the  
demons inside them grew and grew, until satan gave  
his signal and destroyed the world we knew!

Beth: No Nathaniel, oh no Nathaniel  
No Nathaniel, no, there must be more to life  
There has to be a way that we can restore to life the  
love we used to know  
(No,) Nathaniel, no, there must be more to life  
There has to be a way that we can restore to life the  
light that we have lost

Nathaniel: Now darkness has descended on our land  
and all your prayers cannot save us  
Like fools we've let the devil take command of the  
souls that god gave us  
To the altar of evil like lambs to the slaughter we're led  
When the demons arrive the survivors will envy the  
dead!

Beth: There must be something worth living for

Nathaniel: No, there is nothing!

Beth: There must be something worth trying for

Nathaniel: I don't believe it's so!

Beth: Even some things worth dying for

If just one man could stand tall

There would be some hope for us all

Somewhere, somewhere in the spirit of man

Nathaniel: Forget about goodness and mercy, they're

gone!

Didn't I warn them? ?Pray?, I said! ?Destroy the devil?, I said!

They wouldn't listen! I could have saved the world! But now it's too late, too late!

Beth: No Nathaniel, oh no Nathaniel

No Nathaniel, no, there must be more to life

There has to be a way that we can restore to life the love we used to know

(No,) Nathaniel, no, there must be more to life

There has to be a way that we can restore to life the light that we have lost

Nathaniel: Dear god! A cylinder's landed on the house, and we are underneath it, in the pit!

Journalist: The Martians spent the night making a new machine. It was a squat, metallic spider with huge, articulated claws, but it too, had a hood in which a Martian sat. I watched it pursuing some people across a field. It caught them nimbly and tossed them into a great metal basket upon its back.

Nathaniel: Beth? She's dead! Buried under the rubble. Why? Satan! Why did you take one of your own?

There is a curse on mankind

We may as well be resigned

To let the devil, the devil take the spirit of man

Journalist: As time passed in our dark and dusty prison, the parson wrestled endlessly with his doubts. His outcries invited death for us both, and yet I pitied him.

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