

Argentum

"Ten Lost Tribes"

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Ten lost tribes, slaves in chains
As the scriptures tell of their pains
Torn from lands, chosen roam
The Assyrian kings claim the throne

Ten lost tribes, the throne they seek
Visions hailed them roaming free

Eyes will weep as they behold the sight
The truth of their fathers denied
From Assyrian chains to the windswept plains
Of ancient Palestine

Our Heaven's found
Behold the sight
Dominion we've found
Recite the ninth rite...

So Joshua smote the land
Cleansed of the kings and their scribes
Reclaim thy hallowed ground
For thy Lord God, Israel

Immersed in the meaning of the era's end
Dueling over sovereignty of holy sand
Talmudic rats roam the Judean plain
As vagabonds inherit years of pain

Immersed, in the era's end
Shards of glass penetrate blood-soaked sands
As razor-sharp tears in the flesh of Christ
Recite the lies that strip them of life

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