

Artch

"Another Return To Church Hill"

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Once upon a time in a land afar, on some deserted hill
There stood a church all black - made of steel
At high-noon every Sunday on the hill the old hermit
would preach
"Welcome to Church-Hill my friends - have no fear
Come near... 'Cause I am the light"
All the bad things you have done in your life could
come real
Now is the time to regret.
Did you murder or steal?

This is your chance there'll be no return
Those who will fall - will burn!

The mocked - at lepers the crippled and blind
All did heed his call
They marched in troops of hundreds to Church-Hill
To hear him preach to share his anguish
There was fire in his eyes, as the troops of hundreds
multiplied

Gimmie your souls and I promise you heaven or hell
Stories of fortune and fame the old hermit tell

Moved by his tales and inspired at the end of the day
His army of losers kneeled before him to pray

[CHORUS:]

We're made by the (it's another return)
Yes made by the Church-Hill
We are reborn, (it's another return)
Forevermore - Church-Hill.

Soon his army of crippled and poor
Spread out to the valleys down below - terrorizing
Hustlin' intruding, spreading fear
Rapin' and stealing - no life was speared
In the name of Church-Hill - the troops still marched on
When the church bell rang together they sang ...

[CHORUS:]

In the mist of the morning bloodlust was in their eyes
Encouraged by their master they roared their battle-
cries

"United we will conquer, divided we shall fall

It's all for one - yes, and one for all"

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