

Barbara Dickson

"Crowned In Thorns"

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Fear is spreading like a plague
The Salvatore is dead and faith with him
The flame of evil burning bright
As white turns black and day becomes night

Seduced by the words insanity speaks
Prayers unanswered but following still
Mournful sinners spill their blood
In hope to face their one true god

Charlatans fed on simple minds
Preaching the book of a madman's illusion
Religious foundation based upon lies
Will crumble and fall as the son of heaven dies

Wearing thorns with pride
As stupidity dies for mankind
Wearing thorns with pride
As stupidity dies for mankind

Like a sheep prepared for slaughter
Trembling in the deepest fear
A savoir of the human race
Forsaken by his own

Abandoned by his father crucifixion carried out
Confessing his loss, impaled on the cross

Fear is spreading like a plague
The Salvatore is dead and faith with him
The flame of evil burning bright
As white turns black and day becomes night

Seduced by the words insanity speaks
Prayers unanswered but following still
Mournful sinners spill their blood
In hope to face their one true god

Charlatans fed on simple minds
Preaching the book of a madman's illusion
Religious foundation based upon lies

Will crumble and fall as the son of heaven dies

Like a sheep prepared for slaughter
Trembling in the deepest fear
Mournful sinners spill their blood
In hope to face their one true god

Crucifixion impaled on the cross

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