

Barnabas "Subterfuge"

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Survival is not guaranteed in strange, tumultuous times
When the quest of our humanity strays from the narrow
line

The cause of world insanities rests deeply on the few
Whose self-inflicted vanities require your servitude

In days of lies and subterfuge are times most
opportune

To drain the living aptitude from those who feel
entombed

A species cannot tolerate predation from within
With power indiscriminate and lack of discipline

So with the captains of these mighty nations awash in a
sea of blind mistrust

The man on the street receives information designed
to conceal the obvious

Throughout this madness, an offer of true and lasting
peace

To soldier and philosopher, demoniac and priest

And when the curtain falls around us in megaton
torment

Because the kings of men have failed again in obscene
impudence

It will only be the ending of a strange, tumultuous
dream

For those who've found the Saviour, waiting and willing

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