

Disciple "3, 2, 1"

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I'm feeling everything's about to blow
I'm feeling everything's about to blow
3, 2, 1
I'm feeling everything's about to blow
Here He comes, undefeated, undisputed
3, 2, 1

Relentless earth, coming to collect
Hidden from the awaited day of rest
The feet that swell, walk the memories of late
Wrapped around the heart of a pity masquerade

Watch out
Get down now
No doubt
3, 2, 1

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The moon has turned to blood
Baptized in vengeance flame
They shake at what's to come
When He breaks the seals of pain
So roll back the prison bars
For charity not fame
Till the streets will overrun
With the tongues that shout the name

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