

Genesis

"One For The Fine"

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Fifty thousand men were sent to do the will of one
His claim was phrased quite simply, though he never
voiced it loud
I am he, the chosen one

In his name they could slaughter, for his name they
could die
Many there were believed in him, still more were sure
he lied
But they'll fight the battle on

Then one whose faith had died
Fled back up the mountainside
But before the top was made
A misplaced football made him stray
From the path prepared for him
Off of the mountain
On to a wilderness of ice

This unexpected vision made him stand and shake with
fear
But nothing was his fright compared with those who
saw him appear
Terror filled their minds with awe

Simple were the folk who lived
Upon this frozen wave
So not surprising was their thought
This is he, God's chosen one
Who's come to save us from
All our oppressors
We shall be kings on this world

Follow me
I'll play the game you want me
Until I find a way back home

Follow me
I give you strength inside you
Courage to win your battles

No, no, no, this can't go on

This will be all that I fled from
Let me rest for a while

He walked into a valley
All alone
There he talked with water and then with the vine

They leave me no choice
I must lead them to glory or most likely to death
They travelled cross the plateau of ice, up to its edge
Then they crossed a mountain range and saw the final
plain
Still he urged the people on

Then, on a distant slope
He observed one without hope
Flee back up the mountainside
He thought he recognised him by his walk
And by the way he fell
And by the way he
Stood up, and vanished into air

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