

Jacobs Dream "Crusade"

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It was the year 1095, in the heart of France.
Summoned by the Papal Decree to the Holy Land,
"Drive out the Infidel from the Realm of Promise!"
"Destroy the enemies of our Lord and restore His
kingdom!"
From a heart of darkness came a twisted faith.
Reaching to the far east with a burning hate.
The thunder of the drums of war descended on the
masses.
The Great Commission, forged with steel would bring
desaster
Religious lies had taken hold
A war of murder, rape and gold
Blood was flowing through the land
A gospel with an iron hand
A ministry death and hate
Millions chained to it's carnal state
Mad with the power to control
This is a church with a dark crusade
Centuries have come and gone since the Crusades
But a brutal conquest has still remained
Oppression of humanitiy; conjured conviction
Religion and it's tyranny will bring destruction
Just sign here on the dotted line
Do what we say and you'll be fine
You're blind devotion is the key
To save your soul eternally
In the bonds of a legalistic state
You'll find a heart in a rusted chains
Mad with the power to control
This is a church with a dark crusade
Sound mind and reason
Have long been dead and crucified
Soul dead self righteous hypocrisy is justified
In the bowels of a prison
Where many souls are laid to waste
You'll find the heart of a church
With a dark crusade

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