

Lakaien Deine "Hallowed Be Thy Name"

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(Lake, Sinfield)

There may be an om in moment

But there's very few folk in focus

Not the first, not the last, not the least.

You needn't be well to be wealthy

But you've got to be whole to be holy

Fetch the rope, fetch the clock, fetch the priest.

Oh this planet of ours is a mess

I bet Heaven's the same

Look the madman said, "Son,

As a friend, tell me what's in a name,"

Hallowed be thy name.

I give you the state of statesmen

And the key to what motivates them

On the left, on the right, on the nail

Still I don't see a man in a mansion

That an accurate pen won't puncture

Go to town, go to hell, go to jail.

And there's bars and saloons

Where the jukebox plays blues in the night

Till the madman says "Son,

Time to go we could both use some light"

And thy will be done.

We live in an age of cages

The tale of an ape escaping

In the search for some truth he can use

But many a drunk got drunker

And mostly a thinker, thunker

Set the place, set the time, set the fuse,

The optimist laughed and the pessimist cried in his

wine

And the madman said "Son.

Take a word they'll all wake given time"

Let thy kingdom come

The madman and I got drunker

Till both thought the other tank you

And we laughed all the way to the stars

The optimist asked for a taste of the pessimist's wine

And the madman said "Son,

How do you feel?" I said "Me? I feel fine

Lead me into temptation

Into temptation
I said into temptation
I need my allocation of recreation
I want a revelation in degradation
No hesitation, give me variation, give me inspiration..."

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