

## Mithras

# "The Caller And The Listener"

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The lowly  
Piteous, weak, but by nature abhorrent  
The fallen  
Throwbacks to a distant age  
They clamour  
United in aspiration  
Groveling for their redeemer

As prophesised  
They turned their voices  
Towards the heavens  
Using the arts  
They called out into the void  
"Oh Lord, enlighten our souls"  
In nescience  
You know not what  
Your exaltations have unleashed

It hears  
The ovation falls  
On open ears  
Yet you know not  
What your exaltations have unleashed  
It hears and it doth come

You know not  
What your exaltations have unleashed  
It comes  
Sing the hosannas and it comes  
Sing hosannas and the great host comes

You called for me  
And you shall have me  
Through your eyes  
I shall pierce your souls with fear  
And then you shall run

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