

Strongarm

"Fall Of Babylon"

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When nations rise
With eyes of arrogance, raise your war cry, and be
shattered
The string of dissension, ensnared by evil tongue
Cast your ring of disappointment, the plague of
dissolution

The plans of your devise, they will be thwarted
Spirit stained by corrupted flesh
Your hollow truths will be shattered

Your riches are acquired by the misfortune and
bloodshed of others

Within our midst is the prophesied age, of new Babylon

All the images of it's gods, lie smashed on the ground
It's driven by darkness, the dwelling place for demons
For the nations race to drain the cup, of the maddening
wine of power

To deny, a man his rights
To deprive, a man of justice
He looked for justice but, saw blood shed for
righteousness
But, heard cries of distress
He will cleanse the blood stains of the oppressed
By a spirit of judgement and a spirit of fire

The thing that drives us to hate, to love, to lust,
to greed, and to good is
longing
Every soul is born with that vague undefined hole
We search each other's eyes for answers and find
none
God will break the yolk that burdens you
But, those who refuse to see, leading others astray in
your iniquities
Terror will seize you

The hour of judgement will come

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