

## Akercocke "Shelter From The Sand"

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Nothing could save the Baptist  
Not cross, not altar, nor crucifix  
Old time lays waste the spirit  
Without condoning or condemning  
A complex sense of purpose  
For those with eyes to see  
"This town is afraid of me  
With good reason,  
It has seen my true face"

[Solo Mendonca]

Walking freely among the enemy  
The Baptists lack of inner capacity  
Philosophical sagacity  
It is not seen as a defect  
But as a sign of strength  
A sign of strength  
"I shall lay my hands upon you  
Feel my hands touch you"  
As if the eyes of the blind come open  
Here is the servant  
In whom my soul delights  
Ancient sadness of desert sands  
An unending hymn of praise  
To the Sanhedrin of Sheol  
Everything is real  
Everything dies  
"I shall lay my hands upon you  
Feel my hands touch, touching you..."  
Here's the one in whom my soul delights  
Close enough to touch yet out of reach  
Everything is real  
Everything dies  
...close enough to touch you...

[Solo Wilcock]

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