

Mortification

"Pilots Hanging From Shoulder Dust"

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Red Sonrise, rising up the horizon
Red Sonrise, ain't no illusion no disguise
I see the Son within my eyes
Ain't no illusion no facade
You're the Saviour, You are the King
You are the One to whom we say
You are the Light You are the Way
The Messiah, King of kings
God Almighty, Reign supreme
The town crier in the streets
Spreading the news, for all to hear
Pushing the envelope Crushing the seal
Pushing the envelope breaking the evil
The Red Sonrise in the sky
Pushing the envelope of your mind
King is coming, hair blown high
For His family, His only bride

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