

## Lex Zaleta "Sword Of Praise"

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When the dark one comes knocking,  
Knocking like a thief,  
And you cry out in the night  
In search of some relief,  
And you know you can never  
Let that stranger in,  
That's the time,  
The time you must begin  
To praise the Lord, praise the Lord,  
Praise the Lord,  
For giving you the strength to  
Once more raise your sword.  
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,  
For giving you  
The strength to  
Once more raise your sword.

When you've fallen in the battle,  
And you feel the end is near,  
And the blood on your saddle  
Speaks of the cost so dear,  
Of joining the Lord's Army  
To fight this world of sin,  
That's the time,  
The time you must begin  
To praise the Lord, praise the Lord,  
Praise the Lord,

For giving you the strength to  
Once more raise your sword.  
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,  
For giving you  
The strength to  
Once more raise your sword.

When your life is over,  
And you're set down in the ground,  
And the grass and the clover  
Never make a sound.  
Your soul rises to Heaven  
Where the good Lord takes you in,  
That's the time,

The time you must begin  
To praise the Lord, praise the Lord,  
Praise the Lord,  
For giving you the strength to  
Once more raise your sword.  
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,  
For giving you  
The strength to  
Once more raise your sword.  
For giving you  
The strength to  
Once more raise your sword.  
Praise the Lord.

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