

Misty In Roots

"Oh Wicked Man"

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Food for thought!

Eas', wes', north, south,
Murmurs and rumours of war
Fret not thyself, my brother
For these things must come to pass,
and I say
Oh, wicked man, where you gonna run ?
you can't hide on the judgement day
Wicked man, where you gonna run ?
you can't hide on the judgement day

Workers of inequities they shall fade away
For they shall be rallied on the judgement day, Lord
So foolish and corrupted are they, they no longer know
the thruth
"Father, forgive them" , yes I say "for they know not
what they are doin' "
but I say
Oh, wicked man, where you gonna run ?
you can't hide on the judgement day
Wicked man, where you gonna run ?
you can't hide on the judgement day

We say all over the world there is war
Fret not thyself, my brother
These things must come to pass,

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