

Sixteen Horsepower "Strong Man"

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The strong man, he will kneel down
Whilst angels strip him of cloak and crown
Through bitter lips comes vile breath
He is the last one to confess

There will be no pity for him
We must kill him where he stands
No, there will be no mercy for him
Nor for any of his klan

Let there be no hesitation
Get a rope and make it quick
Each last breath come from his mouth
I will beat it out with a stick

Pray boy, have no reservations
The word will be carried out
He is the one who brought down the son
Let there be no goddamn doubt

There is power, wonder workin' power
In the blood of the lamb
There is power, wonder workin' power
In the precious blood of the lamb

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He's seated at the right hand

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