

Sleeping At Last

"The Army Of The Chosen One"

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An army composed, of walking dead, of willing hearts,
in this our day of struggle
We speak with fire, we break all chains, the foolish
bonds of carnal minds far beneath us
We see the leader transfigured light, he calls us
forward in that moment receive
Gives us a new name, on stones of white, and then we
stand commissioned searching for the valiant more to
come
Chosen Ones!
Oh were rising, calling out your name
And you will hear our anthem raise
So answer us in truth
Answer me!
I know their faces
I hear their names, reveal their future, warriors of
regeneration
I've seen their journey
I've felt their pain
I've reached into each shame filled, dark and failed
existence
I see them rising my crest in heart, sealed to my vision
anchored deep within each man
The day approaches, each life will close
The awesome day we see the Lion and the Lamb
Father where is the army I've seen in my visions
It's the generation the dragon has feared in his dreams
Father where is the army I've seen in my visions
We are the generation the dragon has feared in his
dreams, His Nightmares!

Soon we will find out who are the real revolutionaries
Someday we will see who's in this thing for real!

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