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"The Preacher"

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In days of old

When the books were untold

Speak of a world crushed by sin.

"The people will mourn

of a war to be born"

Nobody would listen to him.

Think back in time

When the future you find

Is so faint that it's hard to see.

Don't disavow his word

For the truth must be heard

Cause the preacher tells visions he sees.

In 1906

Like the future predicts

The city will crumble to the bay

Then what's in store

When the worlds go to war?

Peace will have come another day

Then came the one

In the year of '41

Warfare would light up the sky

He beckoned the call
Of future for all
Blinded by what's in his eyes
In days of old
When the books were untold
Speak of a world crushed by sin.
"The people will mourn
of a war to be born"
Nobody would listen to him.
Think back in time
When the future you find
Is so faint that it's hard to see.
Don't disavow his word
For the truth must be heard
Cause the preacher tells visions he sees.
Listen to these words I preach
Catastrophic lessons they shall teach
Listen to these words I preach
Catastrophic lessons they shall teach

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