

## Another Return To Church Hill

Artch

Once upon a time in a land afar, on some deserted hill  
There stood a church all black - made of steel  
At high-  
noon every Sunday on the hill the old hermit would preach  
"Welcome to Church-Hill my friends - have no fear  
Come near... 'Cause I am the light"  
All the bad things you have done in your life could come real  
Now is the time to regret.  
Did you murder or steal?

This is your chance there'll be no return  
Those who will fall - will burn!

The mocked - at lepers the crippled and blind  
All did heed his call  
They marched in troops of hundreds to Church-Hill  
To hear him preach to share his anguish  
There was fire in his eyes, as the troops of hundreds multiplied

Gimmie your souls and I promise you heaven or hell  
Stories of fortune and fame the old hermit tell  
Moved by his tales and inspired at the end of the day  
His army of losers kneeled before him to pray

We're made by the (it's another return)  
Yes made by the Church-Hill  
We are reborn, (it's another return)  
Forevermore - Church-Hill.

Soon his army of crippled and poor  
Spread out to the valleys down below - terrorizing  
Hustlin' intruding, spreading fear  
Rapin' and stealing - no life was speared  
In the name of Church-Hill - the troops still marched on  
When the church bell rang together they sang ...

In the mist of the morning bloodlust was in their eyes  
Encouraged by their master they roared their battle-cries  
"United we will conquer, divided we shall fall  
It's all for one - yes, and one for all"