

Subterfuge

Barnabas

Survival is not guaranteed in strange, tumultuous times
When the quest of our humanity strays from the narrow line
The cause of world insanities rests deeply on the few
Whose self-inflicted vanities require your servitude

In days of lies and subterfuge are times most opportune
To drain the living aptitude from those who feel entombed
A species cannot tolerate predation from within
With power indiscriminate and lack of discipline

So with the captains of these mighty nations awash in a sea of
blind mistrust
The man on the street receives information designed to conceal
the obvious
Throughout this madness, an offer of true and lasting peace
To soldier and philosopher, demoniac and priest

And when the curtain falls around us in megaton torment
Because the kings of men have failed again in obscene impudence
It will only be the ending of a strange, tumultuous dream
For those who've found the Saviour, waiting and willing