

With a shield and a sword  
He crushes evil in the name of the Lord  
In the fields of war  
His victory is the nails he bore  
With his head held high  
He speaks the truth and he hates the lie  
He'll scream, he'll die  
But God will raise him back to life!

He's a Live Wire  
He's a Live Wire  
He's on fire!

With the bend of the knee  
He can move a mountain or part a sea  
He's hot to the touch  
Like a burning flame that availeth much  
His life's a flash  
He'll crack the darkness like a razor's slash  
But he loves and he cares  
He'll pick you up when you're in despair

His arms are huge  
By the weight he carries of verbal abuse  
His back is torn  
With the agony of an open sore  
His face is marred  
The dried blood of an open scar  
The gates of hell shall not prevail  
'Cause he's torn the veil