

## When He Returns

Bob Dylan

The iron hand it ain't no match for the iron rod  
The strongest wall will crumble and fall to a mighty God  
For all those who have eyes and all those who have ears  
It is only He who can reduce me to tears  
Don't you cry and don't you die and don't you burn  
Like a thief in the night, he'll replace wrong with right  
When he returns.

Truth is an arrow and the gate is narrow that it passes through  
He unreleased His power at an unknown hour that no one knew  
How long can I listen to the lies of prejudice ?  
How long can I stay drunk on fear out in the wilderness ?  
Can I cast it aside, all this loyalty and this pride ?  
Will I ever learn that there'll be no peace, that the war won't  
cease  
Until He returns ?

Surrender your crown on this blood-  
stained ground, take off your mask  
He sees your deeds, He knows your needs even before you ask  
How long can you falsily and deny what is real ?  
How long can you hate yourself for the weakness you conceal ?  
Of every earthly plan that be known to man, He is unconcerned  
He's got plans of his own to set up His throne  
When He return.