

Pull the sword from the sheath
Place the wreath beneath the tree of life
Honor in the dust the final thrust
In which the trust once thrived
Now dies

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Lift your head in prayer
Only if you dare

You can speak to your God
Hold him in your heart

Roots in the ground
Winding down around the feet of time

Poverty and pain
The ball and chain tradition claims the right
Honor in the dust the final thrust in which the trust
has died
Lift your head in prayer
Only if you dare
You can speak to your God
Hold him in your heart
(repeat x 4)