

Burying A Treasure

PARADOX

"Rebecca and her followers try to gather people to their beliefs but people are too afraid of the church and shun her new beliefs, they realise that the people aren't yet ready and she decides to re-bury the relic for another time the relics is buried, Rebecca and her offspring along with her followers pass but not before leaving clues as to how the relic should be resurrected. A priest with his own troubles finds the relic."

Travelling far and wide from sea to sea
Telling people not to hide a new theocracy
A new beginning a different calling, a different way

Our work isn't done the people aren't won
Words the people won't pray
We try to show that John's words are the facts
And still the people won't pray

We don't know what we can do don't think we have a chance
They tell us there is only one and Jesus is his name
We cannot swim against the tide we must try something new
Our chance to win has passed us by the relic we must hide

Rushing through the darkening night
Another time perhaps we'll fight
We've found a place where we can go
Back to the mountains and the snow
To the mountains and the snow

Our way is a lonely road our heartfelt sorrow a heavy load
We must find a place that's safe to hide it from the human race
Until the story can be told

Now we are near no more to fear our journeys end is in sight
Bury our prize deny prying eyes and make sure there is no-one in sight

For all those that follow we must leave a clue
A secret told to the wiser folk from around
But in a way that it's hidden from other peoples view
Maybe in a hundred years or so the relic will be found

We tried so hard to succeed bowed to the pressure
But our strength was in our need
Our work hasn't born any seed because of the pressure
But our strength was in our own need
But our strength was in our own need

The treasure has been buried the clues all left behind
A few hundred years have passed their souls live on
But our story doesn't die

Our treasure once more see's the light found by another
A priest in a similar plight

Our treasure once more see's the light found by another

A priest in a similar plight
Travelling a troubled road