

# The Great Denial

PARADOX

"Finally your priest has gone leaving Marie to carry on the work, the relic floats above a pool in the floor in which live three carp. As Marie watches the relic drops into the pool, it becomes alive and with a swish of its tail it disappears into the depths, She is taken aback as an image of a man standing in seawater close to the shore is imprinted on her mind, he leans forward and brings out of the water a fish exactly the same as the relic, it moves in his hand but then becomes quite rigid and takes on the form of a lamp again. She realizes who the man is and thinks to herself Yes, John is a fisher and would be a fisher of men."

Now the story's ending the priest has left her tending  
His passions and his dreams  
We did what we could to carry the word to the good  
We put up a hell of a fight

Our plan to spread the word  
Was sadly never heard, dismay  
But John's holy word is passed on  
To true believers to this day, they say

Barren without issue I am the last of my line  
Sadly the world will continue to follow a lie  
Though living my life full of pride...

..it's hard to face  
This great, this great denial  
Now I must tend that which I can't comprehend  
What part this old relic plays in our story  
My mind full of pictures shows me it's true path to glory

Inside the tower is a pool full of power  
Sometimes shallow sometimes deep  
My vision tells me to set the fish free  
And with a swish of its tail it swims deep

In the depths of the pool there is a man standing in golden light  
His cohorts cry John you're a fisher of men so right

The vision so strong fades away  
I'm overwhelmed but I must face the rest of the day  
Proven but that's not to say

It's right, not a great, a great, a great denial  
People have worshipped Christ for 2000 years or more  
A moral usurper of that we can be sure  
They pray out of habit but surely there must be more  
They pray with a poisoned mind

A thousand thoughts run through my mind  
What we could have achieved with time  
We tried so hard to give them more

Our money and our will to help the poor

We gave them stature and the right  
To worship whatever deity they like  
We hoped they'd take a different road  
But in hindsight though they'll worship who they're told

Now that our tale's been told  
I'm feeling so very old  
Too old to continue this fight

They were given a choice to stand with what's right  
But they eschew all, despite the warnings of the past  
The warnings of the last to see  
Browbeat into silence, the real truth ignored, denied

A messiah deemed a savior, in reality  
An emperor without any clothes  
John's the true savior  
His ring adorns the finger of the pope  
One day the truth will be known

But until there will only be  
The great, the great denial  
Step into the future there's something you have to know  
A new world arises scales will fall from their eyes and show  
A new world order based on the truth not a tome  
Decreed by a failing Rome

Footnote:

The ring worn by modern Popes is the Ring of John, the fisher of men.  
So in fact people who worship the Pope are in fact  
Worshipping John and not Jesus Christ