

The Man Comes Around

Pulp

"And I heard, as it were, the noise of thunder
One of the four beasts saying, "Come and see"
And I saw, and behold a white horse"

There's a man going 'round taking names
And he decides who to free and who to blame
Everybody won't be treated all the same
There'll be a golden ladder reaching down
When the man comes around

The hairs on your arm will stand up
At the terror in each sip and in each sup
Will you partake of that last offered cup
Or disappear into the potter's ground
When the man comes around?

Hear the trumpets, hear the pipers
One hundred million angels singing
Multitudes are marching to the big kettledrum
Voices calling, voices crying
Some are born, some are dying
It's Alpha and Omega's kingdom come
And the whirlwind is in the thorn tree
The virgins are all trimming their wicks
Yes, the whirlwind is in the thorn tree
It's hard for thee to kick against the pricks

Till Armageddon, no shalam, no shalom
Then the father hen will call his chickens home
And the wise man will bow down before the throne
And at his feet, they'll cast their golden crowns
When the man comes around

Whoever is unjust, let him be unjust still
Whoever is righteous, let him be righteous still
Whoever is filthy, let him be filthy still
Listen to the words long written down
When the man comes around

Ah, hear the trumpets, hear the pipers
One hundred million angels singing
Multitudes are marching to the big kettledrum
Voices calling, voices crying
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It's Alpha and Omega's kingdom come
And the whirlwind is in the thorn tree
The virgins are all trimming their wicks
Yeah, the whirlwind is in the thorn tree
It's hard for thee to kick against the pricks
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Kick against the pricks, kick against the pricks
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Kick against the pricks, kick against the pricks
Kick against the pricks

"And I heard a voice in the midst of the four beasts
And I looked, and behold a pale horse
And his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him"