

Death of the Dying

Resurrection Band

Maniacs dangle on the lunatic fringe
Oh, on the edge of a razor and like a door without a hinge
"The devil", they cackle, "could be ours in a cinch?"
Quicksand, lies, sound warning, yeah, yeah
But they won't budge an inch

Like Pilate they fear the death of the Saint
Yet they fancy the diamonds, the palace, the paint
The coward within them clings only to that
Of lacey white satin, "No blood on my hand"

And in the finale clutched tightly by pain
Their glass house is shattered, weeds bent in the rain
With a "Why?" in the mind and a curse on the tongue
Death bellowing hungrily, shadows on sun

They pass into all that they have ever sown
Forsaking the answer, abdicating the throne
If only they'd followed when Christ called and walked on
Oh, if only they'd followed when Christ called and walked on
They'd have silenced the madness in the narrow road home
They'd have silenced the madness in the narrow road home