

Ruin Of The Beast

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Look up old friend
Watch the ruin of the beast
On the top of hill
Being slain by the prodigal son
For the glory and the making of His will
Being bound by His hand
Being lifted and shifted and molded from sand.

They sliced off His head
And rolled in His blood
And wrote on the walls
"We've escaped the big flood"

But highways to byways and oceans to creeks
The silence was screaming
Aching and steaming
Hoping for one soul to listen at least

Never a whimper, never a notion
They banned all seduction, not even an ocean
It's castles to ruins, motion to cease
They sliced off His head for the ruin of the beast

They signed a petition that marked out the ground
Saying, "This half is lost, and this half is found.
He's to be tossed, she's to be crowned,
and so on and so forth their future was bound."

The lawyers and statesmen shook hands and agreed
Smiled for the photo and planted a seed
Crammed in some tears, said a quick prayer
Mumbled some lines like, "We'll clean up the air
We'll blow up some stars, and detox the tar!"

He mumbled then burped then jumped in his car
And never again was the beast in their story
They buried the past in all of its glory

Never a whimper, never a notion
They banned all seduction, not even an ocean
Well its castles to ruins and motion to cease
They sliced off his head for the ruin of the beast

But silently wreaking off the dust from his hair
From the mist off the ground
And the fog in the air
From highways to byways, oceans to creeks
You can hear the refrain of the prodigal beast

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They banned all seduction, not even an ocean
Well its just castles to ruins and motion to cease
They sliced off his head for the ruin of the beast