

The Church, Kings

See history fade, it's crystal clear
Aurora what you doing here
Buttering the mouths of thieves
Shutter speed your bleeding leaves
In gardens in the orient
Likelihood is good and spent
Herod nods beneath the palms
Holds poor baby in his arms
Tunis and Sardinia
The oceans growing hungrier
Beneath these walls we'll sleep tonight
Beneath this sky we'll glide so bright
And kings will come, years will pass
Stars burn cold beneath the glass
And days will glow in distant time
In distorted haze the zebras graze
In deserts where the dust storm blows
And lush black swamps where mandrake grows
We're marching laughing to the drum
Waiting for those kings to come
And kings will come and years will pass
Stars burn cold beneath the glass
And days will blow in distant time
In this storied haze the zephyrs graze
An infant with the voice of a crone
In Nebuchanezzars parking zone
Calls out my lord your end is nigh
I didn't mean to make you cry
In deserts where the dust storm blows
And lush black swamps where mandrake grows
We're marching laughing to the drum
Waiting for those kings to come
The circus sun in Nero eyes
The lions and the Christians rise
Software sings and hardware hears
We're destined babe to live these years