

# Theocracy, The Writing in the Sand

As the circle forms tonight  
And I take my place to execute my "right";  
Call the filthy ones into my sight  
Bring the sinners one by one  
Stones of judgment shall avenge the things they've done  
But then I raise my head and stare into the Son  
Oh, then I feel my blood run cold  
Eyes like the sharpest blade  
That penetrate to the bottom of my soul  
Words of truth that cut so deep  
You write the lines of mystery  
I stumble and the stone I held in hand is cast away  
When the mirror's shown to me  
I see my own hypocrisy  
And weep upon the writing in the sand  
All the things I try to hide  
All the times that I avoid your eyes  
Thinking somehow I can live the lie  
When the truth becomes too great  
And I can't try to clean my rotten, filthy state  
Or the hidden sins that doom me to my fate  
Oh, I can't hide it from Your sight  
You search out the secret things, the darkest dreams  
And reveal them in the light  
Words of truth that cut so deep  
You write the lines of mystery  
I stumble and the stone I held in hand is cast away  
When the mirror's shown to me  
I see my own hypocrisy  
And weep upon the writing in the sand  
Solo  
When the writing in the sand has washed away  
I could never turn and walk the other way  
For the words are carved into my very soul  
And the light exposes everything I know  
And all I've ever known  
Let him who had no sin  
Cast the first stone  
When the mirror's shown to me  
I see my own hypocrisy  
And weep upon the writing in the sand  
Words of truth that cut so deep  
You write the lines of mystery  
I stumble and the stone I held in hand is cast away  
When the mirror's shown to me  
I see my own hypocrisy  
And weep upon the writing in the sand