

THE WARRIOR

(Chuck Girard)

There's a long, low cry from the heavens
As the wind blows the skin right off the trees
And the thunder splits the sky, as the silent warrior dies
And the Spirit rips the veil, as the wind slows to a breeze

There's a long, low cry from the heavens
As the wind blows the skin right off the trees
And the heavens filled with rage, as they closed the final page
It was written, now it is finished and it will last throughout the ages

The red drops dripping slowly down as they sink into the earth below
Mixing with the wetness from the rain above,
It was sunny just a moment ago
The precious drops of his lifeblood flow,
Down the brow of his battered face
You'd think you were looking at a nasty dream
From the bottom of the depths of space
Was a moment in time when the world stood still,
As the plan took its final course
All the darkness from the past and the woe to come
Were defeated in the final divorce
As the scripture read, his side was pierced
Still there came no cry of pain
For his spirit was in flight to it's rightful home
As the last of his lifeblood drained

There's a long, low cry from the heavens
As the wind blows the skin right off the trees
And the early light of day, shines it's early morning rays
On two silent figures there, as they roll the stone away

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