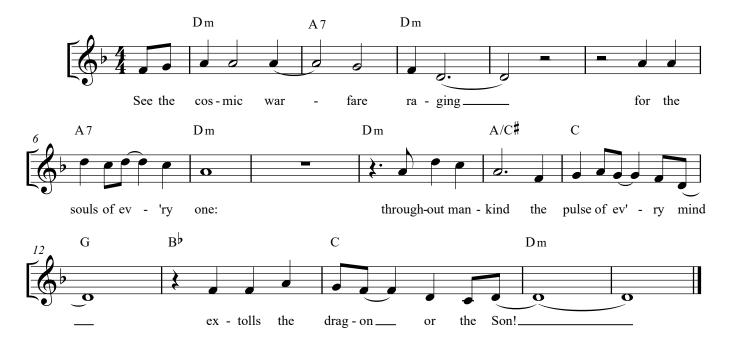
Cosmic War

Words: S. Layfield Music Bob Dylan



In the wilderness mere manna Truth and righteousness sustain; There abides the loveliest of Brides Anticipating Jesus' reign.

From the foulest water-fountain Undiscerning masses drink; Let earth below absorb its septic flow; So dry bones wisely learn to think.

Help us manifest true virtue In the duties Moses gave; From blasphemies and beastly cruelties Your holy remnant come and save.

Citizens of Earth divided Manifest their loyalties True saints of light pursuing what is right Strive to counter tyrannies.

By refusing recognition Of true authority on high Predestined hosts, bewitched by hollow boasts, Embrace the contours of a lie. Lo, a beast with lamb-like features Masquerades within the light; Enticing all to hearken to his call Still our priests refuse to fight!

Humanism is his ensign State omnipotence his name, Deceitful ways mark all the things he says -Soul-autonomy's his game!

Is the sound of holy thunder Ringing loudly in your ear? A vestal gown He'll give you with a crown, Heaven's banquet's drawing near!

Come and sing with fellow harpists, Sing as only pilgrims can; Keep marching on, the battle shall be won Beneath the banner of the Lamb