

Show our eyes true color. We want to hear the trumpet roar
We want to hear the trumpet roar
With words that trample the pagan's cavalry.
Pummel the darkness with the light.

Hand in hand, side by side, we will march with full force.
With your words from our throats we will march with full force.

Words that will shake the earth and boil the seas,
Trample the bones of the living dead as they roam the streets alone.
We go marching on. Let the trumpets roar. (Go...)

I'm the harbinger, not the author of these timeless words.
Led by the Comforter I sing to you.
And if my throat were to be cut from ear to ear, I hope that these words
Would carry on in these songs that I pray you sing one day.
We sing for you. We sing for you. We sing for you. We sing for you.
We sing for you. We sing for you. We sing for you. We sing for you.