

Rip the flesh with our gnashing teeth,
The inside of the dying beast,
From the book of Enoch,
To the bible codes,
We spend the final days still looking for that gold,
And when we find it, how will we know?
Will it cleanse the rot from our souls?
Will it help to saves us from the fires below?

Throw the stones and smash the citadel,
Search the ruins of the fort that fell,

From the book of Enoch,
To the bible codes,
We spend the final days still looking for that gold,
And when we find it, how will we know?
Will it cleanse the rot from our souls?
Will it help to saves us from the fires below?

Trying to hold on to what fell through our hands,
Like using a sieve to move the sands,
Over, under, inside and out,
A fanatic's zeal erases any burden of doubt,

Quest for the blood of Christ,
Peerlessly on the blade of a knife,
Try to ensure life without end,
Living in fear of committing mortal sin,

Cut down all the forest trees,
Search the horizon for what is now seen,

From the book of Enoch,
To the bible codes,
We spend the final days still looking for that gold,
And when we find it, how will we know?

And we pray
And we pray

Take the pick and drive it into the soil,
Dig without hands until we find the oil,
Marching forward faith obscures what's wrong,
For at the end of the day the lamb and the goat are still fused
as one.