

# Crusade

Jacobs Dream

It was the year 1095 in the heart of France  
Summoned by the Papal Decree to the Holy Land  
"Drive out the Infidel from the Realm of Promise!"  
"Destroy the enemies of Our Lord and restore His kingdom!"  
From a heart of darkness came a twisted faith  
Reaching to the far east with a burning hate.  
The thunder of the drums of war descended on the masses  
The Great Commission, forged with steel would bring disaster

Religious lies had taken hold  
A war of murder, rape and gold  
Blood was flowing through the land  
A gospel with an iron hand  
A ministry death and hate  
Millions chained to its carnal state  
Mad with the power to control  
This is a church with a dark crusade

Centuries have come and gone since the Crusades  
But a brutal conquest has still remained  
Oppression of humanity, conjured conviction  
Religion and its tyranny will bring destruction  
Just sign here on the dotted line  
Do what we say and you'll be fine  
Your blind devotion is the key  
To save your soul eternally  
In the bonds of a legalistic state  
You'll find a heart in rusted chains  
Mad with the power to control  
This is a church with a dark crusade

Sound mind and reason have long been dead and crucified  
Soul dead self righteous hypocrisy is justified  
In the bowels of a prison  
Where many souls are laid to waste  
You'll find the heart of a church with a dark crusade