

THE MEEK AND THE MIGHTY

Music and Lyrics
Bob Farrell

TEARS ARE FALLING FROM HER EYES
A WEeping HEART - A MOURNFUL CRY
CHURCH BEHIND AN IRON VEIL
THE PERSECUTED BRIDE BEWAILS

AND SHE LONGS FOR HER FIRST TASTE OF FREEDOM
AND SHE CLINGS TO THE STRONG HAND OF GOD

SHE IS THE MEEK AND THE MIGHTY
SHINING GOLD - PURIFIED IN THE FIRE
SHE IS THE MEEK AND THE MIGHTY
FLAME OF VALOR - SPREADING BRIGHT IN THE NIGHT

A GALLANT ARMY OF SOLDIERS
STANDING TALL IN HER HOUR
SHE IS THE MEEK AND THE MIGHTY

CENTURIES UNDER DOMINATION
TYRANTS' RULE AND TRIBULATION
OPPRESSIONISTS WOULD BEND HER KNEE
TO ATHEIST PHILOSOPHY

YET HER PAIN'S FORGED IN RAIMENTS OF ARMOR
STANDS IN BATTLE BUT NEVER ALONE