

## **THE SWORD**

By John Lipinski

A young troubadour sang, a sad tale of woe  
A saga of Old Testament days  
Back before Jesus, many years, I am told  
When most of them lived their wicked ways  
All of the kings, who came after David  
Had evil in their hearts for the Lord  
When God had to punish His people with bloodshed  
His chosen had to die by the sword

A sword, a sword, sharpened and polished  
A sword, sharpened for a slaughter  
Slash to the left, slash to the right  
To ev'ry single son and daughter  
A sword, a sword, for all who don't abide  
Cry out, son of man, and fear the sword  
The wicked shall be dead, and my wrath will subside  
So much blood will be shed, said the Lord

This young troubadour sang, of worshipping idols  
Made of metal or cloth, or even wood  
None of these gods, ever lifted a finger  
To save a lost soul, if he could  
All of the Baals, and blatant pretenders  
Had altars and shrines, built for them  
They would come, they would go, no one ever remembered  
That God never faltered, back then

A sword, a sword, sharpened and polished  
A sword to remind them of faith  
Slash to the left, slash to the right  
Like lightning, to punish wicked ways  
A sword, a sword, no evil, justified  
Cry out, son of man, and fear this sword  
All wicked will be dead, and when the wrath subsides  
So much blood, will be shed, said the Lord