

Ecce Homo

Grab your hat and greet the Giant.
He may crush you passing by.
His hands hold all the answers
To questions you were lame to ask.

So he just shines his lights upon you.
Left or right, it might be chance.
The red one wipes out all the faces
You thought you know and dared to trust.

The green will make you see the friends
In strangers that you stared before.
And all this havoc is the start
Of something bigger than an empty shock.

Slowly all the bad excuses
Fade away in glory songs.
And we'll see the long lost cause
In the face of last resorts.

The streets will melt, the buildings bow.
Their curse be lifted and behold.
I'll be scared and hold you close.
Beg forgiveness and console.