

INTO THE LIGHT ALBUM LYRICS

The opium of the people

The opium of the people, the opium of the people
The opium of the people, of the people

The sigh of the oppressed, the heart of a heartless world
The soul of soulless circumstance, the halo of your tears
The abolition of religion is the call for happiness
Give up all your illusions that have bound you down the years
The opium of the people, the opium of the people
The opium of the people, of the people

And the people bowed to idols that were made of blood and steel
The icons of their leaders took the place of Jesus Christ
All animals are equal but there're some more equal ones
And all things lose their value when truth is sacrificed
The opium of the people, the opium of the people
The opium of the people, of the people

But about the real opium a brave man told the truth
A belief in nothing after death and no justice done
Our betrayals, greed and cowardice are never to be judged
The politics of power come from the barrel of a gun
The opium of the people, the opium of the people
The opium of the people, of the people

But still the world continues in insanity and fear
Where self-appointed elites dictate what the people must believe
When power is truth and opinion law, they trample down the weak
They fear no retribution as their web of lies they weave
The opium of the people, the opium of the people
The opium of the people, of the people

And over the horizon at the very gates of dawn
The trumpeter stands ready to announce the ruthless day
But still the world's rejected holds back the towering threat
His wounded hands contain the cure, the truth, the life, the way
The opium of the people, the opium of the people
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Kildonan Strath

Two thousand years you sheltered the people of the North
The stone for their tall towers, the harvests of the earth
Neither Rome nor Vikings could remove them from the soil
Winter snow and summer rain could not frustrate their toil

*A wild wind is blowing through Kildonan Strath
A wild wind is blowing through the ruins and the wrath*

There Donan's church was founded with light from the Promised Land
And in the love of Christ the people learned to stand
The raiders from the sea were mingled there in time
There were rivers to cross and mountains to climb

In Seventeen Forty-Five, there were two hundred men
Who were listed to bear arms by the Earl of Sutherland's pen
To defend Crown and country from the Young Pretender's threat
But 70 years later the Crown forgot its debt

*A wild wind is blowing through Kildonan Strath
A wild wind is blowing through the ruins and the wrath*

For now the land lies empty, the people scattered wide
The wind of changes blew across both time and tide
The homes are tumbled ruins, the rigs are swallowed up
And the disinherited still drink the bitter cup

*A wild wind is blowing through Kildonan Strath
A wild wind is blowing through the ruins and the wrath*

Where people lived in plenty in the hollow of the hills
All now lie in ruins, the houses and the mills
The churches and the graveyards, the scenes of death and life
All vanished from the landscape, its heart cut with a knife

*A wild wind is blowing through Kildonan Strath
A wild wind is blowing through the ruins and the wrath*

Old soldiers, teachers, tailors, men of faith and men of war
Cast adrift upon the world, what was any of it for?
Schemes and dreams of wealthy men, the land a wilderness
Men and women, children too, homeless in distress

*A wild wind is blowing through Kildonan Strath
A wild wind is blowing through the ruins and the wrath*

Like leaves at the end of autumn they were scattered in the wind
Despised and rejected as if they were the ones who sinned
Some crossed the wild Atlantic to the frozen Hudson Bay
Some would not forsake the land, on the rocky coast they'd stay

*A wild wind is blowing through Kildonan Strath
A wild wind is blowing through the ruins and the wrath*

You talk of conservation and the last great wilderness
When the land that you're conserving was created by duress
It's a creature of two hundred years of failure and misdeed
Two thousand years of culture destroyed by power and greed

*A wild wind is blowing through Kildonan Strath
A wild wind is blowing through the ruins and the wrath*

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The Lion of Donegal

James Duffy was his name, he was born in '89
Where the wilds of Donegal tell a story so divine
Brought up in Letterkenny, he fished the briny tide
Then he left for Glasgow and the shipyards of the Clyde
He joined the British Army – Inniskilling Fusiliers
At Gallipoli and Salonika he overcame his fears
His task to rescue wounded men from out of living hell
His war was spent in saving life from the bullet and the shell

*His clan badge was the lion, shining like the sun
And the lion was the symbol on the medal that he won*

To Egypt and to Palestine his regiment was sent
To stop the Ottoman Army was their resolute intent
To the north-west of Jerusalem, the hill Kereina Peak
Was the place where Private Duffy won his honour so unique
While under fierce machine gun fire, he went out alone
To rescue wounded comrades with courage rarely shown
His bandages torn by bullets, one went through his shirt
Some men died in his arms as he brought back the badly hurt

*His clan badge was the lion, shining like the sun
And the lion was the symbol on the medal that he won*

Before the war was ended, he was given his VC
By the King in Buckingham Palace for everyone to see
A country fit for heroes was the promise that was made
But when the heroes came back home, the debt was left unpaid
Disabled by malaria, and work was hard to find
With a wife and growing family, life was a struggle and a grind
And for some in Ireland, he was a traitor to their cause
For he'd fought for the British Army and he obeyed their laws

*But his clan badge was the lion, shining like the sun
And the lion was the symbol on the medal that he won*

But as the years passed on, he was held in great respect
By the whole community, and every creed and sect
He was a quiet and humble man, played down his valiant act
He just said he'd saved two men while shells around him cracked
He refused to sell his medal, even when times were hard
The memory of his comrades he held in high regard
And the message on his gravestone speaks of grace untold
"Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul"

*His clan badge was the lion, shining like the sun
And the lion was the symbol on the medal that he won*

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No forgiveness

Forgiveness is a concept that you find is hard to bear
You think that you don't need it, so you say it isn't fair
That others should expect from you what you don't ask from them
Instead they'll reap bad karma and you blame and you condemn
There's no forgiveness, no forgiveness
No forgiveness with you

A wise man said forgiveness meets the child's bright dream
What's broken is made whole again, what's soiled is again made clean
In Africa they said without forgiveness there's no peace
No reconciliation there, no hope that war will cease
But there's no forgiveness, no forgiveness
No forgiveness with you

A famous Vietnam photograph – young girl is badly burned
She's running screaming naked down the years; what have we learned?
She says that napalm's powerful, but forgiveness greater still
If that little girl can do it, how can you not find the will?
But there's no forgiveness, no forgiveness
No forgiveness with you

The day will come when all your sins will rise as dark as night
And on that day you'll wish they could be covered from God's sight
Then you will cry, "Forgive me!" as the hour is getting late
I pray these words you'll never hear and this won't be your fate:
There's no forgiveness, no forgiveness
No forgiveness for you

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Eternity

They say that Arthur Stace was born on the seedy side of town
His parents both were drunkards, the whole family was going down
But he stole milk from people's doorsteps just to stay alive
His food he found in rubbish bins, or he never would survive
He hardly went to school at all, could barely read or write
He grew up hard and tough, but only five foot three in height
At fourteen he went down the mine, came out as black as coal
First pay cheque just drank the lot, and soon lost all control
In Surry Hills a whorehouse he supplied with rum and gin
A lookout cockatoo for gambling schools and dens of sin
And eternity was waiting and what would be would be
But the odds were stacked in favour of a lost eternity

In Nineteen-fourteen war broke out and he wanted to do his bit
But his country didn't want him – too small and judged not fit
But the slaughter at Gallipoli reduced the volunteers
So Arthur now was tall enough for the war's two further years
He joined the 19th Battalion and was on his way to France
As a stretcher-bearer there he just had to take his chance
Day after day he carried back the shattered and the dead
And every day he faced the fact it might be him instead
A gas-shell burst beside him in Nineteen-seventeen
The poppies were no longer red, the fields no longer green
And eternity was waiting and what would be would be
But the odds were stacked in favour of a lost eternity

He went home to Australia, shell-shocked, half-blind and gassed
He went back to his old drinking and he spiralled down real fast
From beer to gin to rum to wine, he ended up on meth
From courthouse to asylum he was just one step from death
He was stinking, dirty, wretched, poor – just wanted a night in jail
The sergeant said he stank too much, told him to hit the trail
Out on the street again, some men were walking up Broadway
St Barney's Church served food and tea, you didn't have to pay
'Who are these guys?' poor Arthur asked the hoodlum next to him
'I reckon they be Christian folk' he answered looking grim
And eternity was waiting to see a man set free
All bets were off that gambled on a lost eternity

'Well, look at them and look at us! I want what they've all got'
In Victoria Park along the road, he struck while the iron was hot
He got down on his knees and prayed for Christ to fill his heart
And in that very moment Christ gave him a brand new start
From that time on he never touched another drop of drink
He worked and gained his self-respect, he turned back from the brink
He heard the Reverend Ridley preach – 'Eternity' he said
'I want to shout eternity, and wake the living dead!'
His words they rang in Arthur's brain as he left the church that day
Eternity, Eternity, was all that he could say
And eternity was waiting for a city to be free
All bets were off that gambled on a lost eternity

Then tears ran down the wee man's face as he felt the call of God
To warn the lost of Sydney on the very streets they trod
'Eternity' - he wrote the word about two foot wide
With a piece of chalk in copperplate as tears of love he cried
He'd never had much schooling, he could hardly write at all
But he could write Eternity like the writing on the wall
From that day on he trudged the streets in the early morning dawn
And every hundred yards or so Eternity was drawn
For over thirty years he wrote and half a million times
To warn the day of reckoning for all our sins and crimes
And eternity is waiting to see a world set free
Don't bet against the fearful fate of a lost eternity

And the people they all wondered who was the writer of the word
Some were touched and some were moved and some thought it absurd
Eventually it was revealed that Arthur was the man
But he just carried on his work just like when he began
In Nineteen-sixty-seven Arthur Stace was dead and gone
But the eternal legacy he left goes on and on
In Sydney Square his word stands clear in aluminium bright
And the first word of the millennium was Eternity that night
But Eternity is coming as quick and sure as death
As a small man did remind us all until his final breath
And eternity is waiting for them and you and me
Don't bet against the fearful fate of a lost eternity

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Light from the East

Eastern man came to the west,
Driven by a loving quest
Far across the world he came,
Not for fortune and not for fame
But to bring back words of light,
Working hard both day and night
Over land and sea he crossed,
To the land that now is lost

*Small man not too proud to bow,
A lonely furrow to plough
Short man with the widest smile,
He'd go the second mile
He died on the darkest day,
Far from home he passed away
But he's at the Lamb's great feast;
He brought us light from the east*

Forty days of prayer to start,
Love for Scotland filled his heart
Praying life for dying lands,
He was lifting up his hands
But two days later he's called home,
To receive the Lord's shalom
So who now will intercede?
Whose the burden now to plead?

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The lost road

I was climbing the hill past the old waterfall
I was doubting if I might be right after all
For everyone else said my friend must be wrong
But I had supported his cause all along
It was the month of November and late in the day
But I wandered uphill trying to find the right way
As I climbed further up by the gully and trees
I considered the question with growing unease

How could they be all wrong and I be all right?
How could I carry on and continue the fight?
I climbed further up with my eyes to the ground
I was hardly aware of what else was around
I stumbled upon what I thought was a track
It was late in the day, I should really turn back
But the thoughts in my head would give me no rest
So I trudged up the track to decide what was best

It came into my mind: Was I on the right road?
Was this really a path? And then my pace slowed
For gradually my track seemed to merge with the stream
It wasn't a path, it was only a dream
Should I just recognise that this was a dead end?
There was nothing more I could do for my friend?
But something inside me refused to be beat
I asked God show me if I faced defeat

And just at that moment I was shocked and surprised
The path had turned green, no longer disguised
All grassy and smooth it crossed over the burn
No doubt in my mind which way I should turn
I ran up that track to the top of the hill
And as soon as I reached there, I felt a strange thrill
The mountains lay dark to the north and the west
But the day's dying glories made sure I was blessed

The sun was just setting, transforming the skies
The glories of heaven amazing my eyes
My heart overflowed with thanks to the One
Who ruled over people, the earth and the sun
I was on the right road, there was no further doubt
A complete transformation from when I wandered out
There were troubles a-plenty I had to pass through
But the assurance of grace they could never undo

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Masters of the universe

*You're the masters of the universe; you're the rulers of the skies
For the good of all the earth, you're so helpful and so wise*

While people die in Syria, in Yemen and Myanmar
You look for life outside this world, on a planet or a star
On Mars you look for microbes to confirm your pet belief
While real germs on earth bring misery and grief

*You're the masters of the universe; you're the rulers of the skies
For the good of all the earth, you're so helpful and so wise*

You pour billions into empty space while the world is full of need
And billions more in armaments for human power and greed
You protect the tusks of elephants and the offspring of the whale
While you kill unborn children, so helpless and so frail

*You're the masters of the universe, the rulers of the earth
You know the price of everything, but never what it's worth*

On immigrants and refugees you blame your country's woes
While you celebrate the birth of One who was wrapped in swaddling clothes
Who was laid in a cattle trough, for they had no room for him
And a refugee in Egypt on a murderous tyrant's whim

*You're the masters of the universe, the captains of your souls
But you never ask yourselves for whom the bell tolls*

You talk of child protection, but it doesn't really fit
When you say to every child she can be him or her or it
It's best that every child should have a father and a mother
But your shibboleths ensure it can be either/or, or other

*You're the masters of the universe, the agents of doublethink
You can't tolerate the rebels and those who're out of sync*

We've got freedom of speech just as long as we agree with you
You're neutral and objective, you want your cake and eat it too
You say that faith's irrational, with no evidence or proof
But you've got faith in yourself, you think you're bulletproof

*You're the masters of the universe, the people's thought police
Till everyone is brainwashed, your work will never cease*

You say my thoughts are just produced by atoms in my brain
And so there's no reason to believe what I maintain
But if that's the case, then your idea originates just the same
So no reason to believe it; I'm free from your little game

*You're the masters of the universe, the scientists of illusion
You're the prophets of future and the makers of confusion*

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The twilight of the gods

Finn left his northern home, when he was just eighteen
A student he would be, it was his only dream
One gift his mother gave, a book both old and black
You know what's right she said, just never you turn back
Inside she wrote the words he read as words of truth
Remember your Creator in the days of youth
He saw his home grow small in the mirror of the car
The people left behind who knew that he'd go far

But he couldn't see the sky in the grey and dirty town
The bright lights of the city were doomed to drag him down
It was there he met Suzanne, she was lovely, dark and sweet
They never were apart, with her he felt complete
She knew that he was gentle and loving, strong and kind
But a dark side to his soul would leave her far behind
Philosophy and science meant that God was dead
For so their tutor taught them, and this is what he said:

*It's the twilight of the gods, as Friedrich Nietzsche said
The strong will rule the weak, divinity is dead
Belief in God's a drug, as Marx and Engels said
You are what you produce, humanity is dead
Survival of the fittest, is what Charles Darwin said
We're all just selfish genes, and charity is dead
If God does not exist, as Dostoyevsky said
Then everything's allowed, morality is dead*

It was a revelation, and no matter how he fought
It wormed its way inside him and captured every thought
At first it opened doors and made him bold and free
He could hold his drink when others could barely see
But soon a cruel streak developed in his soul
An arrogance and pride began to take its toll
He deeply hurt Suzanne, refused to take the blame
Sunk down into a spiral of hopelessness and shame

Suzanne, she needed comfort and their tutor was on hand
Sophisticated, suave, and although she hadn't planned
To get involved with him, it happened all the same
It didn't really matter, 'cos life was just a game

One night they held a party and things were going well
Till Finn came on the scene; he looked as mean as hell
The tutor then discovered just what his teaching meant
The wind was knocked clean out of him, and down he went

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Before anyone can move, Finn drags him to the stair
Suzanne she screams, "Please stop! Don't hurt him. I'm so scared"
Some guys leap into action, but then they stand appalled
"Get back", says Finn, "unless... you want to see him fall"
He held his rival's head far out over the rail
"For God's sake, Finn!" he screamed, his face was deathly pale
"But God does not exist, so nothing is a sin
But you'll say anything just to save your skin"

Suzanne she was in tears as she pleaded for Finn to stop
"This is all so wrong; you're not going to let him drop"
"But right and wrong are old; we're younger than that now
We make the rules we want, there is no sacred cow"
"O Finn, it's just a game, philosophy's not real
Everything is not allowed", she made her last appeal
"So maybe God exists" he said and slowly turned away
He stumbled down the stairs, and took the narrow way

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Into the light

You wandered the hills and you reached for the skies
You loved the high places where the eagle flies
You ran from the school, the restrictions and law
You looked down on the world with wonder and awe

Flying high, with undaunted heart, into the light
Flying high, with undaunted heart, into the light

As a boy you surely set the heather on fire
But God lit a fire that would burn even higher
The fire and the wind of the Spirit of Life
He led you from darkness through sneering and strife

Flying high, with undaunted heart, into the light
Flying high, with undaunted heart, into the light

The school and the college were never for you
Algebra and Latin - you hadn't a clue
But a college of life was the garage in Kyle
And its education proved really worthwhile

Flying high, with undaunted heart, into the light
Flying high, with undaunted heart, into the light

Your love of cars started at a very young age
But wrecking a Buick was only a stage
You drove them, you fixed them, you sold them near and far
There wasn't a preacher anywhere who didn't have your car

Flying high, with undaunted heart, into the light
Flying high, with undaunted heart, into the light

But travelling by road was really too slow
So you took to the air where the wild winds blow
To remote Highland village, to island and to town
You took the good news of the cross and the crown

Flying high, with undaunted heart, into the light
Flying high, with undaunted heart, into the light

A heart for revival, compassion for the lost
You realised your vision, no matter what the cost
A new church in Stirling – they said it was a dream
But you made the dream come true, you swam against the stream

Flying high, with undaunted heart, into the light
Flying high, with undaunted heart, into the light

And now you face another fight, with weakness and disease
But in your heart of hearts you know the One who holds the keys
He shuts and no man opens, he opens and no man shuts
He paid the price of freedom; there are no ifs or buts

Flying high, with undaunted heart, into the light
Flying high, with undaunted heart, into the light

You may take the high road and I may take the low
You may be there before me; it may be fast or slow
But one thing's surely certain – we'll meet high above
Where Jesus will receive us and hold us in his love

Flying high, with undaunted heart, into the light
Flying high, with undaunted heart, into the light

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