



The Man Comes Around

And I heard, as it were, the noise of thunder
One of the four beasts saying, "Come and
see." and I saw
And behold, a white horse

There's a man goin' 'round takin' names
And he decides who to free and who to blame
Everybody won't be treated all the same
There'll be a golden ladder reaching down
When the man comes around

The hairs on your arm will stand up
At the terror in each sip and in each sup
Will you partake of that last offered cup
Or disappear into the potter's ground
When the man comes around

Hear the trumpets, hear the pipers
One hundred million angels singin'
Multitudes are marchin' to the big kettle drum
Voices callin', voices cryin'
Some are born and some are dyin'
It's alpha and omega's kingdom come

And the whirlwind is in the thorn tree
The virgins are all trimming their wicks
The whirlwind is in the thorn tree
It's hard for thee to kick against the pricks

Till Armageddon, no shalam, no shalom
Then the father hen will call his chickens home
The wise men will bow down before the throne
And at his feet, they'll cast their golden crowns
When the man comes around

Whoever is unjust, let him be unjust still
Whoever is righteous, let him be righteous still
Whoever is filthy, let him be filthy still
Listen to the words long written down
When the man comes around

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In measured hundredweight and penny pound
When the man comes around

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