

John the Revelator (Boosta Edit)

Depeche Mode

John the Revelator put him in an elevator
Take him up to the highest high
Take him up to the top where the mountains stop
Let him tell his book of lies John the Revelator he's a smooth operator
It's time we cut him down to size
Take him by the hand
And put him on the stand
Let us hear his alibis By claiming God as his holy right
He's stealing a God from the Israelite
Stealing a God from a Muslim, too
There is only one God through and through
Seven lies, multiplied by seven
Multiplied by seven again
Seven angels with seven trumpets
Send them home on the morning train Well who's that shouting? John the Revelator
All he ever gives us is pain
Well who's that shouting? John the Revelator
He should bow his head in shame By and by, by and by
By and by, by and by Seven lies, multiplied by seven
Multiplied by seven again
Seven angels with seven trumpets
Send them home on the morning train
Well who's that shouting? John the Revelator
All he ever gives us is pain
Well who's that shouting? John the Revelator
He should bow his head in shame
By and by, by and by, John the Revelator
By and by, John the Revelator
By and by, John the Revelator

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