

Praying to the Aliens

Gary Numan & The Tubeway Army

Listen to my voice.
We are gathered here today
To speak of things we have to do,
And the friends we have to call,
From the middle ground,
From the darkness. It's been many years,
Many years,
Since we have faced a danger such as this.
There is nowhere left to hide.
No safety in old glories.
No sanctuary. I've seen the same nightmare in all our dreams,
But now it's come to earth in search of us,
And through treachery, we are found.
So we must pray to the maker of all things,
And wait for the storm to come.
Maker
We are disciples to your desire.
Maker
We are the voices that sing your praises.
Maker
We are the rage that feeds your devotion.
Maker
Rise from the ground and be our salvation.

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