

# CYCLES

PF Lazor

PF Lazor

G D7

1. Life goes on in its cy - cles,  
 2. Some ask why must it be so?  
 3. All our work is a grave - yard,  
 4. How man - y cy - cles will be played out?  
 5. Our King of kings will break the great de - ceiv - ers,  
 6. Though all of our work is now a grave - yard,

G

Man de - stroys in his tri - fles, The  
 Tares in the wheat en - e - mies sow. In -  
 Fruits of lives of mil - lions who but slave hard, Ev -  
 En - t'ring on - ly to find we should have stayed out, of  
 Pied Pi - pers who led a - stray be - liev - ers, and  
 Fruits of lives of mil - lions who but slave hard. Our

Em D7

whole world is fall - ing 'neath his ri - fles, blast - ing  
 - vis - i - ble but fa - tal where e'er we go; The bleat - ing  
 - er - y dream a shat - tered, scat - tered clay shard; All part  
 ev - 'ry scheme to ex - pe - dite, a new de - layed route; While  
 mas - sa - cred His sent rem - nant re - triev - ers in the  
 ev - 'ry dream a scat - tered, shat - tered clay shard, it's all

G

through the heart of Yah - weh's grand cre - a - tion.  
 sheep are blind, the shep - herds left their sta - tion.  
 of the Pot - ter's plan to wake His na - tion.  
 life it - self is dished out in small ra - tion.  
 caul - dron of His com - ing con - fla - gra - tion.  
 part of the Pot - ter's plan to save our na - tion!

(Short turnaround after every verse, except before instrumentals. Instrumental after verse 2. Then one after vs.5, [Great, Dramatic! Double Length, plus] Repeat vs. 3, with modification Ritard final vs., almost spoken music almost totally subdued Instrumental of final line, then full instrumental, to fade out