



Key Notes

Evil, Evil, Evil

I have no reason to believe there will be music in hell. No one will feel like singing in a land where love is banished and hope is non-existent. However, I have a fertile (morbid?) imagination. Sometimes it takes me places where others fear to tread! Let me paint a picture of what a worship service in hell might look like as the damned join in chorus with demons singing praise to Satan in all his triune ugliness.

Evil, evil, evil! Majesty infernal,
Late at night we sing your might and lift our voice to thee.
Dragon, Beast, False Prophet, blasphemous and vulgar,
Perfect in darkness, cursèd trinity.

Evil, evil, evil! All the damned will fear thee,
Giving thee begrudgingly their life and liberty.
Bowing down in terror, at your voice they tremble
Chained by their passions, for their hope is gone.

Evil, evil, evil! Mystery enfolds thee
In your triune ugliness we see your awful plan.
Dragon, Beast, False Prophet, one you stand together,
United in purpose: war against the Lamb.

Evil, evil, evil! Though we are in torment
Yet we'll praise you all our days and serve you, Anti-Christ.
We will do your bidding, though it's our undoing,
We've made our choice and now we pay the price.

Evil, evil, evil! Is there none to rescue
We who've lost our sanity and dignity and worth?
When on earth we wandered, other options pondered.
Why, why were we deaf to hear the Gospel call?

Evil, evil, evil! Counterfeit in beauty,
Once we had another choice; we really should have known.
Here we pine in anguish, in these flames we languish,
We're only reaping what our lives have sown.

Evil, evil, evil! You we choose to worship
Though you hate us, though we know
the things you say untrue.
Yet we'll serve our master, though we loathe his presence,
Here in this darkness, getting what's our due.

Pastor Stan