

American pie in 2016

A long, long, time ago
I can still remember how
that music used to set me free

Long before our past was rewritten
Americans sang the songs of hope,
Faith and Love to the God above,
And they even made some of the people cry

And I knew if I had my chance
that I could restore that sacred dance
And it would set the people free

But next February will make you shiver
As every judgment that God delivers
will bring bad news on your doorstep
Americans won't take one more step

I can remember how I cried
When I read about his ruined bride
The Spirit of God touched me deep inside
The day the righteous music died

So now its time, to say Goodbye
Bye, bye to Miss America Pie
You can drive your Chevy to the levee
But the churches are all dry
And the pastors are just good ole boys
Getting drunk on their whiskey and rye
Singin' this will be the year that I die
This'll be the year that I die

Did you ever read the book of love?
The one God wrote from above?
Do you know that the Bible is the only truth?
So don't be fooled by the Christian rock

For satanic music can't ever save your mortal soul

Well, I know that some of you are in love with him
Cause I saw you dancing in the gym
You both kicked off your shoes
And now you'll learn the reason
All of his lovers have to sing the blues

I was a holy teenage Jesus freak
And the only thing I would ever seek
Was to hear his voice so clearly in my ear

As I walked in His love I learned of his fear
But I knew the truth in my heart even way back then
the American church had run out of luck on
the day the righteous music died
So I started singin'
Bye, bye Miss American Pie
You can drive your Chevy to the levee
But the American churches are all dry
And the pastors are all just good ole boys
Getting drunk on their whiskey and rye
Singin' this will be the year that I die
This'll be the year that I die

In the coming years
you will all be on your own
Best to leave the broken down cities soon
For they are not a home
But that's not how it used to be ...

But now you must find your way
through a desolate wilderness
but always know you're not alone
for if you remain true to him,
He'll always walk close with you.

But now the jester sings for your king and queen
In a coat he borrowed from James Dean

In a voice that came right out of hell
Yet He promised you, all will be well

While we were looking for the America dream
The jester stole our freedom and our Christian crown
And so the courtroom in heaven has now adjourned
The final verdict will now be returned

And while our children are taught from a book by Marx
The false teachers prophesy in the park
And the children of Belial sing dirges in the dark
For this is the year in which America died,
Yes this is the year they will remember America died...
So lets all start singin'

Bye, bye Miss American Pie
You can drive your Chevy to the levee
But the churches are all dry
And all of the pastors are all just good ole boys
They might as well drink their whiskey and rye
For this will be the year that they all die
This'll be the year that they all die

Helter skelter is coming soon
Even though we once walked the moon
And in the heat of next summer's swelter
Americans will watch as their cities burn ...

But Americans don't even have a fallout shelter
Eight miles high will be the blast
And then the fallout will be falling fast
turning our land so foul that it will kill the grass
As the pretenders try another forward pass

While the jester on the sidelines, he just laughs
With his face disguised, he wears a pastor's robe,
Now that all of the Charasmagic spells are cast
But nobody even cared they won't last ...
The spirit of God forsook that show

So many, many years ago,
on the day the holy music died

Now the half-time air has sweet perfume
While patriots play their marching tune
but the day of reckoning is still coming soon

And as all the people get up to dance
They are all shocked to learn
they will never get another chance
'Cause as the men of God tried to take the field
The false worship band refused to yield
Do you recall what was revealed
The day the righteous music died?
Oh, and now we're all in the same place
Our generation is so lost in space
With no time left to even try again

So America must now pay for all her sin
As sorrow fills her eyes, they slowly dim
The Jester's promises were all just lies
We will soon learn we traded our birthright
For a cheap disguise, but never mind

So come on, Jack be nimble, Jack be quick
The witches are burned by their candlestick
'Cause this fallen nation we once knew
is now the devil's only friend

Oh and as I watched him prancing on the stage
My hands were clenched in fists of rage
Only an angels born in Hell
would dare to invoke Satan's spell

As the flames climbed higher into the night
They light the sacrificial rite
And I saw Satan laughing with delight
The day the righteous music died

I met a girl who once sang the blues
I asked her for some happy news
She just smiled and as she turned away
I thought I heard her try to say
I have to raise a remnant for my King.

So I went back down to the sacred store
Where I'd heard the righteous music
many years before but the man there said
the sacred music will no longer play

And in the streets of America
the children will scream
The lovers shall all cry
while the poets still dream

But not one word of truth is spoken
For the church bells are all now broken
America threw away God's Holy Word
The seeds of truth all stolen by the birds

Now in Babylon there is never a holy night
While the people pretend that it's all right
And now Jesus' name cannot even be spoken
For our holy vows have all been broken

And America thought we were just playing a game,
And that somehow we could choose all this sin,
And follow the devil and yet only win

Now America's churches all empty out
They will breathe their last sigh without a shout
For the word of God is no longer welcome here
And our nation has forgotten his holy fear.

Now prosperity is their only thought
As the lies of the Joker have all been bought
And in our land they only curse his name
And in their sin, they have no shame

And all the people are fast sleep
With spells so strong they can't be woken
Yet one day they find all is broken
So now everyone is so confused
Ever since the day the music died.

And the one man who I admire most
The Father's son, who came filled with the Holy Ghost
He has prepared a last train and it's headed for the coast
To save his remnant on that day,
the day the righteous music died
Songwriter: MCLEAN, DON

Revised Lyrics written on December 31, 2015
On the eve of the year in which the music in America will
finally die.

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Balance of Power in the Final Days of Peace is available
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