

THEO PARKE

ALL THINGS NEW

SONGBOOK

Complete Lyrics · 12 Tracks · 2026

PART III OF THE STORY · THE JUDGEMENT AND THE NEW WORLD

About the album

After the fire comes the silence. All Things New begins where End of Satanic World ends: in the ashes after the last great battle of Gog and Magog, when no banner is left standing and the sky seems to have forgotten the people below.

Through the ruins walks a child in a white cloak – the same quiet figure who has been there all along, unnoticed. When the great white throne appears and stays empty, it is this child who climbs the steps. The books are opened, the old men who played chess with living soldiers kneel, the sea gives up its dead, and every soul has to answer a single question: who are you when the crowns fall?

Musically, the third part opens a new sound: cinematic symphonic rock in which the orchestra leads and the band carries, a husky narrator's baritone, a boy soprano as the voice of the child and great choirs. From song eight on, with "Behold, I Make All Things New", the music returns to the 432 Hz tuning of Millennium – the new creation can be heard.

The end is not a battle but a river: clear as glass, flowing from the throne through the old battlefield, with a tree whose leaves heal the nations. The child lays down the crown. No one rules any more – and everyone is crowned.

As an encore, the title track "All Things New" tells the whole rock opera in seven minutes – from the year 76 to the new heaven: the hardest song of the trilogy, ending with the child's voice alone.

TRACKLIST

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THE CROWN CYCLE

The story

There are stories one tells, and stories that tell the one who hears them. This is a story of the second kind. It begins in AD 76 on a battlefield no one wishes to defend any longer, and it ends at a river that springs from a throne. Between the two lie a thousand years of peace, a brief season of seduction, a world that sells its angels, and a last war between two crowns as alike as the two faces of a single coin.

Through all the ages walks a figure hardly anyone notices: small, in a white cloak, with empty hands. At the beginning it stands beside a wounded woman; it walks through the ruins while the powerful are already drawing up new plans; and at the end it climbs the steps of a throne on which no king was able to sit.

This is The Crown Cycle. Three parts, one question. Whoever hears it can never again let it go: Who are you when the crowns fall?

PART III · ALL THINGS NEW

The third part begins in the silence after the fire. No flag still stands, no siren wails, and heaven seems to have forgotten humankind. Then a great white throne appears – and it remains empty. No victor, no commander, no banker can ascend it. Only when the crowd parts does the child in the white cloak climb the steps. It opens the books, the old men kneel before it, the sea gives up the dead which are in it, and every human being must answer a single question. Then the serpent sinks into the lake of fire, the first heaven passes away, and God makes all things new. The story does not end with a victory, but with a river.

TRACK 01

After the Fire

Words and music: Theo Parke · 5:27

THE SCENE

Afterwards. No more sirens, no more drums. Only ash, as far as the eye can see, and a river flowing grey across the plain. Every banner has burned down to the last thread, every king lies among the dead. The stars stand in the sky, but they seem far away, as though heaven had forgotten that people once lived down here.

The few survivors wander about in silence. The stillness has a sound, like a heartbeat beneath the earth. A broken crown lies in the clay. No one dares to pick it up. People step around it, the way one steps around a snake.

On a stone by the path sits a woman, counting the names of those she has lost. She remembers stories from long ago – of towers that were built, of rain that was sold, of words like freedom and profit that were used for so long that they no longer meant anything. Each of those words, she thinks, is written down somewhere, in black and in red.

Through the night walks a child in a white cloak. It does not speak, it does not weep. It walks past the living and the dying, and no one notices it.

— Intro —

VERSE 1

No more sirens, no more drums,
just the ash where the river runs.
Every banner burned to thread,
every king among the dead.
I count the stars, but none are near –
the sky forgot that we were here.

PRE-CHORUS

And the silence has a sound,
like a heartbeat underground.

CHORUS

After the fire, after the flame,
who will remember any name?
After the war that nobody won,
we wait in the dark for a different sun.

VERSE 2

There's a crown lying cracked in the clay,
and no one dares to lift it away.
There's a child in a cloak of white
walking slowly through the night –
never speaking, never crying,
past the living and the dying.

PRE-CHORUS

And the silence has a sound,
like a heartbeat underground.

CHORUS

After the fire, after the flame,
who will remember any name?
After the war that nobody won,
we wait in the dark for a different sun.

BRIDGE

We built the towers, we sold the rain,
we called it freedom, we called it gain –
and every word we ever said
is written somewhere, black and red.

FINAL CHORUS

After the fire, after the flame,
who will remember any name?
After the war that nobody won,
we wait in the dark for a different sun.

OUTRO

Ah…

TRACK 02

A Child Upon the Throne

Words and music: Theo Parke · 4:33

THE SCENE

In the morning a throne stands on the plain. No one built it, no one saw it come. It is great, and so white that it burns the darkness out of the night, and from its light the earth and the heaven flee away. The survivors come from every direction and stop at a wide distance.

The throne is empty.

First the powerful step forward, those who remain. A general in a torn uniform climbs the first step and gets no further, as if held back by an invisible hand. A banker tries, a prince, a prophet with shining eyes. None of them reaches the seat. No crown and no sword can buy it.

Who is worthy?, the crowd whispers. Then it begins to part, though no one commands it. Through the opening comes the child in the white cloak, small and quiet, without soldiers, without a ring, without a word. You looked for me in palaces, its gaze seems to say; you looked for me in war – I stood among the little ones you never waited for. Then it climbs the steps, sits down, and the throne shines.

— Intro —

VERSE 1

Then I saw a throne so white
it burned the darkness out of night,
and the earth and heaven fled
from the light that it had shed.
No one sat upon its stone –
an empty seat, a waiting throne.

PRE-CHORUS

Who is worthy? Who will rise?
Who can look into these eyes?

CHORUS

Empty throne, empty throne,
all the mighty turned to stone.
Every crown and every sword
cannot buy the seat of the Lord.

VERSE 2

Then the crowd began to part,
something trembled in my heart:
small and quiet, cloak of white,
the child was walking into light.
Not a soldier, not a king,
not a word and not a ring.

PRE-CHORUS

Who is worthy? Who will rise?
Who can look into these eyes?

BRIDGE

You looked for me in palaces,
you looked for me in war –
I stood among the little ones
you never waited for.

FINAL CHORUS

A child upon the throne,
the smallest and the last,
holding all the books of time,
the future and the past.
A child upon the throne,
and every knee shall bend –
the one we never noticed
is the one who sees the end.

— Outro —

TRACK 03

The Books Were Opened

Words and music: Theo Parke · 4:32

THE SCENE

The child on the throne raises its hand, and books are brought. Countless books, bound in leather, so old that their pages smell of dust and incense. No one knows who wrote them. The script within is even and calm, written by a hand that does not age.

The child opens the first book. In it stands every promise ever made – the kept and the broken. Every coin that ever changed hands, and what it was spent on. Every truth that was kept silent because it was inconvenient. Every song a child sang when no one was listening.

The people on the plain freeze. They see their own names on the pages, and beside each name a story they had long forgotten or wished to forget. A man who thought himself righteous finds a lie he told forty years ago. A woman who thought herself insignificant finds a page full of small, good deeds that she herself no longer remembers.

Nothing has been lost. Nothing is forgotten. The books are opened, and no one can close them again.

— Intro —

VERSE 1

Every promise that you broke,
every truth you never spoke,
every coin and every deal,
every wound you would not heal –
it was written, page by page,
in a hand that does not age.

PRE-CHORUS

And the pages turn like wings
for the beggars and the kings.

CHORUS

The books were opened, one by one,
nothing hidden under the sun.
The books were opened, line by line,
every heart and every sign.
(Who will stand? Who will fall?)
The child is reading, reading all.

VERSE 2

The old men smiled behind their glass,
they thought the reckoning would pass.
They bought the papers, bought the news,
they wrote the rules they couldn't lose.
But ink is patient, ink is slow,
and ink remembers what you know.

PRE-CHORUS

And the pages turn like wings
for the beggars and the kings.

CHORUS

The books were opened, one by one,
nothing hidden under the sun.
The books were opened, line by line,
every heart and every sign.
(Who will stand? Who will fall?)
The child is reading, reading all.

BRIDGE

Here is the bread you didn't share.
Here is the child you left out there.
Here is the hand you did not hold.
Here is the truth you never told.

— Instrumental —

FINAL CHORUS

The books were opened, one by one,
nothing hidden under the sun.
The books were opened, line by line,
every heart and every sign.
(Who will stand? Who will fall?)
The child is reading, reading all.

— Outro —

TRACK 04

The Old Men Kneel

Words and music: Theo Parke · 4:12

THE SCENE

Before the throne the old men gather. The generals, the bankers, the presidents, the strategists – all who once moved the pieces on the great board. They still wear their badges and medals, but the metal has grown dull, and their hands tremble.

All their lives they made decisions whose consequences others had to bear. In halls with good wine they spoke of divisions as if of numbers. And now they stand before a child they have never seen, because they never looked where the children are.

One after another they fall to their knees. Not because they are forced to. But because in the child's eyes they see everything they have done, and can no longer bear to remain standing.

Behind them stand the farmers, the soldiers, the mothers, the workers – the small pieces that were always sacrificed first. They stand upright. For the first time in the history of the world the board has been turned. The pawns stand at the front, and the kings kneel in the dust.

— Intro —

VERSE 1

They came in coats of medal-light,
the men who ran the war by night,
the bankers with their silver pens,
the generals and their chess-board friends.
They straightened ties, they cleared their throats,
they had their speeches and their notes.

PRE-CHORUS

We were only keeping order,
we were only drawing borders…

CHORUS

And the old men kneel, the old men kneel
before a child they never saw.
The hands that moved the pieces
are shaking on the floor.
The old men kneel, the old men kneel
where all the young ones bled –
the board is turned, the game is done,
the pawns stand at the head.

VERSE 2

There was one who sang it loud and proud:
"I will never kneel again!"
He threw his thunder at the crowd,
he swore it to his fallen men.
Now he trembles in the light –
his knees are in the ash tonight.

PRE-CHORUS

We were only keeping order,
we were only drawing borders…

CHORUS

And the old men kneel, the old men kneel
before a child they never saw.
The hands that moved the pieces
are shaking on the floor.
The old men kneel, the old men kneel
where all the young ones bled –
the board is turned, the game is done,
the pawns stand at the head.

BRIDGE

You played your chess with living men,
you sent the young to feed the flame.
Now here's the board. Now count again –
and tell me every pawn by name.

FINAL CHORUS

And the old men kneel, the old men kneel
before a child they never saw.
The hands that moved the pieces
are shaking on the floor.
The old men kneel, the old men kneel
where all the young ones bled –
the board is turned, the game is done,
the pawns stand at the head.

— Outro —

TRACK 05

The Sea Gave Up Its Dead

Words and music: Theo Parke · 4:32

THE SCENE

A roar comes in from the sea, louder than any storm. The waves draw back, and from the deep the dead arise. Sailors who went down in storms and sea battles. Refugees whose boats no one counted. Fishermen whose names only their widows knew. They come ashore, dripping, astonished, and walk towards the throne.

The earth, too, gives up its dead. From the fields full of poppies, beneath which whole regiments lie, the soldiers of every war arise, in the uniforms of every land, and stand side by side as though they had never fought one another. From the ruins come the mothers who tried to shield their children. From the camps come those whose names someone wanted to erase.

Every name that someone wanted to bury has a voice again. And none of these voices speaks of revenge. They take their places quietly before the throne and wait, like everyone else, for the same question. The living look into their faces and recognise grandfathers, neighbours, strangers, enemies. For the first time the multitude before the throne is complete.

— Intro —

VERSE 1

From the deep beneath the water,
from the fields where poppies grow,
from the trenches and the ruins,
from the cities under snow,
came the sailors and the soldiers,
came the ones we used to know.

PRE-CHORUS

And the sea gave up its dead,
and the earth gave up its own…

CHORUS

We are awake, we are awake,
out of the water, out of the clay.
Every name you tried to bury
has a voice again today.
We are awake, we are awake,
and the night has lost its hold –
every story that you silenced
is the story to be told.

VERSE 2

There's the mother with no children –
see, her children found her hand.
There's the soldier with no war now,
laying down his rusted brand.
There's the poet who was voiceless,
and he sings and understands.

PRE-CHORUS

And the sea gave up its dead,
and the earth gave up its own…

CHORUS

We are awake, we are awake,
out of the water, out of the clay.
Every name you tried to bury
has a voice again today.
We are awake, we are awake,
and the night has lost its hold –
every story that you silenced
is the story to be told.

BRIDGE

(We were you!) Once we cheered!
(We are here!) Now the truth is clear!
(We were you!) Once we cheered!
(We are here!) Now the truth is clear!

FINAL CHORUS

We are awake, we are awake,
out of the water, out of the clay.
Every name you tried to bury
has a voice again today.

— Outro —

TRACK 06

Who Are You When the Crowns Fall?

Words and music: Theo Parke · 4:03

THE SCENE

Then the child speaks. Its voice is quiet, yet everyone on the plain hears it as though it were standing right beside them.

It does not ask about gold. It does not ask about flags, nor titles, nor victories, nor the religion, the party, or the country anyone fought for. It does not ask how much anyone possessed or how many obeyed them. It asks each person only one single question.

Who are you when the crowns fall?

The general searches for his rank and finds nothing beneath it. The banker searches for his fortune and finds an empty space. The prophet searches for his words and finds them hollow. But the woman who sat at the edge counting names answers without hesitation: I loved the ones I lost. An old farmer says: I planted trees. A boy says: I sang the song.

And it dawns on all of them that this question was always there. It had been asked in every moment of their lives, at every table, at every crossroads, with every crown they were ever offered. Now it only has to be answered.

— Intro —

VERSE 1

I will not ask about your gold,
I will not ask how high you rose,
I will not ask what flags you held
or who you called your friends or foes.
I only ask the smallest thing,
the thing that none can buy or sell:

CHORUS

Who are you when the crowns fall?
Who are you when the walls are gone,
when there's no one left to follow
and no one left to lean upon?
Who are you when the crowns fall –
not the title, not the name?
Who are you when the crowns fall?
Who were you before the flame?

VERSE 2

I was a soldier, I was proud,
I was a voice above the crowd.
I was a father and a son,
I was a hero to someone.
I wore each mask the people gave –
and lost my face inside the grave.

CHORUS

Who are you when the crowns fall?
Who are you when the walls are gone,
when there's no one left to follow
and no one left to lean upon?
Who are you when the crowns fall –
not the title, not the name?
Who are you when the crowns fall?
Who were you before the flame?

BRIDGE

(You sang: who will judge us?) Every one of us!
(You sang: who will save us?) Look around – it's us!
(Then look around and tell me true:)
Who are you? Who are you?

FINAL CHORUS

Who are you when the crowns fall?
Who are you when the walls are gone,
when there's no one left to follow
and no one left to lean upon?
Who are you when the crowns fall –
not the title, not the name?
Who are you when the crowns fall?
Who were you before the flame?

OUTRO

Who are you…

TRACK 07

Lake of Fire

Words and music: Theo Parke · 3:59

THE SCENE

At the edge of the plain a sea of fire opens. It burns without wood and without smoke, and its heat is so fierce that no one can come within a hundred paces of it.

First the serpent is cast into it. The ancient creature that slept a thousand years beneath paradise and then seduced a world. It writhes, it hisses, it speaks with a thousand voices, with the voices of all who ever listened to it. Then it sinks.

After it goes the beast with many faces – and when the people look more closely, they recognise their own faces among them. After it goes the prophet of the screens, who told them what to think. After them go the crowns: the golden one, the iron one, the one bent from a bottle cap, every last stolen crown in the history of the world. They melt like wax.

And as the last fire dies, the people on the plain feel something they have never known. The fear that was given to them – of want, of the stranger, of the end – lets go. They breathe as though they had been holding their breath their whole lives long.

INTRO

Ecce finis… ecce finis…

VERSE 1

It came to us in velvet,
it came in silver speech,
it promised us a heaven
just a little out of reach.
It never needed doorways,
it never forced a lock –
we opened every window
and we turned back every clock.

CHORUS

Into the lake of fire,
into the deep and down –
the father of all liars
and every stolen crown.
The serpent breathes no longer,
the chains will never wear –
into the lake of fire,
and nothing follows there.

VERSE 2

The beast that wore our faces,
the prophet on the screen,
the voice that sold us hunger
and called the hunger clean –
they burn like empty paper,
they fall like broken stone,
and all the fear they gave us
is leaving us alone.

CHORUS

Into the lake of fire,
into the deep and down –
the father of all liars
and every stolen crown.
The serpent breathes no longer,
the chains will never wear –
into the lake of fire,
and nothing follows there.

BRIDGE

No one was ever taken
who did not choose the door.
I called you every morning,
a thousand years and more.

FINAL CHORUS

Into the lake of fire,
into the deep and down –
the father of all liars
and every stolen crown.
The serpent breathes no longer,
the chains will never wear –
into the lake of fire,
and nothing follows there.

— Outro —

TRACK 08

Behold, I Make All Things New

Words and music: Theo Parke · 4:32

THE SCENE

Silence. A silence such as there has not been since the beginning of the world. No wind, no breath, no heartbeat. The people on the plain dare not move.

Then a single tone sounds. It is pure and deep, and it seems to come from every direction at once – from the ground, from the air, from within one's own chest. The child on the throne rises and speaks the words that have waited for millennia to be spoken: Behold, I make all things new.

The first heaven passes away like a picture rolled up as a scroll. The old earth, with its scars and trenches and borders, fades. Light breaks forth, not like a sunrise, but like a beginning. And with the light the music returns – in the tuning it had in the thousand-year kingdom, 432 Hz, the sound of the first creation, which now becomes the sound of the new.

The woman who counted the names hears it and weeps. She knows this sound. It is the sound of the song her grandmother hummed to her, and her grandmother's grandmother before that, for a thousand years.

— Intro —

BOY SOPRANO, WHISPERED

Behold…

VERSE 1

The first heaven passed away,
the first earth was gone like a dream,
and the sea that swallowed the sailors
lay dry as a forgotten stream.
And out of the silence a voice so small
I almost missed it – and it held it all.

PRE-CHORUS

Lift your eyes, the night is through,
lift your eyes and see it too…

CHORUS

Behold, I make all things new –
the earth, the sky, the morning dew,
the broken heart, the bended knee,
the one you were, the one you'll be.
Behold, I make all things new –
not bought, not built, but given to you.

VERSE 2

We sang it once: the world's reborn,
we sang it on a morning torn
from war and ash – we built it high,
we built a heaven to the sky.
It fell because we built alone.
Now light is coming from the throne.

PRE-CHORUS

Lift your eyes, the night is through,
lift your eyes and see it too…

CHORUS

Behold, I make all things new –
the earth, the sky, the morning dew,
the broken heart, the bended knee,
the one you were, the one you'll be.
Behold, I make all things new –
not bought, not built, but given to you.

— Instrumental —

FINAL CHORUS

Behold, I make all things new –
the earth, the sky, the morning dew,
the broken heart, the bended knee,
the one you were, the one you'll be.
Behold, I make all things new –
not bought, not built, but given to you.

— Outro —

TRACK 09

New Jerusalem

Words and music: Theo Parke · 3:41

THE SCENE

Out of the light a city comes down. It descends out of heaven like a bride adorned for her husband, and it is so beautiful that no one can find the right words. Its walls shine like precious stones; its streets are of gold, clear as glass. No human hand has hewn a single stone of this city; no slave has built it.

It is no fortress. It has no castle, no palace, no throne room for a king. It has not even a temple, for God himself dwells within it. It has no need of the sun nor of the moon, for the light and the child are one.

Its gates are of pearl, twelve in number, and they are never shut – neither by day nor by night, for there is no night there. There are no walls to keep strangers out, no guards, no tolls, no lists.

Then the choirs call, and their call goes out across the whole plain, over all peoples, all tongues, all who have ever lived: Come in! And the people set out, slowly at first, then faster, an endless stream towards the open gates.

— Intro —

VERSE 1

I saw a city coming down
like a bride in a wedding gown.
No stone was cut by human hands,
no slave had dragged it through the sands.
The towers we built of mud and pride
lay far behind on the other side.

PRE-CHORUS

(Look up!) There's no need for the sun!
(Look up!) The light and the child are one!

CHORUS

New Jerusalem, coming down,
not a fortress, not a crown,
gates of pearl that never close,
streets of gold where the morning grows.
New Jerusalem, shining bride –
every nation, come inside!

VERSE 2

There is no temple on the hill,
no market selling heaven's will,
no wall to keep the stranger out,
no tower built on fear and doubt.
The gates stand open night and day –
for there is no night to keep away.

PRE-CHORUS

(Look up!) There's no need for the sun!
(Look up!) The light and the child are one!

CHORUS

New Jerusalem, coming down,
not a fortress, not a crown,
gates of pearl that never close,
streets of gold where the morning grows.
New Jerusalem, shining bride –
every nation, come inside!

BRIDGE

No more night and no more graves,
no more kings and no more slaves…

FINAL CHORUS

New Jerusalem, coming down,
not a fortress, not a crown,
gates of pearl that never close,
streets of gold where the morning grows.
New Jerusalem, shining bride –
every nation, come inside!

— Outro —

TRACK 10

No More Tears

Words and music: Theo Parke · 4:32

THE SCENE

At the gate of the city the woman from AD 76 sits in the dust. She is weary, as weary as after a journey of thousands of years, and her face is black with the ash of every war she has seen. She dares not go in.

Then the judge kneels down beside her. The child who sat upon the throne, who opened the books and judged the crowns, kneels with her in the dust and wipes the ash from her face with the sleeve of its white cloak. Slowly, gently, the way a mother does. There shall be no more tears, it says, no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying. The former things are passed away.

And in that moment the woman understands. She sees the small hand touching her face and remembers a morning on a battlefield, smoke and gold and a small figure in a white cloak holding out its hand to her. The stranger in AD 76 – that was you.

The child smiles. It was always there. On the battlefield, at the well, in the ruins, in the back courtyards of the iron world. It was only waiting for someone to look.

— Intro —

VERSE 1

We sang it once with lifted hands,
"no more tears" across the lands,
we shouted it into the sky –
and then we learned again to cry.
A thousand years, a broken vow –
I never thought I'd hear it now.

CHORUS

No more tears, no more crying,
no more death and no more dying,
no more sorrow, no more pain –
the former things will not remain.
Come here, let me dry your eyes:
no more tears, no more goodbyes.

VERSE 2

The child knelt down beside the old,
the hands that shook, the hearts gone cold,
and wiped the ash from every face,
and gave each one a name, a place.
The judge was kneeling in the dust –
and no one spoke, and no one must.

CHORUS

No more tears, no more crying,
no more death and no more dying,
no more sorrow, no more pain –
the former things will not remain.
Come here, let me dry your eyes:
no more tears, no more goodbyes.

BRIDGE

(Alto) Is it over?
(Boy soprano) It is done.
(Alto) Can we stand?
(Boy soprano) Here – take my hand.
(Alto) So it was you, a thousand years ago,
the stranger with the hand held low.

FINAL CHORUS

No more tears, no more crying,
no more death and no more dying,
no more sorrow, no more pain –
the former things will not remain.
Come here, let me dry your eyes:
no more tears, no more goodbyes.

— Outro —

TRACK 11

The River of Life

Words and music: Theo Parke · 4:33

THE SCENE

In the middle of the city a river springs forth. It flows from the throne, clear as glass, and runs through the streets out onto the plain, onto the old battlefield where the armies of Gog and Magog once stood. Wherever it flows, ash turns to earth and earth turns to garden.

On either side of the river grows a tree that bears its fruit every month, and the leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations. The soldiers of every war sit down in its shade. The woman from AD 76 dips her hands into the water. An old man recognises the olive trees on the bank and laughs, because he knows who planted them.

Then the child steps to the water's edge. In its hands it holds the crown that lay in the clay after the last fire, the crown no one would pick up. It washes the blood from it in the clear stream until it gleams. And then it lays it down, in the grass upon the bank.

No one rules anymore. And everyone is crowned.

Somewhere children are singing a simple song that everyone knows. And a voice, very quietly, says to each and every one: You belong to me. You have always belonged to me.

PART I

And he showed me a river, as clear as glass,
flowing out from the throne where the judgement had passed.
It ran through the field where the armies once stood,
through the ash and the iron, through the stone and the wood.
And on either side of the water there grew
a tree with its leaves for the nations, made new.

PART II

Bring me every banner, bring me every gun,
lay them in the river, let the water run!
(Heal them!) Every nation that was led astray!
(Heal them!) Gog and Magog, come home today!
The general and the beggar kneel to drink the same –
the river doesn't ask you for your title or your name!

PART III

And the children sing, and the children sing,
of a world without a crown, of a world without a king…

PART IV

I took the crown out of the clay,
the one you fought for night and day.
I washed the blood off in the stream –
it was only ever a dream.
I lay it down. I lay it down.
Now no one rules – and all are crowned.

PART V

River of life, river of light,
flowing from the throne through the end of the night!
Every nation, every name,
healed by the water, not by the flame!
River of life, run through the land –
heaven on earth from an open hand!
River of life, river of light,
flowing from the throne through the end of the night!
Every nation, every name,
healed by the water, not by the flame!
River of life, run through the land –
heaven on earth from an open hand!

OUTRO

Who are you when the crowns fall?
You are mine.
You were mine all along.

TRACK 12

All Things New

Words and music: Theo Parke · 6:59

THE SCENE

And whoever wishes to hear the whole story once more, in seven minutes, should listen to the title song. It begins with a piano and a boy soprano who sings only one word: Behold. Then it explodes.

It tells of AD 76, of the cold swords and the ploughs, of the oath that no king shall rule again. It tells of the serpent that woke and sold heaven by the hour, of screens of fire and towers of glass, of kings of paper and gods of steel. It tells of the white throne and the child on the steps, of old men kneeling in the light, of every lie standing naked. And of the one question.

In the middle of the song the choirs answer: I was the fire. I was the flame. I was a liar. Call me by name. And then, when the crowns fall: Nothing but love. Born from above.

At the end everyone carries their banners and their weapons to the river and lays them in the water. The bells ring, eighty thousand voices sing the refrain, and then only the child remains, at the piano, singing the last word of the story: New.

INTRO

Ah…

INTERLUDE

Behold…

VERSE 1

Seventy-six, the swords were cold, we hammered iron into ploughs,
we swore an oath on ash and gold: no king will ever rule us now.
A thousand years the garden grew, the children sang it to the sky –
but every paradise we knew was built by hands that learned to lie.

— Explosion —

VERSE 2

Then the serpent woke and smiled, sold us heaven by the hour,
bought the prophets, sold the child, called the hunger freedom, power.
Screens of fire, towers of glass, kings of paper, gods of steel –
and we danced on broken glass and swore that none of it was real!

PRE-CHORUS

Burn it down! (Burn it down!) Every crown! (Every crown!)
Hear the thunder breaking through the ground!

CHORUS

All things new! All things new!
Every chain is breaking through!
From the ashes to the light,
from the longest, darkest night –
every heart and every name
born again out of the flame –
all things new! All things new!
Heaven's coming down for you!

VERSE 3

Then I saw a throne of white, and a child walked up the stair,
old men kneeling in the light, every lie was standing bare.
Not a soldier, not a sword – just a question, soft and true:
when the crowns fall to the floor, tell me, who are you?

PRE-CHORUS

Burn it down! (Burn it down!) Every crown! (Every crown!)
Hear the thunder breaking through the ground!

CHORUS

All things new! All things new!
Every chain is breaking through!
From the ashes to the light,
from the longest, darkest night –
every heart and every name
born again out of the flame –
all things new! All things new!
Heaven's coming down for you!

BRIDGE

(Who are you?) I was the fire!
(Who are you?) I was the flame!
(Who are you?) I was a liar!
(Who are you?) Call me by name!
(Who are you when the crowns fall?) Nothing but love!
(Who are you when the crowns fall?) Born from above!

— Guitar Solo —

BREAKDOWN

Bring me every banner! (New!)
Bring me every gun! (New!)
Lay them in the river! (New!)
Let the water run! (New!)

— Key Change —

FINAL CHORUS

All things new! All things new!
Every chain is breaking through!
From the ashes to the light,
from the longest, darkest night –
every heart and every name
born again out of the flame –
all things new! All things new!
Heaven's coming down for you!
No more night and no more tears,
no more kings and no more fears –
all things new! All things new!
Heaven's coming down for you!

OUTRO

Who are you when the crowns fall?
You are new.
Behold… all things new.

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