

Wrath Upon Ourselves

As I Lay Dying

I can only imagine that wrath is being held out
So there will be time for us to be redeemed

But surely wrath is not being held out
So that we may redeem ourselves
For I have seen the madness of those who died trying

But is regret only a word that the living possess?
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I long to see their faces regardless of the decay
For in the eyes of the deceased

We would see hope in our last day
Inside this dying world
For there is still, for there is still beauty
Inside this dying world

For what good is there holding off wrath
If we are determined to bring wrath upon ourselves
Wrath upon ourselves
To bring wrath upon ourselves

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