

# Thegodmachine: The Rider

Phinehas

Trapped in the trenches  
Overrun by idols  
We've strapped pride to our bones  
And sealed it with our skin  
Looking for a way to beat this system  
We're trading life for a corpse  
Entangled with the dead  
And silenced by our guilt  
We've strapped pride to our bones  
And sealed it with our skin

I've encased myself in a tomb  
With gods as dead as me  
Surrounded by stones  
Of depravity

I'm already dead  
And I'm running out of answers  
Outrunning all the answers  
We want more  
We want more

Every failure leaves me deeper in the ground  
Show me what I've become

Oh, hanging skulls on my branches  
Waist below the earth  
I was a fool of lust  
Since the day of my birth

Oh my love, I haven't let you go  
Golden skies will divide to receive your soul  
Oh my son, you've just begun to grow  
But we've strapped pride to our bones  
And sealed it with our skin

I've encased myself in a tomb  
With gods as dead as me  
Surrounded by stones  
Of depravity  
Turn this tomb to dust

I'm already dead  
Oh my love, I haven't let you go  
Golden skies will divide to receive your soul  
Oh my son, you've just begun to grow  
But we've strapped pride to our bones  
And sealed it with our skin

Oh my God, You never let me go  
Oh my God, You never let me go  
Oh my God, You never let me go  
(As lifeless as statues)  
Oh my God, You never let me go  
(As fleeting as dust in the air)  
Oh my God, You never let me go  
(We've robbed your splendor and replaced it with deceit)

Oh my God, You never let me go  
(Replaced with deceit)  
Oh my God, You never let me go  
(Replaced with ruin)

Show us what you see  
Grace come swiftly  
Show us what you see  
Grace come swiftly  
Show us what you see  
Grace come swiftly  
Show us what you see  
Grace come swiftly  
Show us what you see  
Grace come swiftly  
Show us what you see  
Grace come swiftly

Like the waves upon the shore  
(Grace come swiftly)  
We can't hear you in our hearts anymore  
(Oh God give us rest in you)  
Grace come swiftly and drag the axe further towards me  
(Oh God give us rest in you)  
The Son of man approaches the hollows  
(Oh God give us rest in you)  
He breaks the guilt in one fell swoop  
(Oh God give us rest in you)  
Beheading our treachery  
(Oh God give us rest in you)  
Oh God would you bring a burning downpour of Your, of Your...  
Blood

I can hear the hordes of ghosts  
Screaming in Your choir  
But would Your love make any difference  
In a graveyard

There's no running now  
His thunder shakes the earth  
There will be no trace of betrayal

All creation trembles before You  
As You lift Your hand  
Your will be done