

As I bore for the depths of depravity
A bottomless pit I have found
As I search for the signs of humanity
There will be no ashes around

Will you burn me alive?
Turn my organs to ash
Await my salvation
As bones break like glass

If I empty my guts on the table
Will you sift through and find what you need?
Will you write out the truth with eloquence?
Or smear out a liars decree

Will you burn me alive?
Turn my organs to ash
Await my salvation
As bones break like glass

No cross no thorns
No kings without pawns
No pain no crown
My skin fills with rain
I stare in the eye of the storm

No cross no thorns
No kings without pawns
No pain no crown
My skin fills with rain
I stare in the eye of the storm