

Filthy hands.

Worn and dirty feet. I walk the path of persecution.
Death unfolds before me as I see through tear-filled eyes.
Memories of past regrets all quickly become nothing.
Arms open wide I scream at the sky.

Let this fire burn. Let this fire burn and never die.
For the sake of something I won't see with my own eyes. Let this fire burn.

Filthy hands raised to the sky. Your pain will not be in vain.
Your pain will not be in vain.
The peace you found, the truth you sought; unworthy is still your claim.

Unworthy is still my claim. Walking with death could never compare to the pain.

Hopeless, my head to the ground, I lift my eyes to the earth with the sound of a steady pound.

Arms open wide I pray my goodbye. Arms open wide I pray my goodbye.

Filthy hands raised to the sky. Your pain will not be in vain.
Your pain will not be in vain.
The peace you found, the truth you sought; unworthy is still your claim.

Unworthy is still your claim.... Unworthy....

Let this fire burn. Let this fire burn and never die.
For the sake of something I won't see with my own eyes. Let this fire burn.