

Travesty

Haste the Day

You cover me!
I am spent and with death you paid my ransom
For the witness of your word
To bring them is the jackal's sin
Oh, the eyes of death are upon me
And the watchman takes his toll
If the river will run dry it will never take us home
With idle minds we grew unconscious as the hunter stalks his prey
His eyes, his eyes are locked on me

You cover the darkest part of me
With a look that's sure to set the captives free

Oh, make way for I am not the redeemer
Nor do the mountains fall in my name
But with slightest cry, my hunter
You will fail to reach your prey
Still with idle minds unconscious
As the hunter stalks his prey
His eyes, his eyes are locked on me

You cover the darkest part of me
With a look that's sure to set the captives free
With love that the blindest eyes will see
You cover the darkest part of me

As I am met with travesty
And I am broken and I am empty
And through it all I can see your face
With words unspoken I hear your voice and
I see the hand, the hand that writes it all
You've called the wind to show its worth
You've called the sun to brag about its warmth
Because you are the writer
Because you are the soul of the world

You cover the darkest part of me
With a look that's sure to set the captives free
With love that the blindest eyes will see
You cover the darkest part of me

Because you are the writer