

## Perpetual Ruin

## Hope For The Dying

Verily, Verily I say unto thee  
That I am utterly appalled by your  
Words and your deeds  
And while I pray that I forgive you  
In multiples of seventy  
I quietly wonder if you'll pay for your deceit  
You're one of the many to fall away  
He who breathes out lies will not escape  
There will come a day  
You will take the blame for all the pain you gave  
Stand up tall  
It won't be long  
The white throne calls your name  
You're next in line  
I see darkness in his eyes  
Intent on suffering  
His silver tongue provides  
Excuses for his deeds  
He pities not the broken and honors not the least of  
these  
But he will stand, before a living God  
And reap the suffering  
One day he'll stand before a living God  
And pay for all their pain