

What a terrible thing to fall into the hands of a living God. Screaming, "It's not my fault!" But the devil does not fight fair. An evil plague of sin is consuming this shell of good. Secrets hidden from the eyes of man are revealed in Your presence... are revealed in Your presence. A worthless shield put up to hide the iniquities, day after passing day. Crying out to your creation... crying out, "I am, I am here." "I am, I am here." But the devil does not fight fair, while it falls upon deaf ears as though never spoken before. What a terrible thing to fall into the hands of a living God. Screaming, "It's not my fault!" But the devil does not fight fair. And when you stand before His seat of judgment, what will you hear? What will you hear? "I never knew you. I don't care! And while you stood at the street corners, screaming your prayers, I starved to death, naked and bare! But you never cared! You never turned your head as I begged beneath pointing, crooked fingers attached to crooked, faithless men! I am consumed by your anger! Terrified by your rage! Love and grace? What a beautiful revelation in relation to the patience you practice towards the sin that you hate. This is the message that I proclaim: Kiss the Son! Because the day will come that you perish from the way. You're toying with the flint that starts the sparks that turn into the fire that fan the flames. I could have been your escape! I am! But the devil does not fight fair. You sweep people away like dreams that disappear! I am! But the devil does not fight fair. I could have been your escape!"