

Abandoned as Christ

My Dying Bride

And me kissing Christ, with one eye on his crown
I came killing through the dark
My victims, please take a bow
With great thought, my words are launched
Right into the baying crowd

The lies drop off my tongue
As I wept before the fight
There is no help in heaven
Waste me unto your rotten kin
Your words are those very thorns
Your last lie still fresh on your lips

And me, with a finger of glass pushed through your heart
I'll hide your name in a dying church for your shame
You see, I want to come in first peace oh my lord
Where was God when I most needed him?