

That crucifixion meant nothing to me.
Just another fairy tale passed down through the centuries.
I've heard the myth of how he came to save this world,
but what good is a savior
when the cemeteries are already full?
I look around and all I see
pain and hate and sickness, misery.
We are alone. Abandon hope.
How can you possibly believe in a God you can't even see?
It makes me sick to hear you speak,
your mind a grave of false beliefs.
Please, just help me understand
why you place trust in this dead man.
Pray with all your faith
that your king will bring relief.
He is dead and gone.
Empty is your savior's throne.
Cry out for a God to hear your prayers.
Don't be surprised when the silence
deafens your anxious ears.
As I face these evil days, I rely upon myself.
I find no relief above, I do not need his help.
But I'm sinking deeper into a life completely void.
Now I see what I truly am,
nothing but a coward. Am I damned?
I'm not alone. Embraced by hope.
I wanted nothing more than to destroy your bloody cross.
But redemption found a son of hell
in a world completely lost.
Now I've come to understand
I have betrayed salvation's hand.
Love and fear divine.
I have come to realize
fools that laugh and mock beware,
most will surely weep in hell.
I was the traitor with His blood on my hands
and I should be...
The one to burn.
It was me whose back was turned.
Once an enemy of the Wrathbearer.