

They Tend To Die

Paramaecium

Our Lord's enemies, they found Him in Gethsemane
They took God's only Son from the olive grove
And I decry, that which is breathing tends to die

Oh my Lord, his last hours of sorrow
I implore my hope for tomorrow

Our Lord's enemies, they mocked Him as they bowed their knees
They put God's only Son in a crown of thorns
And I decry, that which is breathing tends to die

Oh my Lord, I hope I can find you
I deplore the way that they bind you

Our Lord's enemies, they killed Him on a torture tree
They sent God's only Son to a lowly grave
And I decry, that which is breathing tends to die