

Thegodmachine: The Rider

Phinehas

Trapped in the trenches
Overrun by idols
We've strapped pride to our bones
And sealed it with our skin
Looking for a way to beat this system
We're trading life for a corpse
Entangled with the dead
And silenced by our guilt
We've strapped pride to our bones
And sealed it with our skin

I've encased myself in a tomb
With gods as dead as me
Surrounded by stones
Of depravity

I'm already dead
And I'm running out of answers
Outrunning all the answers
We want more
We want more

Every failure leaves me deeper in the ground
Show me what I've become

Oh, hanging skulls on my branches
Waist below the earth
I was a fool of lust
Since the day of my birth

Oh my love, I haven't let you go
Golden skies will divide to receive your soul
Oh my son, you've just begun to grow
But we've strapped pride to our bones
And sealed it with our skin

I've encased myself in a tomb
With gods as dead as me
Surrounded by stones
Of depravity
Turn this tomb to dust

I'm already dead
Oh my love, I haven't let you go
Golden skies will divide to receive your soul
Oh my son, you've just begun to grow
But we've strapped pride to our bones
And sealed it with our skin

Oh my God, You never let me go
Oh my God, You never let me go
Oh my God, You never let me go
(As lifeless as statues)
Oh my God, You never let me go
(As fleeting as dust in the air)
Oh my God, You never let me go
(We've robbed your splendor and replaced it with deceit)

Oh my God, You never let me go
(Replaced with deceit)
Oh my God, You never let me go
(Replaced with ruin)

Show us what you see
Grace come swiftly
Show us what you see
Grace come swiftly
Show us what you see
Grace come swiftly
Show us what you see
Grace come swiftly
Show us what you see
Grace come swiftly
Show us what you see
Grace come swiftly
Show us what you see
Grace come swiftly

Like the waves upon the shore
(Grace come swiftly)
We can't hear you in our hearts anymore
(Oh God give us rest in you)
Grace come swiftly and drag the axe further towards me
(Oh God give us rest in you)
The Son of man approaches the hollows
(Oh God give us rest in you)
He breaks the guilt in one fell swoop
(Oh God give us rest in you)
Beheading our treachery
(Oh God give us rest in you)
Oh God would you bring a burning downpour of Your, of Your...
Blood

I can hear the hordes of ghosts
Screaming in Your choir
But would Your love make any difference
In a graveyard

There's no running now
His thunder shakes the earth
There will be no trace of betrayal

All creation trembles before You
As You lift Your hand
Your will be done