

The Cross Is Suicide

Sleeping Giant

Welcome to the life. We represent the trial; The dead existence - fallen. Don't look in our eyes. They won't be seen again. This is a former state - We're Non-existence. No one else should know. It's not for them to say, because we are called - The chosen few. Now you can't escape. But you realize you never really wanted to, and strength fills your insides. This cross is suicide. We are suicide. All should come and die; Not for the symbol, but for the one who is symbolized. Our light is inside. All else is darkness till the morning time, because the sun will rise. This is suicide. This bloody cross, where does it lead me? To my own demise. Where's your secret life? You're gonna hide your face to be recognized. You better recognize. And they'll cry out "Let the mountains hide us, and the hills fall on us". I'll stand tall with the strength inside from the spirit of truth. Let the earth swallow me whole. Hide me from the justice of the lamb.