

Procession

The Agony Scene

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The stench of the hopeless and wounded.
The cries that escape from the of depths of regret.
Your bleeding mass in procession.
That fell on the path from which it strayed.

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To die at the hands of what we are.
Your breath escapes from the lifeless.
The blind and the feeble of our decay.
This is the pain we must suffer.
This is the endless agony.
This is the darkest of secrets
We give our lives to keep.

The light that's surrounding.
I am all that you've made me.
Your endless desire
Feeds the fire inside me.
And all I can ask for.
Take this life that you gave me.
I'm not your messiah.

The fear that grows like a cancer.
Held like a breath and sacrificed.
The blood that flows from the wounded.
Consumed by the masses who've longed to taste.
This is a prayer for the hopeless.
This is an endless tragedy.
This is the darkest of secrets.
We give ourselves to keep

The light that's surrounding her.
I am all that you've made me.
Your endless desire
Feeds the fire inside me.
And all I can ask for.
Take this life that you gave me.
I'm not your messiah.

I pray for redemption.
These unanswered cries.
In darkness it came to me and I...(breathe 2x).
Their distant voices sing to me(breathe). now
Everything changes suddenly.

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I am all that you've made me.
Their endless desire
Feeds the fire inside me.
And all I can ask for.
Take this life that you gave me.
I'm not your messiah.