

SLAIN FOR SIN

standing beside the flesh
deep inside quietly mourning
all faithful followers watch and cry
hatred from others heats the air
those who got him there content

I weep and pray silently
he tells me not to worry
I glance up and say "don't leave"
it's too late, he's already gone
the crowd cries, the crowd cheers

fresh blood still seeps down
skies turn black and evil
mourners cry yet harder
I kneel in front of him and wail
drops pour from my eyes

in my heart I feel a calm
no matter, the worry, it's gone now
he chased it away
because he was slain for me