

Bloodlined Calligraphy, Hammer to Nail

The time had come to make the ultimate sacrifice, the bitter cup would not be removed.
Through betrayal and denial you never said a word.
As the flesh was ripped from your back, you never said a word.
As you walked to your execution you saw a man at his worst.
Your silence spoke volumes and your path was unshaken.
Thorns embedded in flesh, sweat burning open wounds.
Tortured by the ones you were dying for.
Hammer to white.
With dying breath, asking forgiveness for our murders.
All this for a world of imperfection and sin.
All for a world who would deny your existence.
A world that could never deserve grace and mercy.
But yours abounds, unending love for an unworthy world.