

Ethereal Scourge, Quiet Surround

for he'd forsaken all he had to give you
greater than words can say
for he has given more than you needed
a death on the cross to pay

decay alone with self pity
and you . . . not to blame
thoughts of death become your pleasure
a sanctuary in your head

long awaiting peace embalms you
to prepare you for your sleep
but behold the image alters
from what you saw it to be

quiet does surround you sister
isolated you will be
the smell of death is no longer pleasant
and darkness brings you fear
your hope for escape it fades
your sentence has been served

if only sister you had listened
to the sweet words he used to say
for he'd forsaken all he had
greater than can be said