

Forsaken, A Martyr's Prayer

[Lyrics: Albert Bell / Music: Forsaken]

This is my body; this is my blood

From these dying whispers of a dying life
I weave the Redeemer's darkest dream,
A wish to conceal the promise of fate
Shall I ever escape what is deemed?

Father, spare me from the harshness of reality
Shall a crown of thorns be my cruel destiny?

[Chorus]

A pilgrimage through the dawn of creation
A blessed sojourn for the meaning of salvation
I gaze through the face of death
For they shall know me - the Redeemer

They say I hold the key of the eternal presence
A prophet that defies the world's futile essence
I am the offering that mankind shall forever bequeath
A karmic fortune that cannot ever be retrieved

The words of wisdom shall be forged
From the bones of my weakened body
I long to rebuke the blood spilled through
The ages of humanity's story

Father forgive them,
For they do not know what they are doing

My God why have you forsaken Me?
Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit

[Chorus]

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A blessed sojourn for the meaning of salvation
I gaze through the face of death
For they shall know me - the Redeemer