

# MyChildren MyBride, Immaculate Murder

To look across the haords  
The throngs of intolerance  
Mans fate realized in hate  
The day love was hanged.

Of all great sins salvation in paradox  
Salvation of sins by sacrificing God

Thirty nine stripes upon his beaten back  
And you can't give me one second  
One second of your precious (time)

Pierced wrists, broken, whipped bloody,  
Speared and bruised, crown of thorns.  
Slaughtered as a lamb and all to rise again

It doesn't matter how many times I die,