

Thrice, Identity Crisis

Image marred by self-infliction
Private wars on my soul waged
Heart is scarred by dual volitions
Juxtaposed and both engaged
Kindle flame, a test of faith
Pray help me see it through
I put all my trust in you

Refine hate and love
Fall afresh on me
End this crisis of
Identity

Draw this darkness out like poison
Stab, retrieve, again decline
Help me drive the dagger deeper
Trace with me explicit line
Take this blade, a test of faith,
And strike me deep and true
I put all my trust in you

Refine hate and love
Fall afresh on me
End this crisis of
Identity

This is my voice, all shadows stayed this is my heart, upon the altar laid
Please take all else away, hear my cry, I beg, I plead, I pray
I'll walk into the flame, a calculated risk to further bless your name
So strike me deep and true, and in your strength I will live and die both unto you.