

Thrice, The Messenger

Mark me with fear and trembling;
send someone else instead.
I know my world is ending;
I can't repay my debt.

How can I carry such a heavy burden?
How can I move when I am paralyzed?
I see a fire behind a heavy curtain.
I lean in closer and I close my eyes

and kiss the coals;
breathe in smoke,
and I say, "HERE I AM, SEND ME."
It lifts my soul;
I'm free and so unafraid.
"HERE I AM, SEND ME."

Mark me with fire and send me among the living dead.
They cannot comprehend me;
I watch the sickness spread.

How can they hear me when their hearts are hardened?
How can they see me when they close their eyes?
Still they can tell that I'm an easy target;
a wooden saw is quite a way to die.

and kiss the coals;
breathe in smoke,
and I say, "HERE I AM, SEND ME."
It lifts my soul;
I'm free and so unafraid.
"HERE I AM, SEND ME."