

Advent, The Anger Of Death

I plead for men to hear
This declaration from my soul
I pray they turn their ears to true life
Casting the anger of death aside
The life of sacrifice met with such hostility
Even to death, but raised up in victory
How could this life bring so much pain?
Day after day, after day
It's never over
Until we shut our eyes for the very last time
It's never over
Until the line flattens out
Like death, the grave
It waits, its anger is unrelenting
Against all things, against all time and space
Embrace the end
You'll think it's over
When you shut your eyes for the very last time
You'll think it's over
[Incomprehensible]
Death scares me not
Death scares me not
Pleading for men to hear this declaration from my soul
I pray they turn their itching ears
Anger is near, death is waiting, the grave is calling
Anger is near, death is waiting, the grave is calling