

Believer, Shadow Of Death

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Running scared
Fighting for your life
Swords are drawn
Midst the battle strife
You feel your life slip away

Limbs grow numb
Your flesh starts to burn
Wounds grow deep
Slowly you discern
Your life blood will drain away

The sands of time
Drain from the hourglass
Your life thread
Fraying in your grasp
The gates of death draweth nigh

Morning dawns
The sun begins to rise
Blood and sweat
Cloud your weary eyes
Straining to view your cruel foe

Gripping fear
No one can be seen
Fighting air
Yet your wounds bleed real
You fight the Shadow of Death

Distant form, drawing into sight
A man draws near
With no armor for the fight
Death thrusts the sword in His sight

Hope has gone
Surely you must die
Suddenly
Through the blackened sky
He rises and conquers death

We must die
Our sins will bring us death
At the end of Time
Jesus Christ
Death no longer reigns
Human sacrifice