

# 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