

Bloody Sunday, Dead Silent

i've seen
angels
open arms
and cast down nations until
nothings left
the stubborn heart
kills thoughtful minds
still they
hate when
evidence
stares them in the face
the threat is real
even when heaven is silent

there is a calm before the storm
when every man
will call
on the name of God
and he will judge this wicked world

i am not your enemy
i just see what you refuse to see
why do you
choose to live in
an enclosed room
when his light casts no shadow
for all you know
this could be your dying day
you never know when
your life will be taken away

we tend to think
that man sas all the answers
we think
we know everything
but we are wrong
this world is cursed
now its time
to sentance the dead
this is the end
times been spent
blood's been spilled
so that we can live

the time will come
when every knee shall bow
and every tongue will confess
your time is running out

let the curtains fall
let the camera fade
this is your final call
before the fires blaze
where every wrong's made right
darkness will turn to light
there is no place to hide
its time to choose a side
to sentance the dead