

Crimson Thorn, Asphyxiated

Existence denied perpetuated
Battle in your mind asphyxiated
At the foot of the CROSS
All your burdens were lost
You felt such relief within
Slowly rotting - into a useless crusade of sin
You have fallen away
Scrounging to make your own way
Life seems fun when you're on the run
But soon you'll see your judgment day
Many will say - did we not toil in your NAME
Depart from me - workers of lawlessness
Depart from me - I never knew you
Facades of sin last for a season
Rearing their hideous head
Morally decapitating
Spiritually castrating
Mental arrangements turned to dust
Feeding this impulsive breeding lust
Knowing what is right causes the fight
Daily intervention (is the) difference
Between day and night
Many will say - did we not toil in your NAME
Depart from me - workers of lawlessness
Depart from me - I never knew you