

Crimson Thorn, Deepest Affliction (Psalm 88)

O Lord my God, I cry out in affliction
Let my prayer come before you
With troubles, the soul is surfeited
Life draws near to the nether world

Weeping and Gnashing
Excruciating infliction
Never ending convulsion
Pain tearing apart

Dwelling places among the dead
Like the slain who lie in the grave
Whom are remembered no longer
And are cut off from your care

Eyes have grown dim through affliction
Outward the stretching of limbs
Increase of lamentations
Outcry, catharsis of prayer

Sorrow filled realms call in mourning
Existing chorus of pleas
Only a companion of darkness
Atonement claims, replacing grief

Among those who have departed
Shadows arise to give you thanks
Justice shed within oblivion
Declared kindness in the grave

Eyes have grown dim through affliction
Outward the stretching of limbs
Increase of lamentations
Outcry, catharsis of prayer