

Crimson Thorn, Narrow (Matthew 7:13)

Our cry is for freedom
For what feels good
Aren't there many paths to God
But none understood

Behold the glory and the radiance
All truth found in His word
It's an all or nothing thing
No man comes to God except through His Son

Your belief is archaic
It's all they cry
Again with no standards failing
So many try

A spirit of treason
Billions filled with delusions
Give back the truth
Renewed absolutes filling your minds

Behold the glory and the radiance
All truth found in His word
It's an all or nothing thing
No man comes to God except through His Son

Through supplication
We prove you wrong
Clinging to abhorrent separation
It what we long

Don't be deceived by
Decaying humanity
No one was meant to be lost
Christ died so all could received

Whether you agree or not
Truth stands alone
Misguided doctrines of convenience
His ways are not our own