

Crimson Thorn, Plagued

A vast disease, spread throughout the land
An eternal wasteland, sin is not banned
Sores of grief, blisters of pain
A world of corruption, where Satan does reign
Sinners are plagued with death
Accepted by the population
As a lifestyle of freedom
What a very loose basis
To kill a kingdom
Ignorance of such sickness
Is usually ended in flight
There is a cure in Christ
Jesus kills the plague
When your mind is in a snag
Give your life to Him
And he'll cleanse you from sin
Sinners are plagued with hell