

# Doomshine, The Cross

hidden chapel... face the eyes of cold gazing strangers  
staring at the sin  
once again I... I hate to sing with the angels  
the ancient songs of what we have seen

if we had known 2000 years ago  
the consequence remains evermore  
no gift to save, we're watchers of dismay  
repeat the gathering, we gather again

the cross still stands for pain  
we trip down memory lane  
damnation's warning one more day  
the cross burns in old fire  
on a ghost ship led by martyrs  
could blindness soothe the ache ?

Corpus Christi, I am paralysed so Im guilty ?  
don't put the blame on me  
done again... I hate to gape at the dying  
I hate to be the mirror of the slain

we might have seen the shots on Kennedy  
it's hard to stand before a widowed bride  
Atlantic Sea, your victims agonies  
were swallowed by our eyes of decease

...watching, beholding, reflecting the pain...