

Ethereal Scourge, Restoration

the traveller lies fallen battered and bleeding
in pain upon his path
despair his companion
no strength to go forth on his way
death's hand is knocking
my thirsting throat desires his wine
black shapes are mocking
they long to desecrate my mind
death's hand is knocking
my drifting soul his eyes may find
black death is mocking
he's reaching out his hand for mine

an agonising scream pleads the quickening of death
but only his echo returns to laugh at the broken man
and mock his crumpled form
yet he must endure and emerge from the wastes
for denial will stagnate his soul
his judgement stained

master i'm dying
pain is bursting through my head
please hear my crying
don't let me dance among the dead
the violent scourging of christ
the gory ransom paid
scarlet streamed his holy blood
exalted is his name
spirit of fire restores my sight
mercy shown through blackest night
alive once more to carry on
give voice unto the skies
emptiness within me
all i feel is freezing pain
noxious cold burns my eyes
my weakened heart enshrined in ice
in helpless fear i cower
pathetic my demise
evil looms with power
its presence i despise