

Faithbomb, Casting Lots

crucify you hanging there
we're gambling for the clothes you wear
not a hint of who you are
for disrespect we've raised the bar

we fulfill this prophecy
it's not a thing but fate you see
be careful now not to tear
the filthy rags that this God wears

what did they see
how could they know
don't they believe
where are their souls

casting lots at the foot of your king
casting down your everything
casting lots for the robes of a king
casting lots