

# How Like A Winter, Crucifige

stained by your blood  
and by the crowd that daze me  
invoking your weeps and my spear  
deep within your wounds  
but what's this void in my veins...  
this strange fear inside...  
why hell am I crying?  
Why can I feel all your nails...  
feel all your thorns and all your pain?...  
But why can I feel all your thirst  
feel all your sadness, hear all the voices in your brain?...  
It's kind I knew your last hope  
and all your temptations hiding  
glitter in few pieces of gold  
God, fool or just man  
anyway your betrayed eyes will look on for years and years  
and so you've crucified us  
Why can I feel all your nails...  
and all the scorns...feel all your fear?...  
But why can I see your defeat  
and that you're dying but no one to help you...  
Where is your Lord now? He's looking at me?...

"(...)But when they came to Jesus, they saw that he was dead already, so they didn't break h

One of the soldiers, however, pierced his side with a spear, and blood and water flowed out.(...)

"A bone of him shall not be broken.

And again another scripture saith, They shall look on him whom they pierced"

(John, 19:37)