

Mortal, Paradigm One

Falling underneath again
Enchanted words of evil men
Wills will bow and wills will bend

Prayers against my will I send
Falling where I cannot stand

Descending into depths again
Prayers into the breach I send
When flesh grows thick
The blood flows thin

Knees they bow and knees they bend
Scream my soul into the wind

Not by the power of man
But by the power of the living God
The power that preserves
Beneath the hate beneath deceit
I will rise
I will rise up!

On the precipice again
Falling where I cannot stand
Scream my soul into the wind

Flesh grows thick and blood flows thin
Falling underneath again

Not by the power of man
But by the power of the living God
The power that forgives
Beneath the weight beneath defeat
You will rise
You will rise up!

In our final hour
You display Your POWER

Now through the death of the Son of God
And through the powerlessness of man
Despite the world and its disbelief
He will rise!
He will rise!