

Paramaecium, The Killing

[Music by J. Sherlock, A. Tompkins and J. De Ron]

He was led to the place
Which was called Skull
Driving nails
Into His wrists and heel
Pain

The Christ of prophecy
Hung there until dead
Blood shed

He gave up His spirit
And such was the end

The corpse still warm
Was removed the tree
And sent to its burial

Hewn in rock
This deep, silent tomb