

# Paramaecium, They Tend to Die

Our Lord's enemies, they found Him in Gethsemane  
They took God's only Son from the olive grove  
And I decry, that which is breathing tends to die

Oh my Lord, his last hours of sorrow  
I implore my hope for tomorrow

Our Lord's enemies, they mocked Him as they bowed their knees  
They put God's only Son in a crown of thorns  
And I decry, that which is breathing tends to die

Oh my Lord, I hope I can find you  
I deplore the way that they bind you

Our Lord's enemies, they killed Him on a torture tree  
They sent God's only Son to a lowly grave  
And I decry, that which is breathing tends to die