

# Plankeye, Struck By The Chord

Winded again by my broken silence; love's become a noise, as my tongue's on fire  
My heart consumed, struck by the chord of pride; woe is me I shall come down  
I shall come down

Can't seem to see me, my words are much too loud, as my tongue's on fire  
Easily ensnared, strengthen my hands which hang down

Quench the violence of my fire, of my fire...

Precious blood of Christ, bring death that i might see life

I see new life, I shall come down; I see new life, I shall come down