

The Agony Scene, Procession

The stench of the hopeless and wounded
The cries that escape from the depths of regret
A bleeding mass in procession
That fell on the path from which it strayed

A whisper in total darkness
To die at the hands of what we are
A breath escapes from the lifeless
The blind and the feeble of our decay
This is the pain we must suffer
This is the endless agony
This is the darkest of secrets we give our lives to keep

The light that's surrounding
I am all that you've made me
Their endless desire feeds the fire inside me and all I can ask for
Take this life that you gave me
I'm not your Messiah
The fear that grows like a cancer
Held like a breath and sacrificed

The blood that flows from the wounded
Consumed by the masses who've longed to taste
This is a prayer for the hopeless
This is an endless tragedy
This is the darkest of secrets
We give ourselves to keep

The light that's surrounding
I am all that you've made me
Their endless desire feed the fire inside me and all I can ask for
Take this life that you gave me
I'm not your Messiah
I pray for redemption

These unanswered cries
In darkness it came to me and I breathe
Their distant voices sing to me and everything changes suddenly

The light that's surrounding
I am all that you've made me
Their endless desire feeds the fire inside me and all I can ask for
Take this life that you gave me
I'm not your Messiah