

Veni Domine, Silent Lamb

(Music / Lyrics by Torbjørn Weinesj)

I'm distressed to keep the pace
With cold synthetic ways
Of the human race

I seek a place to rest my mind
Who's the guide, I'm blind
Truth is hard to find

I saw his face
Was sweating blood
The pain was there
A King they thought would fail the test
A crown of thorns
Tears blend with blood
A silent lamb tormented by the ones he loved

I fear the truth to be my fall
I hear the wise man call
Where's my place in it all

I've seen the fields of slaughtered souls
Friends I used to know
Seeds that couldn't grow

I saw his face
Was sweating blood
A silent lamb tormented by the ones he loved

Such a long time ago
But still it makes me shiver
Just the thought of it all
All the time he knew
But who would believe
So alone in his thoughts
He took our disbeliefs
Nailed them to the wood
He gave his life for you and me

The scares went deep
Down to his soul
For you and me a silent sacrificial lamb