

Lost Prayer

Callisto

His holy light shines for the vile
He rolls the dice and putrid wounds close up for good
One's plight will fade without a sound as he rolls the dice
Now rest, it's undone

Breathe and let it out
Give yourself to the cause
As one we shall unwind
And make our way through the envisioned
The thrones are aligned

A prayer lost in a maze
God, spare not Thy wrath
A prayer lost in a haze
God, drive down Your axe

All in Thy name