

No One Leaves This Room Sick

Sleeping Giant

e who bows his will to a sick and defeated foe.
The one who fights.
Step from the crowd of the dying, from the shadows.
Sickness and panic and death, until you rise.

Hell fight me.
This is the war I was made for.
Love over all.
Fight me.
In this hollow, faithless, shattered reality.
I'll never fall.

Immanuel, I am not my own.
Immanuel, I am not alone.

Move from the slave state, into the moment of youth speaking ea
rth's fate.
The highest truth.
Though our number is small we're slowing growing,
And we heed only King's call.
As He declares: I must have, all the hopeless.
I hold the pure staff. Shepherd of truth.
Trust my work in you. As you believe Me, I entrust myself too.
And I declare.

Fight me.
Fight me.
Fight me.
Come and fight me.

To the generation I've seen in my dreams: you're the only optio
n the dying world has.
And it's no longer the time for us to play church, it's time fo
r every one of us to stand up and depend solely on the presence
of God inside.
Kill me, smash me to the ground.
You'll never defeat me.
Flesh and blood.
I must prophesy.
I will prophesy.
To the four winds.
We must Prophecy.
Immanuel, I am not my own.
Immanuel, I am not alone.
Immanuel!