

Throughout His Plight  
The Cries In Vain  
Ring Out In Twisted Symphonies  
In All The Days  
I've Earned The Right  
To Walk A Path Of Blasphemy

In An Empty Gloom  
The Platitudes Of Grief  
Four Stages Through  
And No Acceptance

Oh Christ Our Savior  
Taken From This Place  
Show Us Your Mercy  
Or Fall From Grace  
Oh Lord Our Father  
Thy Will Be Done  
Save Us This Suffering  
Or Cut Out Our Tongues