

In the silent hour I can hear them.  
I pray to the mother, but the mother doesn't love my soul.  
In the blackened earth lay my secrets.  
The hounds of Hell know everything.  
At the moon they howl.  
I cut away, I get away, I hide away from the light.  
Still they smell my fear, and they will hunt me like the animal  
I've been.

Cut, cut, cut, cut a hole in the night.  
The voices of the innocent are coming to life.  
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In a graceless world, I was graceless.  
I'm just a murderer cause murder was my only chance.  
Though I'm wretched, I am not faithless.  
The ears of God hear everything.  
And he hears them still.  
Every cry, every breath, in every land that I have slain, just  
to save myself.  
How can God show mercy?  
I was merciless to them.

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"Your greatest sin is not the abortion that you've asked forgiveness for,  
Or the adultery, or whatever it is that you did in your life,  
In a past that you're ashamed of, that keeps hounding you.  
Your greatest sin is not that.  
Your greatest sin is not believing God's word when God says you  
're forgiven!  
Your greatest sin is unbelief.  
You want to repent of something, friend?  
Stop repenting of sins that you've already repented of and repent  
of your unbelief."

The voices of the innocent are coming to life.