

Nailed To Gold

Immolation

As if they were tearing through my flesh, it was embedded in my
mind

That Jesus died for me... How foolish can they be

As if they were tearing through my flesh, it was embedded in my
mind

Jesus didn't die for me...

Jesus died

How foolish can they be to worship such a king

Who was crowned and hung between two thieves

In hopes of his return, we congregate in prayer

A faith so strong it obscured us from the truth

Your cross was my enslaver

Nails that held me close

Your precious blood was shed

And I don't accept your pain

Monarch of deceit on a cross of hope and fear

Not a symbol of your sanctity But a reminder of your defeat

As you were nailed and killed

So were we nailed to gold

We live upon your cross and bear this guilt for you