

Struck By The Chord

Plankeye

Winded again by my broken silence; love's become a noise, as my
tongue's on fire
My heart consumed, struck by the chord of pride; woe is me I sh
all come down
I shall come down
Can't seem to see me, my words are much too loud, as my tongue'
s on fire
Easily ensnared, strengthen my hands which hang down
Quench the violence of my fire, of my fire...
Precious blood of Christ, bring death that i might see life
I see new life, I shall come down; I see new life, I shall come
down