The Crown I Carry

Antestor

The grip no longer holds
When passion abandons
The bonds no longer clutch
And the rope screams you name

A path of daggers
But where to step
A hallway of illusions
Of what was

Duty heavy as a mountain
The battle draws near
Your shoulders carry many
Still death seems remarkably void

You wonder fate in lack of faith
What you consider luck, may be God's will
A wanderer of the light will never die
Before God gives his approval

A path of daggers...

The crown I carry as an aura above me
Is the proof of who my saviour truly is

My mute cries overheard
My blindness is seen
My tears washed away
My feebleness became my strength

Duty heavy as a mountain
The battle draws hear
Your shoulders carry many
Still death seems remarkably void

You wonder fate in lack of faith what you consider luck, may be
 Gods wil
A wanderer of the light will never die
Before God gives his approval

A path of daggers...

When love is lost, only hate will remain

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