

Withheld forces of the apostle  
Drove him to roam the caverns  
Ceaselessly aiming to govern  
The new and winding paths

Ferociously plunging the chasms  
(with) rumbling (and) thrashing bewilderment  
Thriving barrels of yearning pleas  
Trampled to bone dry dust

Contorted smoldering beacon  
Atop the crumbling stairs  
Sideways rain and whirling disdain  
He never got out again  
He never got out again

WITHHELD! STRONGHOLD!  
The rest of his life in fear  
As relatives turned and obstacles churned  
The plague of new life is here