

Dead Tree

Josh Record

See your hands bleed,
As you hang upon a dead tree,
as I pierce you, with the words that I don't speak.
With the words that I don't speak.
With the words that I don't speak.

And the stones were thrown,
By these hands that I once lifted,
To your throne,
Here I am denying your name.
Here I am denying your name.
Here I am.

Hold me to your crown,
Through the waters I will not drown,
Let me ride on painted clouds, with you.
Hold me to your crown,
Through the waters I will not drown,
Let me ride on painted clouds, with you.

I am thirsty,
Let my soul drown in your blood,
I'm not worthy,
let me in because of your great love.

And the stones were thrown,
By these hands that I once lifted,
To your throne,
Here I am denying your name.
Here I am denying your name.
Here I am.

Hold me to your crown,
Through the waters I will not drown,
Let me ride on painted clouds, with you.
Hold me to your crown,
Through the waters I will not drown,
Let me ride on painted clouds, with you.
Hold me to your crown,
Through the waters I will not drown,
Let me ride on painted clouds, with you.