

## The Flagellants

### Memory Garden

Drag that cross, your borden to bear  
Swing that scourge, don't let it rest  
A procession of blood, for cleansing of sin  
Let the three of redemption lick your skin

So many questions gather  
And confusion clouds your mind  
Why should you be punished?  
Your wealth has always bought you free  
But in these times of malady  
One and all are all the same  
Farmer, blacksmith, kingsman  
All shall walk the path of shame

Chant the words of holiness  
Hear them echo through the wind  
Can they keep your soul in place?  
Show devotion to him  
What you reap is what you sow  
Feel the loss of worthiness  
Might just be it's your life that you owe...

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With heavy steps, be baritone feet  
Minutes turn hours to days, then repeat  
Fulfill this mission of yours  
To red the wrath of god  
Weakened... no healing

Hum your lamentation  
A soothing rite for all your pain  
From being the social top sheet  
Then watch it all go down the drain