Bitter Shroud Repentance

Still Remains

I cursed. In the path of those who wept before.
Conception. Bitterness, my shroud that I take comfort in.
There's something different in the depths within.

A presence over pretense.
God, my Father, immerse me in your spirit.
I fall to my knees and here I wait for you.

Through all the wickedness I've sewn, through every tear I've b
ore.
Through curses that I've leached and own, my failed desire's in
 you.

With my early pages written in deception, it still lingers.
Bitterness, my shroud that I take comfort in. Unsheathe me.

I dream of the depths of the fiery lake, calling me down.

But my spirit desires to give you glory. [2x]
Unsheathe me.

Through all the wickedness I've sewn, through every tear I've b
ore. [2x]
Through curses that I've leached and own, my failed desire's in
 you.

Hold me in your mercy.
Pull me up from the fire below and hold me in your arms.
Pull me close.
Hold me in your mercy.
Pull me up from the depths below and hold me in your arms.
Pull me so close
Pull me so close and never let me go.
Never. [3x]

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