

Hamartia

Tribulation

For as they walk through life's valley with a standard of death
Death will follow
Just as the cause will in time make their misery known
The guilt and sorrow

They create the need
They give you vinegar and bile
They bring the alms
They give you words and a smile
They revel in filth
That they stole with their cynical guile

At the roots of your ideal, there is a lesion
An insult to the sanctitude of life
Could not the fall be a part of our completion?
If not, it's at the heart of our strife

They create the need
They give you vinegar and bile
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They precede the fall
They place you back in the womb
They miss the mark
They are the authors of doom
They are bound to fail
As their world comes crashing down

We transgress
We are brought into life through iniquity
We're all sinners
And thus death has reached ubiquity
By their fruitless efforts are they blessed with regeneration?
No, they miss the mark
They miss the mark

For those who walk through death's valley with a standard of life
Life will follow
And though the stains of our being may bring out the worst
It won't be hollow

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They give you vinegar and bile
They bring the alms
They give you words and a smile
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