

## withering

Wolves At The Gate

In silence my bones waste away  
Reminding me everyday  
Like a splinter that's under my skin  
No more hiding the sin that's within  
The smoke is now cleared and I see  
I feared this cold reality  
The bones that I've stacked of my dead  
Reveal all of my heartless bloodshed

My eyes are fixed in a broken deadlock  
As I'm left staring at this cursed death clock  
I feel it growing with every breath  
The wages of my sin brings the promise of death  
This revelation of guilt makes me cry  
Is this why we all have to die?

Withering souls who have felt their life  
Is on death row and your fear grows  
Don't you lose heart for the hands of the, the Physician  
Won't let you go  
Every sin, every consequence that you would face  
He will embrace and take your place