

## Confession Of Faith "Sullen"

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Will someone take my hand this night  
And lead me through this endless plight  
For love whose harlot eyes I see  
In waves that spiral down on me  
Behold, enfold the king of the land  
Where love lies dead  
All things laid in pristine rows  
But nothing in this garden grows  
And as like filth that I taste  
Upon my life laying in waste  
Uplift my heart and bathe anew  
For drown in offalness I do  
But it is I who brings the rain  
And with my knees I detain  
Anything that for love there stands  
I sit on high and make demands  
Then I see it drain  
And circle down on me like rain  
Raise me up in all my beauty in all my luster  
Bathe me in gold  
Then I'll come and sit upon my throne  
Where I shall judge over my empire, where is it now,  
For as I am enshrouded by cries  
I've come to find the tears they are all mine, for I am  
lost,  
Kneeling from the weight of my life  
With my skin in the dirt and my soul in the fire

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