

## Consequence

### "Son Of Hell"

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Lord,  
Please tell me what it is I used to do.  
Was I not a prophet, or a dreamer, or a seer?  
All people I had fooled.

Please tell me who it is used to be.  
Did I not proselytize over land and sea,  
Begetting twice the sons of hell as me?

And tell me, Lord,  
Who holds the key the heaven's narrow doors?  
'Cause every time I try to open them  
I open my right hand and find a stone

And with my left,  
Outstretched for every gift that I produce,  
I lay in wait for seven more  
To compensate for every gift that I misuse

Oh, in all I've done  
I've done all in vain  
'Till I learned to say,  
Thy will be done

In all I was,  
I was all in vain  
I will learn to obey,  
Thy will be done.

All who hold to the words to surrender all  
To who gives and takes away, and builds from naught.

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