

Consider The Thief "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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