

Extreme "Watching, Waiting"

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Hanging above the ground
All my limbs are bound
You're on the right hand
With your head down
Tears from eyes that cannot see
He took the blame from me
So shall it be written
So shall it be done

Watching, waiting
Staring at the Son
Not even knowing

Who you are

Three hours have gone by
We start to question why
Darkness falls in finding out
Why you must die
We can no longer see the Son
The three untie into one
Please forgive us Father
We know not what we've done

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