

Haste

"Travesty"

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You cover me!

I am spent
And with death you paid my ransom
For the witness of your word.
To bring them in,
The jackal's sin.

Oh, the eyes death are upon me
And the watchman takes his toll.
If the river runs dry it will never take us home.
With idle minds we prove unconscious.
As the hunter stalks his prey.
His eyes, his eyes are locked on me.

You cover the darkest part of me
With a look that's sure to set the captives free.

Oh, make way
For I am not the redeemer
Nor do the mountains fall in my name
But with slightest cry, my hunter,
You will fail to reach your prey.

Still with idle minds unconscious,
As the hunter stalks his prey.
His eyes, his eyes are locked on me.

You cover the darkest part of me
With a look that's sure to set the captives free.
With love that the blindest eyes will see,
You cover the darkest part of me.

As I am met with travesty,
And I am broken and I am empty.
And through it all I can see your face.
With words unspoken
I hear your voice and
I see the hand, The hand that writes it all.
You've called the wind to show it's worth.
You've called the sun to brag about it's warmth.

Because you are the writer!
Because you are the soul of the world.

You cover the darkest part of me
With a look that's sure to set the captives free.
With love that the blindest eyes will see
You cover the darkest part of me.

Because you are the writer!
Because you are the writer!

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