

Immolation

"Nailed To Gold"

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As if they were tearing through my flesh, it was
embedded in my mind
That Jesus died for me... How foolish can they be

As if they were tearing through my flesh, it was
embedded in my mind
Jesus didn't die for me...
Jesus died

How foolish can they be to worship such a king
Who was crowned and hung between two thieves

In hopes of his return, we congregate in prayer
A faith so strong it obscured us from the truth

Your cross was my enslaver

Nails that held me close
Your precious blood was shed
And I don't accept your pain

Monarch of deceit on a cross of hope and fear
Not a symbol of your sanctity But a reminder of your
defeat

As you were nailed and killed
So were we nailed to gold
We live upon your cross and bear this guilt for you

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