

Jason Gray

"On The Cross"

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Now these three nails are all I've got
Purest devastation, my own crucifixion
It's the season to see the light
No more chance to think, seraphic sounds calling

There's someone waiting for me
What will be my destiny
Hot-flashing wounds caused by the thong
Like saviours I die on the cross

The manuscript of my life's undone
Ain't no new horizons
Just spears of burning iron
My body aches, but it's not the worst
The will is almost broken
I'll be soon forgotten

... What will be keeping me there
Heaven or dark depth of hell
Hot-flashing wounds caused by the thong
Like saviours I die on the cross

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