

## **Mindrage**

### **"Sown In Weakness"**

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Crawling you come to this place  
Flat on your face  
Weakened to dust by the process of life  
Pleading and groaning to live by your own means  
You'd Kill, Kill, Kill for the chance to quench  
Put out the death (x4)  
A world content with pain  
It's just a violence game  
Crowd around and feed the flame  
Choking out the life inside you  
Rising smoke from hate  
Burning need to un-create  
Crippled beggar on the throne of your life  
Prostrate you come to this place  
Demanding your praise  
This idol of contradiction  
Lifting your head and your hands  
To subject to the Lie lest you die  
Give what's left to the Christ  
He paid the debt (x3)  
Put out the death

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