

Mortal Treason "Abaddon"

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Numb inside, tears eyes now dry
Take this purity, break this beautiful child
I hope you're happy with what you've done
You murdered for the sake of one moment
Of pleasure, laying alone with a broken spirit

This child is broken, this child is dying inside
This can't go on, we must stand and fight
Fight for what's right, fight for life
A choice must be made

Sever the hand of the abuser, strike his face
Make him bleed, but no it won't stop
It's out of our hands, judgment shall be served
Your judgment shall be served

This is about the kids who are being molested
Everyday, so many hearts are breaking and so many
Tears are falling but Christ wants to mend these
Broken hearts, He wants to hold them in His hands

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