

My Epic "Perfector"

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I'm still a young man
So I think very little of death
Who really does, 'til it's coming for them?
And I know with each breath I come one closer
But death is just a hook behind the door
Where I'll leave my dirty clothes

They may dump my body in the sea
Spread my ashes miles wide,
It won't matter,
All my parts will realign.
They rush to find each other
When they hear their Lover's cry,
And death will be abandoned
When He comes back for His bride

Saints are never buried,
They are seeds planted
Who bring about a greater harvest when
They burst forth from
The earth that needed their fruits,
But it could never hope to make
Enough room for their roots.

(Ah Ah Ah Ah Oh)
Death is swallowed up,
(Ah Ah Ah Ah Oh)
It owns nothing in me,
(Ah Ah Ah Ah Oh)
Oh, death is swallowed up,
(Ah Ah Ah Ah Oh)
It owns nothing in me,

Oh, precious in the sight of the Lord
Is the death of His faithful ones.
Precious in the sight of the Lord
Is the death of His faithful ones,
Oh, death is swallowed up.

Oh, it was always you, it was always you.
Oh, it was always you, it was always you.

Oh, it was always you, it was always you.
Oh, it was always you, it was always you.
Oh, it was always you, it was always you.

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