

My Epic "The Oil Press"

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I swore I would never walk away
But you knew we were in the dawn of rupture
Oh the unbelief, the prideful insecurities that speak
They hush the You in me, oh forgive me, please forgive me

How many limbs do you need?
Well I can't be your hands cause I cut off my feet
And I'm haunted by memories and phantom unease
Of moments I've wasted and lies I've believed

And where else would I go? With every mercy you have shown
I'm fearing this harvest I have sown and my time is so short so please make it yours

You wept in the garden when you knew your fate
And the weight of man's redemption was a burden you were soon to take
How can love be silent while his brothers fade
So there are times when heaven sends a saint to hell

I need to be the body
I'm meant to be the blood
But how can they partake if
I am running from this cup

You wept in the garden when you knew your fate
And the weight of man's redemption was a burden you were soon to take
Love cannot be silent while his brothers fade
So these are times when heaven sends a saint through hell

Awaken me
Oh please, help me believe
You are all that I need
Please God, help them believe

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