

My Silent Wake "Wilderness Of Thorns"

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In this wilderness of thorns
All you offer me
Is a garland of tears
And to suffer alone
Bleeding my hope
I am brought down
All you promise me
Is the agony to come

My existence is crushed
Dead since birth
I fed on your hope,
At your feast of comfort
Weary of life
I cried out to you
But all you offered me
Was the agony to come

Alone again
In these desert lands
I breathe the fire
Of your wrath
I have suffered
Too many days
Under these harsh skies

Now I walk,
With fire burnt skin
And I scream
For healing to come

Forty days
That never end
No bread but these stones
The agony to come

Memory of nails
Tearing my flesh
I hang before you
In the wilderness of thorns

I am parched,

I have nothing
I am broken
In the wilderness of thorns

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