

Sorrowstorm

"Silent Plagues"

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With the promise of endless light I can rejoice
And salvation for me is certain.
But in my flesh I bleed sin, it rots and creates the
plagues
The plagues that bind my soul in chains

Drying bones are turning into dust. In the fields of my
disgrace they age.
Amidst the dying lie the unfortunate bodies without
souls or reason to exist
Decomposing flesh is a treat for birds of prey.
This place has been forsaken, for time and time again.

Desert winds undo what God created.
Then it turns back into dust to feed the helpless land
My body falls upon the sand gasping for water and air
Hoping I won't receive a piece of love from anything

Plagues within me are staining my soul
My battle, it was lost. But inside I'm victorious

Sin within controls my life and brings a sorrow
Much deeper than I can conceive

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