

Thy Will Be Done

"Mourning Without The Sun"

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Seated within the ashes
Reflecting on my afflictions
Righteously I scrape my flesh
This my divine tribulation

Without curse upon the lips
Though all of my bones burn with heat
As a harp turned to mourning
Into the voice of them that weep

This Is The Mourning Without The Sun
A Cry Into Congregation

Without The Sun

Those that plow inequity
Forever the first to deceive
So quick to take what's given
Turn their backs when evils received

I have held my tongue
Never reproached you
Divine providence
I will not be moved

Absolved through these afflictions

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