## Strongarm "More Bitter Than Death"

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I refuse to shudder in the face of sacrifice

Undying, the legacy of truth shines through adversity The furnace of affliction could not absolve it

And you in your high chair comfort

Stagnant thoughts, the accolades of arrogance Wear them like a crown Heart painted scarlet and your followers follow you down Now drown in your contradictions turned religion

It's beauty will be consumed by the grave
For death is to feed on these things
And more, the power which they have given you will
cease
Still more bitter than death

Is to walk in silence

Is to die discontent
Is to gaze in the eyes of your maker
And to no love, only resentment
This is more bitter than death itself

I've seen the face of redemption, I've closed my eyes I've felt the hand of grace, mend my broken heart I've pierced my savior's sidefeel, with deceit and lies In the mist of betrayal, still repentance waits

And this I resolved within myself My adversary will no longer be my master For this I weep bitterly in the night

I sought shelter in sleep but, sleep is restless without hope

I looked for a thread of hope, but he was frail, laid, fabric

Slowly, wearing

I have no use for remorse save for learning Slowly, wearing I have no use for remorse yet, it consumes me

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