

Whitechapel

"Prayer Of Mockery"

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Open up your eyes
Prove the point that is sworn to me
Even blind ones see through your story
Begin on me oh mighty one
Destroy me with the powers that be
I'm still standing here
My heart still beats a million strong
I'm calling you out, prove to your followers that you
exist
Bring down your fury like the scriptures document
Judge me
Tell me that I am not worthy for you
Bring down your fury like the scriptures document
Judge me
Tell me that I am not worthy for you
Rid me from this hell you've created and wipe my slate
clean
Blind me with your light as though you never wanted
me to see
Still I find myself waiting for the answers to come
My patience is wearing thin once again
Wipe my slate clean
Wipe my slate clean
Wipe my slate clean
When the trumpet sounds your so called second
coming
Am I supposed to be trembling in fear
Wipe my slate clean
Wipe my slate clean
Wipe my slate clean
Thou shalt not bear false witness

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