

## Witchfinder General

### "Forsaken"

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Nails hammered through His hands and feet, blood  
spraying from His veins and His body's weak.  
Lifted up, a mangled spectacle for all the world to see,  
beaten and ridiculed lying in agony,  
His blood has set us free.  
Each breath is harder than the last. Our sin clinging to  
His body, now it is finished.  
He felt forsaken, He felt all alone.  
The earth begins to shake, graves are opened their  
bodies are awake.  
Our sin clinging to His body, now it is finished. He felt  
forsaken, He felt all alone

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