

Woe Of Tyrants "Golgotha"

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Was it a day, a day just like today?
Imagine, the same sun we know casting a haunting
shadow upon the sand.
In a not so distant land, spectators breathing the air we
breathe.
Casting the same rocks, sweating the same sweat,
Their eyes ablaze, glazed with an ancient gaze, it was
still the same, then as today.
The weight of the timber of that tree, pails in
comparison when contrasted with the weight of the
world; the shame and the pain, the burden we just
couldn't bare.
The darkest day on the earth some would say, the Light
of the World searching ever ready to ignite.
The soldiers are tormenting bu they don't know why,
still He is speaking on their behalf.
This day would bring hope to us all.
There's imminent danger at hand, and in the sand we
still stand.
With our spears ready to thrust, our feet creating dust.
And now it swirls like a tornado in hot pursuit of it's next
building to collapse.
The thick glass we see through darkly, as we have
smeared it with mud.
And somehow we still think it to be all about us,
But it's all about You.
I know I'm covered in filth, and I need to be cleaned.
For this curse is strong, but the cure is here, and
although I fall, I know that you're near.
I know that you're right here.
You're right here.

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