

Year Of Our Lord "Manchild In The Promised Land"

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See the bloodstained grass as it burns.
Throw forth your hand to me.
Fields of glowing cables against the night sky.
Funny how you speak to me, with your poison tongue.
Killer, as I scratch at the cold stone.
Killer, it crumbles to my knees.
I still kept you alive.
But you buried me when you gave in to denial, so far
astray.
Burned by the words left unsaid.
I'm holding on to the scripts you ressurected.
Saved by something you can't see - it's in the air,
it's in the earth, and it rests inside the hearts of the
dying.
Killer, as i scratch at the cold stone.
Killer, it crumbles to my knees.
I still kept you alive,
but you killed and killed and killed again,
killed, killed again, killed.

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