

Stigmata

"A Dead Rose Wails For Light"

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Welcome to my sickest delusion I can't decide; Is this salvation or sacrifice?

We all run and we hide but the memories reminisce suicide

This bleeding soul is lost in an unmarked grave, wretched for father time

I know that no martred saviour will ever come to save me from my plight

No more fear, No more pain
No more faith to hold in ransom
No more fear, No more shame
No more faith to hold in ransom

Candles burn on winter fields as roses bloom and chariots chases the light
Angels hover in mud and filth; some demons can never be exercised

I've turned the other cheek to sycophants and fools too many times

The salt of the world never raped these eyes - walk on water to test the tide

No more fear, No more pain
No more faith to hold in ransom
No more fear, No more rage
No more faith to hold in ransom

Candles burn on winter fields as roses bloom and chariots chases the light
The salt of the world never raped these eyes - walk on water to test the tide

No more fear, No more pain
No more faith to hold in ransom
No more fear, No more hate
No more faith to hold in ransom

A dead rose wails for light
Blossomed, reincarnated, divine
A dead rose wails for light

No more fear, No more pain
No more faith to hold in ransom
No more fear, No more hate
No more faith to hold in ransom

A dead rose wails for light
Blossomed, reincarnated, divine
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