

The Strokes

"Gates Of Atonement"

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A time to mourn this world cries out in despair to
overrun by adversity decision is given to it and
although seeing does not see the evils that consume
it's desire(s) these crimes cry for a redeemer left to
grieve it suffers in sorrow for even though hearing it
does not hear every time i die is it in vain hands held
out in misery grasping for a breath of hope but none
can be ushered in as it crucifies itself hidden amongst
the anguish is the key to comfort a release in an hour
of need help in a time of tribulation dying to it's own
reaping what it's sown these tears to teach the tears
i weep fall to the sufferings for souls thereof i've
cried till blood to offer as a covering a time to heal all
is not lost in this endless hour as there is time for
everything this too shall pass away this that this world
faces is merely momentary this affliction works
patience into experience we wait to be saved by a hope

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