

Advent, The "The Cost"

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As the sun falls behind the sea, we lay in our beds

Wrestling, quarreling with the questions in our heads

Fear pillages and rapes my mind, I see it looking over
me

Feel the fear, the fear of failure

Feel the fear of emptiness

Feel the fear of a promised death

Hanging over our heads

Feel the fear of it all crashing down

Feel the fear, feel the fear, feel the fear

Trudging, toiling, looking for some hope

And in time we'll know

Finding no rest, more sleepless nights

Holding tight to the comforts of your wasted life

Shed your fear, what is the cost of living?

Shed your fear, will you pay the price?

Remove the earth, digging for truth

Quest for a calling to ransom back the dead

Seeking the truth inside, reaching for a bloodied hand

Shed the fear, condemned to a martyr's death

I would gladly lose my life for the sake of Jesus Christ

Hear me now, if this be my final hour

Hear me now, if this be my final hour

Hear me now, hear me now if this be my final hour

With my last breath

No more fear, no more emptiness left in here

No more fear, I shed the fear of a promised death

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