

Pointed Sticks

"In The Eyes Of God"

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Come crumbling as the shattering of faith
He who cannot stand for his Lord will sleep forever
without wake.

And among us are the faithless who long only for the
glory of this world.
Among us are faithless but I am not of them
For I long only to die in His arms.

In the eyes of God I am His testament.

The wool is warm with comfort but this is coated in
deception
For the sheep will soon be stripped and it will freeze
without protection.
Bare blooded and ripe for failure.
This is where all are defined by His will.
Thy knees will testify, did he stand to the throne?
The pigs drown spiraling alone.

Arrogant, the goblet raise you high, the portrait of
perfection.
Do you not see this pride itself is an infection?
Nigh is the hour when trumpets will close the graves
And may those who stood for their Lord rejoice, let
cowards sink and settle for remorse.

On tables stretched horror stares, to rape our lungs of
precious air.
Three times to the skies our hands we raise: Reverse
this curse, this violent plague.

It is infectious, the dispersion of bone of the spineless.
Live like a wordless dog, may you forever remain
silent.
Or stand for His throne.
Relieve the world of it's infectious ailment.

In the eyes of God I am his testament.

Come crumbling for without God, one exists without

meaning.

We are his testament serving as the heart and flesh.

When one part of this body aches we seek to cure it's
distress.

We are the testament.

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