

Sleeping At Last

"No One Leaves This Room Sick"

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Who's the foolish man?
The one who bows his will
To a sick and defeated foe
The one who fights Step from the crowd of the dying
From the shadows
Sickness, and panic, and death
Until you rise Hell fight me
This is the war I was made for
Love over all
Fight me
In this hollow faithless, shattered reality
I'll never fall
Immanuel
I am not my own
Immanuel
I am not alone
Move from the slave state
Into the moment, of youth speaking earth's fate
The highest truth
Though our number is small Were slowing growing,
and we heed only king's call
As he declares
I must have, all the hopeless I hold the pure staff
Shepard of truth
Trust my work in you
As you believe me, I entrust myself too And I declare
Fight me
Come and fight me
To the generation I've seen in my dreams, you're the
only option the dying world has
It's no longer time for us to play church, it's time for
every one of us to stand up and depend solely on the
presence of the spirit of God inside.
Kill me, smash me to the ground You'll never defeat
me
Flesh and Blood
I Must Prophecy
I Will Prophecy
To the four winds
We must Prophecy
Immanuel

I am not my own
Immanuel
I am not alone
Immanuel!

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