

# Burial

## Extol

Blessed is he who has got  
His transgressions forgiven  
And his sins hidden  
Blessed is the man whom the Lord  
Do not ascribe misdeeds  
And is without deceit in his spiritBuried it deep inside  
But soon a sprout came forth  
It kept on growing  
I couldn't hide  
When I kept it to myself  
Slowly my bones corroded  
And my vitality vanished  
Like in the summer dryToo many people living this life  
Who can take their guilt away?  
Their minds are rotting  
And causing an endless pain  
Soon they are demented and put awayI confessed my sins to You  
And did not hide my guilt  
I said "I want to confess my misdeeds to You"  
And He took away my sin and guiltHe is my sanctuary

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