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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