Fall from a High Place

Immolation

Messiah or man
To me you gave this bloodied crown
And with it came such tragic folly
such strong devotion from those so weak
Lend me your soul...I'll fill it with fear
Carry you high to where you can see
The fall that awaits, so inviting and cold
From the high place we'll fall below
In death I am born
From man to God
Through blindness
Your suffering
Forced upon this cross...High above in shame
Forced upon this pedestal...High above the blame
Your blood holds my Kingdom high
A kingdom built on fear and lies
So sour has this bread and wine become
For I am not a God, a martyr or a king
I've bled as you bleed
I've cried as you cry
I've sinned as all of you
I've died, as you will too
But I see through your blindness
And I wait for your fall
Resurrected by your faith
But I'll never walk this world again
Hang me high above all and nail me to forever
Never let me fall from this highest of places

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