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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