

The Path of Sorrows

Christian Death

R. Williams

Across the abyss

This weary traveler struggles on

Casting his eyes upon the ground, he cries out

"Is there no end to this immortal pain that haunts me?"

Thou hast become the path and the way

That leadeth to destruction

Be thou accursed

Be thou abolished

Be thou annihilated

Testify that all is vanity

In heaven as on earth

Dressed in universal torment

Crying openly

As I engage myself in prayer.

"Bring me through midnight to the sun!"

As I enflame myself with prayer

"Bring me through midnight to the sun!"

Everythings in motion, everything lies still

Through the veil of sorrow

And the pall of death

Everything's in motion, everything lies still

Through the veil of sorrow

And the pall of death

Like that of a drowning man

His life flashes before him

Turning his eyes away in shame, he cries out

"Is there no pity for a blind man such as me?"

Thou has become the path and the way

That leadeth to destruction

Be thou accursed

Be thou abolished

Be thou annihilated

Eyes, feet, hips start moving

Where the laurels grow

Another sacrifice

Stains the tomb of human despair

As I enflame myself with prayer

"Bring me through midnight to the sun!"

Everything's in motion, everything lies still
On the path of sorrows
On the road to death

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