

Struck By the Chord

Plankeye

Winded again by my broken silence
Love's become a noise, as my tongue's on fire
My heart consumed, struck by the chord of pride
Woe is me I shall come down, I shall come down
Can't seem to see me, my words are much too loud
As my tongue's on fire
Easily ensnared, strengthen my hands which hang down
Quench the violence of my fire, of my fire
Precious blood of Christ
Bring death that I might see life
I see new life, I shall come down
I see new life, I shall come down

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