Bipolar

Belial's Bride

I do not understand what I do.... What I want to do, I do not do....
But what I hate, I do.

As it is, it is no longer I who does it; it is sin living within me. I know nothing good lives within my sin nature: righteousness I desire never seems to manifest.

Being made conscious of the law: I am shackled by human condition.
The opportunity of sin is productive. Evil flesh wages war against spiritual awareness.

Too little little God, too little Christ: too much of this world will pollute your mind.(x)

Death by my own association: consensual relations with humanity.
Violated by ocular stimuli- Spirit being raped by my carnality.

Thoughts and sights entice. Pleasure the human body. We are falling short of the glory of God.(x)

Iniquitous passion against the law of life: exposing reflection of my double mind.
Forgotten identity as my embraces death- Proving laws purity within my wickedness.

I am my own destruction as my sin nature resurrects my past. So many sins I tasted: I give into my flesh to only live in regret. I have taken the grace of God for granted- I can't bare to look at the reflection of my soul. I die daily to resist temptation. I'm far from perfect- My sin nature takes its toll.

Wretched man I am. Who will rescue me from this body of death?(4x)

Lyrics Submitted by Jeremiah Vulgarity

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