Nailed to Gold

Immolation

As if they were tearing through my flesh, it was embedded in my mind
That Jesus died for me... How foolish can they beAs if they were tearing through my flesh, it was embedded in my mind
Jesus didn't die for me...
Jesus diedHow foolish can they be to worship such a king
Who was crowned and hung between two thievesIn hopes of his return, we congregate in prayer
A faith so strong it obscured us from the truthYour cross was my enslaver
Nails that held me close
Your precious blood was shed
And I don't accept your painMonarch of deceit on a cross of hope and fear
Not a symbol of your sanctity But a reminder of your defeatAs you were nailed and killed
So were we nailed to gold
We live upon your cross and bear this guilt for you

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