Memoir

My Epic

I was hopeless, chained to vice after vice and I defied you until I prayed you would just let me die.
I was finished and slept in grave after grave and waited buried, but the end I deserved never came.The wrath that I was owed poured on your blameless son, for every song I've sung still it seems senseless.
The righteousness He owned, free to us wicked ones.
I fit it in my lungs but it leaves me breathless.You were fearless, and took my shame upon shame and as I yielded you were crushed by the weight.
But It was finished when by grace upon grace hell was silenced as you stepped out from your grave.The wrath that I was owed poured on your blameless son, for every song I've sung still it seems senseless.
The righteousness He owned, free to us wicked ones.
I fit it in my lungs but it leaves me breathless.Since the first time you spoke it, I've been winded and gasping for air.
I can barely repeat it.
I believe but I don't understand how for all of the violence and rebellion that heaves in my chest,
You could call me forgiven, and restore every last wasted breath.
Hell go on and rage, whatever you may say my G-d, He speaks for me and I'll not be ashamed.
Hell go on and rage, you can't change a thing.
My G-d, You speak for me so I'll not be ashamed.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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