

Entombed

Deliverance

(Jimmy P. Brown II)

The fleeting hours of mourning come
But soon pass away
The thought of laying 'neath a slab
Seems an unenticing gray
Life as it is, life as it was
The difference in dark and light
The only way to truly live is to
Let my flesh die?
Romans 6 tells me I'm a slave
A slave of righteousness
My carnal mind tells me
From sin there will be no rest
Because of sacrificial rights
I now stand not condemned
Once a slave to mortality
I now reckon myself dead?
I've reckoned myself dead
I've been entombed?
Knowing this, that our old man
Was crucified with him
That the body of sin might be done away with
We should no longer be enslaved to sin
We are not to live as the damned?

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