

# 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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