Ripped from the Cross

Grotesque

The wind is screaming
Around the empty cross
And blood is spread
Across the sand
Echoes of choirs
Choirs of mourners
Chimes through the silence
On the hillRipped from the cross
The nails on the cross
Were covered with blood
Ripped from the cross
A procession of men
In black coats
And soldiers on march
To Golgatha
In the air
The presence of evil
Crosses lie broken
In the dirt
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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