

The Cost

Advent

As the sun falls behind the sea, we lay in our beds
Wrestling, quarreling with the questions in our heads
Fear pillages and rapes my mind, I see it looking over me
Feel the fear, the fear of failure
Feel the fear of emptiness
Feel the fear of a promised death
Hanging over our heads
Feel the fear of it all crashing down
Feel the fear, feel the fear, feel the fear
Trudging, toiling, looking for some hope
And in time we'll know
Finding no rest, more sleepless nights
Holding tight to the comforts of your wasted life
Shed your fear, what is the cost of living?
Shed your fear, will you pay the price?
Remove the earth, digging for truth
Quest for a calling to ransom back the dead
Seeking the truth inside, reaching for a bloodied hand
Shed the fear, condemned to a martyr's death
I would gladly lose my life for the sake of Jesus Christ
Hear me now, if this be my final hour
Hear me now, if this be my final hour
Hear me now, hear me now if this be my final hour
With my last breath
No more fear, no more emptiness left in here
No more fear, I shed the fear of a promised death

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