

# Dead Silent

## Bloody Sunday

i've seen  
angels  
open arms  
and cast down nations until  
nothings left  
the stubborn heart  
kills thoughtful minds  
still they  
hate when  
evidence  
stares them in the face  
the threat is real  
even when heaven is silentthere is a calm before the storm  
when every man  
will call  
on the name of God  
and he will judge this wicked worldi am not your enemy  
i just see what you refuse to see  
why do you  
choose to live in  
an enclosed room  
when his light casts no shadow  
for all you know  
this could be your dying day  
you never know when  
your life will be taken awaywe tend to think  
that man sas all the answers  
we think  
we know everything  
but we are wrong  
this world is cursed  
now its time  
to sentance the dead  
this is the end  
times been spent  
blood's been spilled  
so that we can livethe time will come  
when every knee shall bow  
and every tongue will confess

your time is running out  
let the curtains fall  
let the camera fade  
this is your final call  
before the fires blaze  
where every wrong's made right  
darkness will turn to light  
there is no place to hide  
its time to choose a side  
to sentence the dead

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