

# 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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