En Hakkore

Tourniquet

Nazarite, set apart, he will lead them
Hypersthenic, beyond renoun, dead Philistines your crownTasting not of the vine or beware
The razor shant come near the braids of your hair
Living ungodly for you wasn't meant
Entry of freedom is why you were sentCall to me and I will be the spring
Call to me in need for I can turn your faith to strengthThe women you loved were not of your kind
A weakness that severed your power divine
You drank from the spring that God only gives
Then slept with the enemy knowing your sin
Because of your will to live not your vow
Ocular gouging and death in the end
Believe you were, example you are
For us who partake of En Hakkore from within

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