

# Inclusive

## Stavesacre

Like a favorite slave, who's learned to hide behind the chains  
Your presence sickens me, I'm trying to tell you something  
Born into your bonds, played the puppet all along  
But so quick to dismiss me, do you even know what's out there? Cast this world aside  
They'll bleed you till there's nothing left  
No limits to their lives, their end is never changing  
All that you can see, kneels at His feet in sovereignty Time is complete, all that you can know  
Will praise his name as you will  
Little finite minds, masters of their finite lives  
But always seem to come up empty Needing kingdoms built from birth  
But death reclaims them all to earth  
Dust to dust and memories  
And this orchestral masterpiece can only end in tragedy

Songwriters

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