

# HOLY RELICS

SON

25th Nov



A VINE

A STRING

HANGING FROM  
AN OPEN WOUND  
THROUGH HANDS  
AND FEET

"MY SON

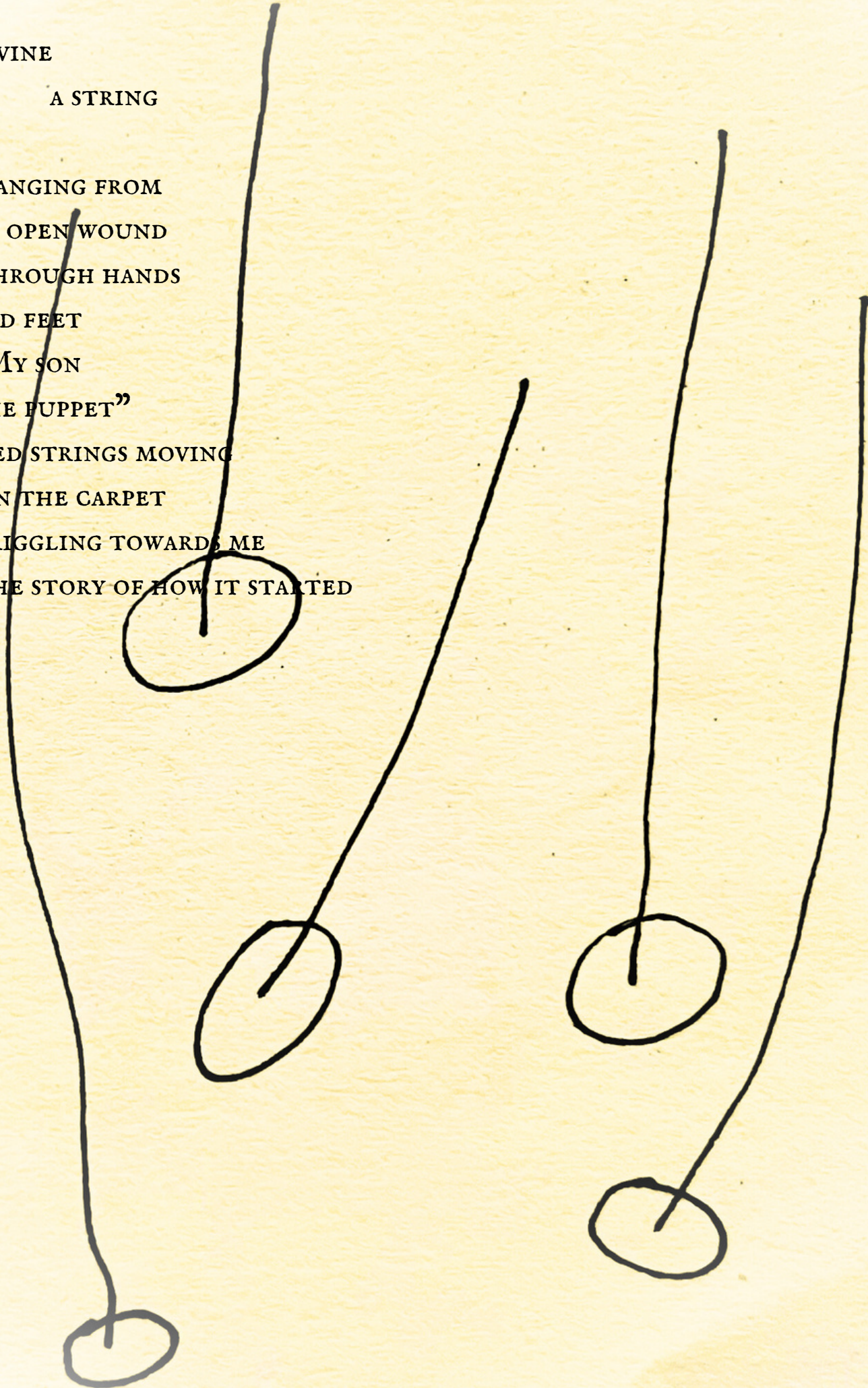
THE PUPPET"

RED STRINGS MOVING

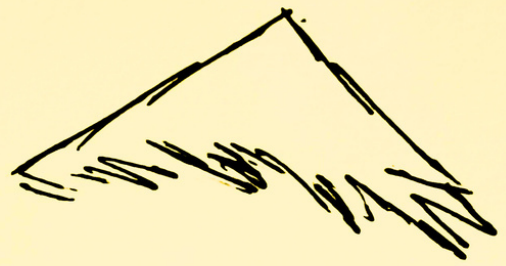
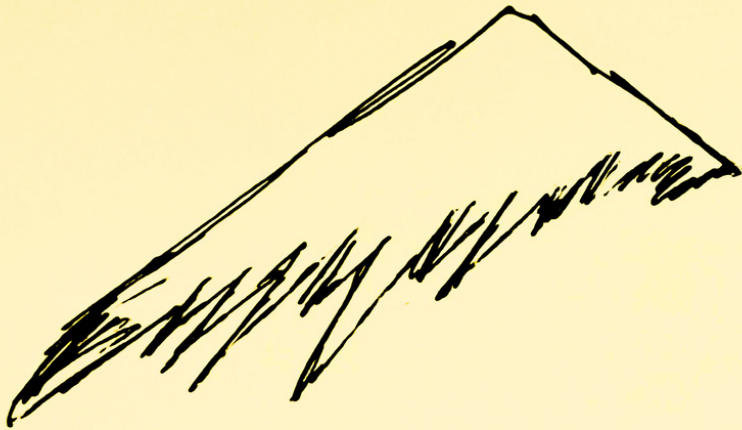
ON THE CARPET

WRIGGLING TOWARDS ME

THE STORY OF HOW IT STARTED







GOD IS MY FATHER

AND I HIS SON

SO THE STORY REPEATS

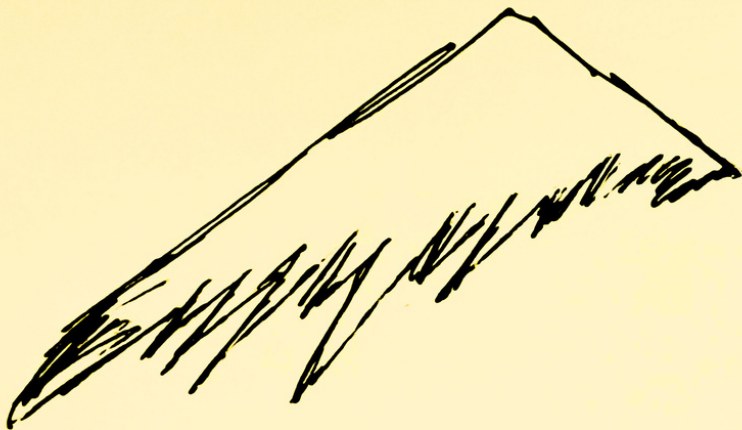
THE CRUCIFIXION BEGUN


I ASKED TO BE A MARTYR

I WILL NOT CONVINCE MYSELF OTHERWISE

FOR WITHOUT PAIN I LACK MEANING

THIS SUFFERING IS A DISGUISE



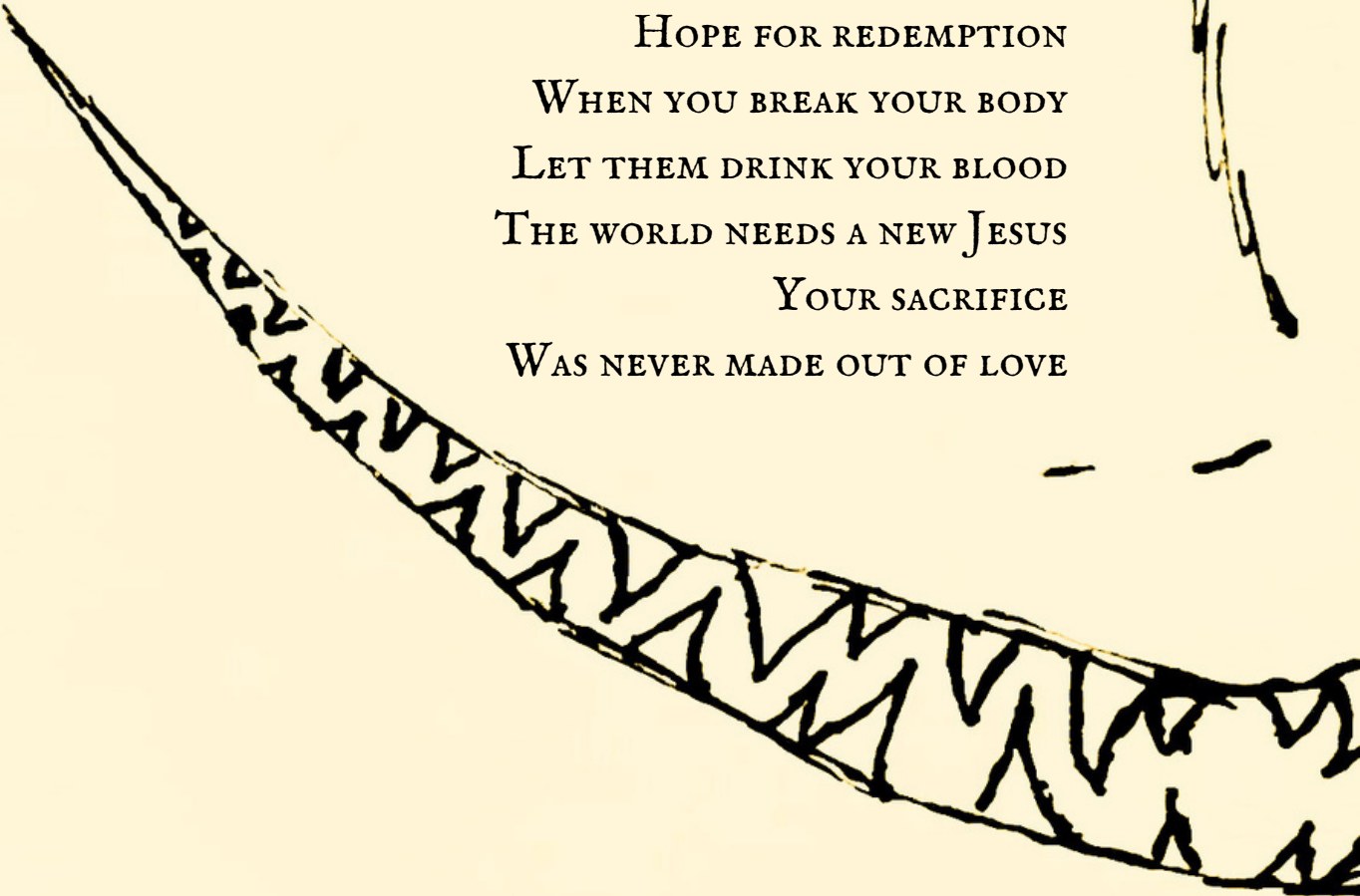


PRAY TO ME

I AM THE LORD

I AM GOD

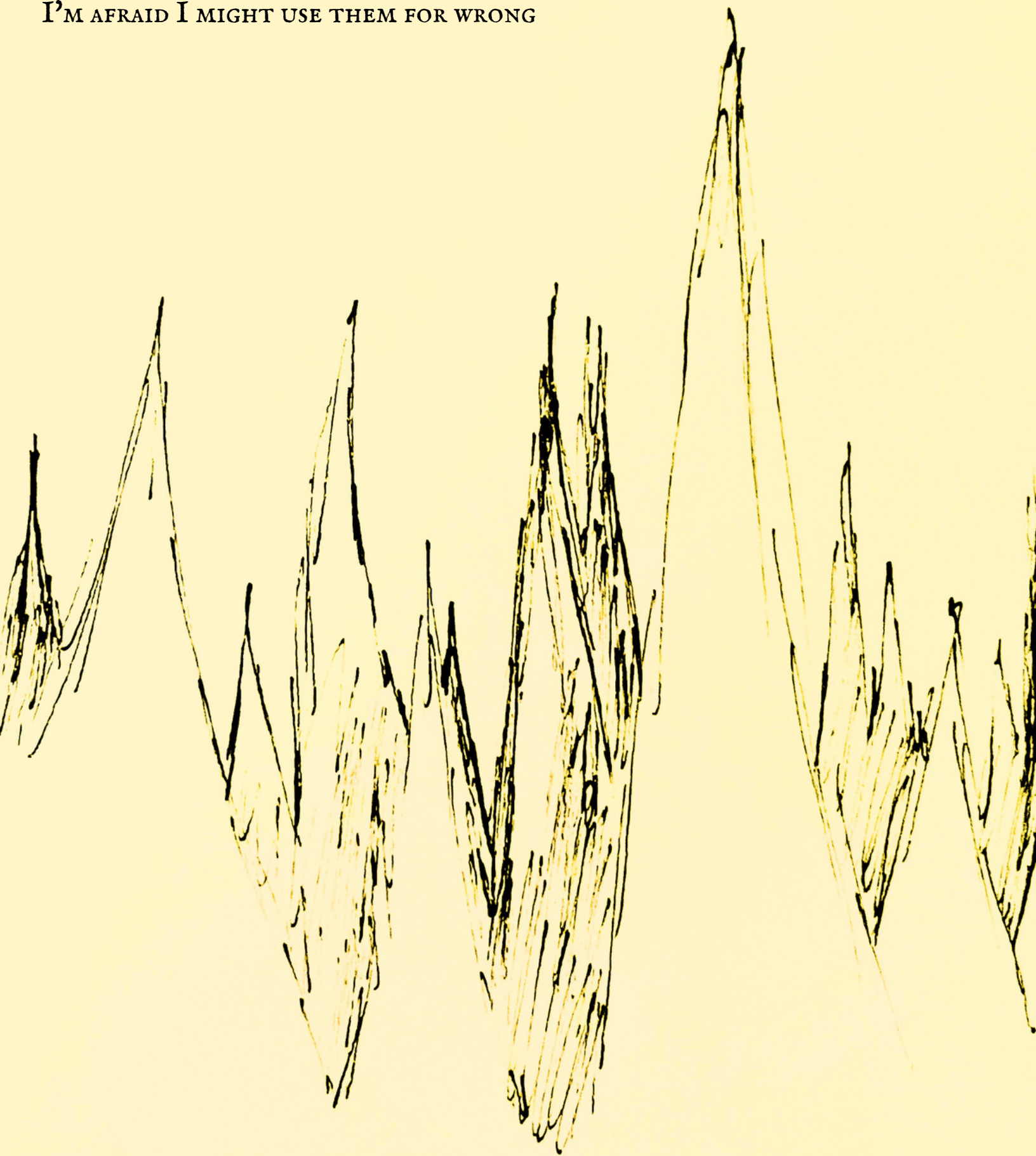
JUST LOOK AT MY



PRAY FOR YOUR SINS  
HOPE FOR REDEMPTION  
WHEN YOU BREAK YOUR BODY  
LET THEM DRINK YOUR BLOOD  
THE WORLD NEEDS A NEW JESUS  
YOUR SACRIFICE  
WAS NEVER MADE OUT OF LOVE

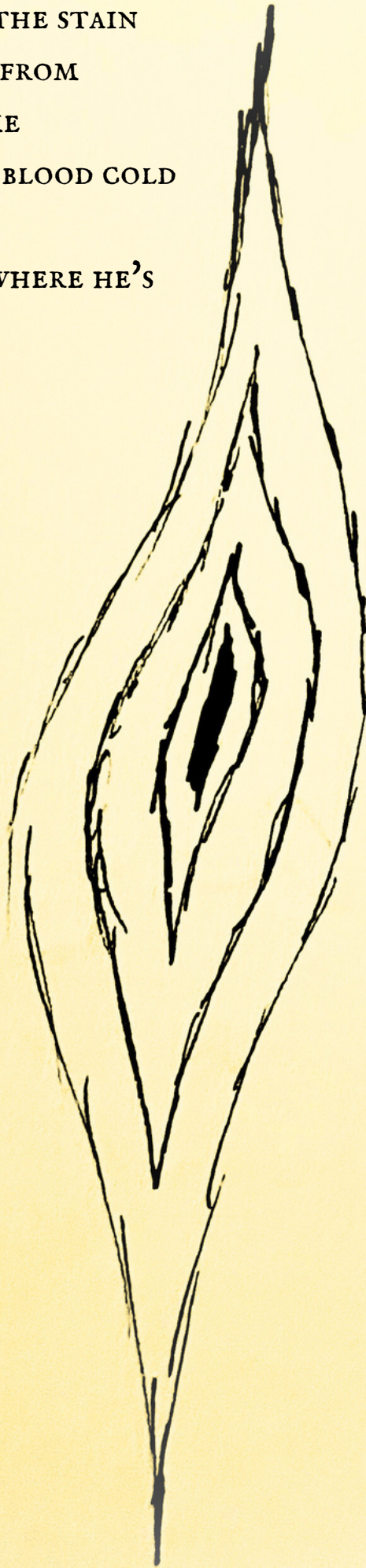


I AM THANKFUL I DON'T HAVE HANDS THAT ARE STRONG  
BECAUSE THERE IS SO MUCH HURT INSIDE  
I'M AFRAID I MIGHT USE THEM FOR WRONG





I'M DROWNING IN THE STAIN  
THE BLOOD POURS FROM  
FRACTURE TO FRAME  
COLD HANDS COLD BLOOD COLD  
STEEL REMAINS  
THERE'S NO REST WHERE HE'S  
BEEN LAIN







GOD CLOSES HIS EYES  
I FALL ON MY KNEES AGAIN  
THE PRAYER IN MY MOUTH CONTORTS  
I LOSE THE GRIP OF CLASPING HANDS  
  
FIND MY RESERECTION  
DIG UP THE BONES  
OF MY FAITH  
I BURIED THEM WHERE NO ONE EVER GOES  
  
IN SILENT SLEEP EVER WATCHING EYES  
SOFT SERENADE, SWEET DISGUISE  
OF REAPER IN SAINT'S CLOTHING  
THE IMAGE OF YOUR GOD MEANS NOTHING