

HOLY RELICS

SON



A VINE

A STRING

HANGING FROM
AN OPEN WOUND
THROUGH HANDS

AND FEET

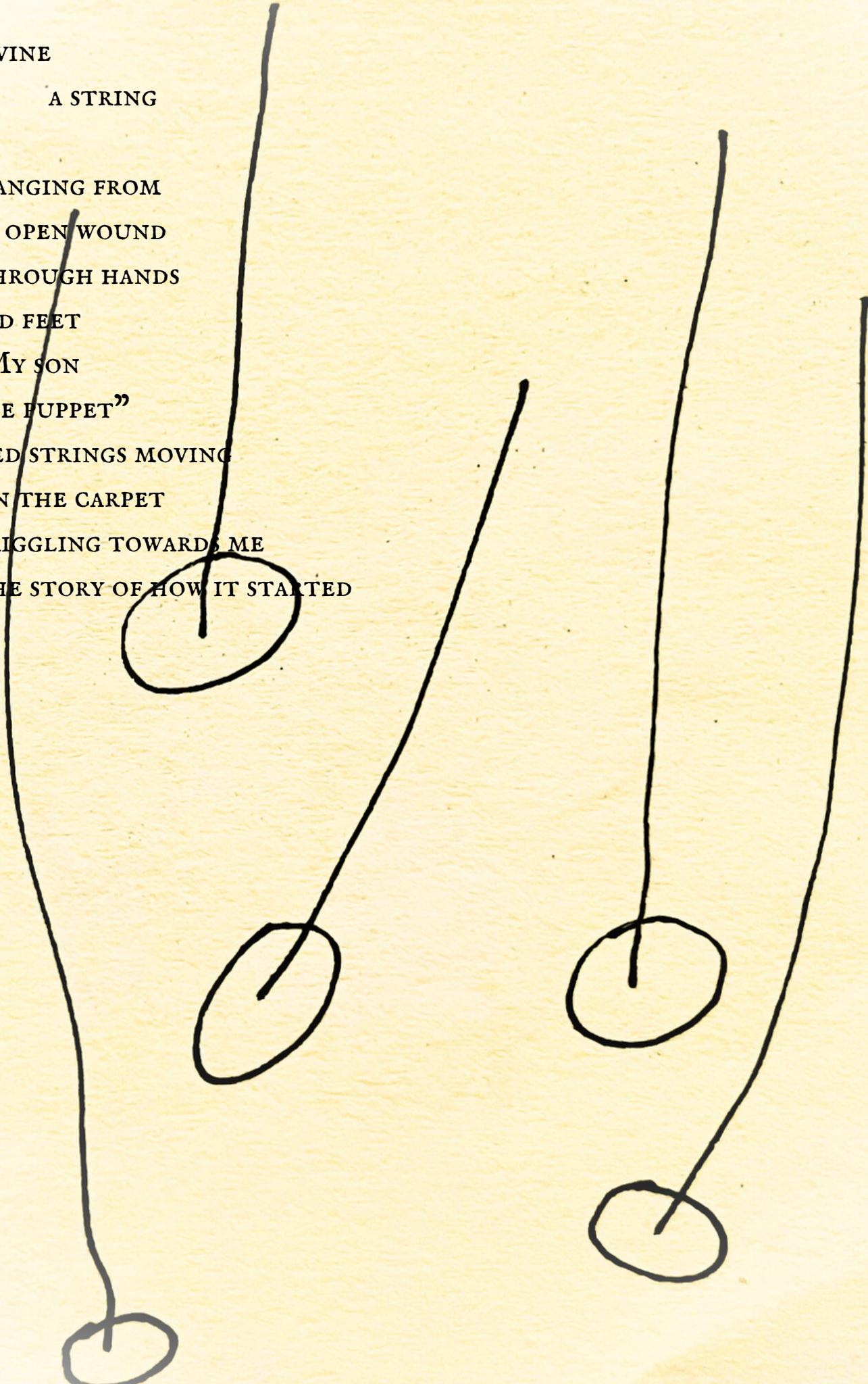
"MY SON
THE PUPPET"

RED STRINGS MOVING

ON THE CARPET

WRIGGLING TOWARDS ME

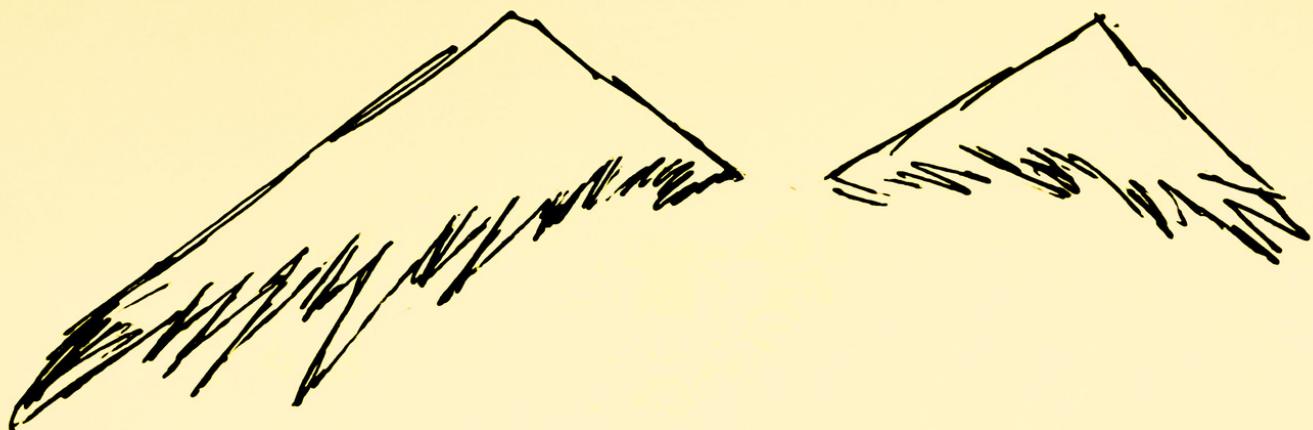
THE STORY OF HOW IT STARTED





GOD IS MY FATHER
AND I HIS SON
SO THE STORY REPEATS
THE CRUCIFIXION BEGUN

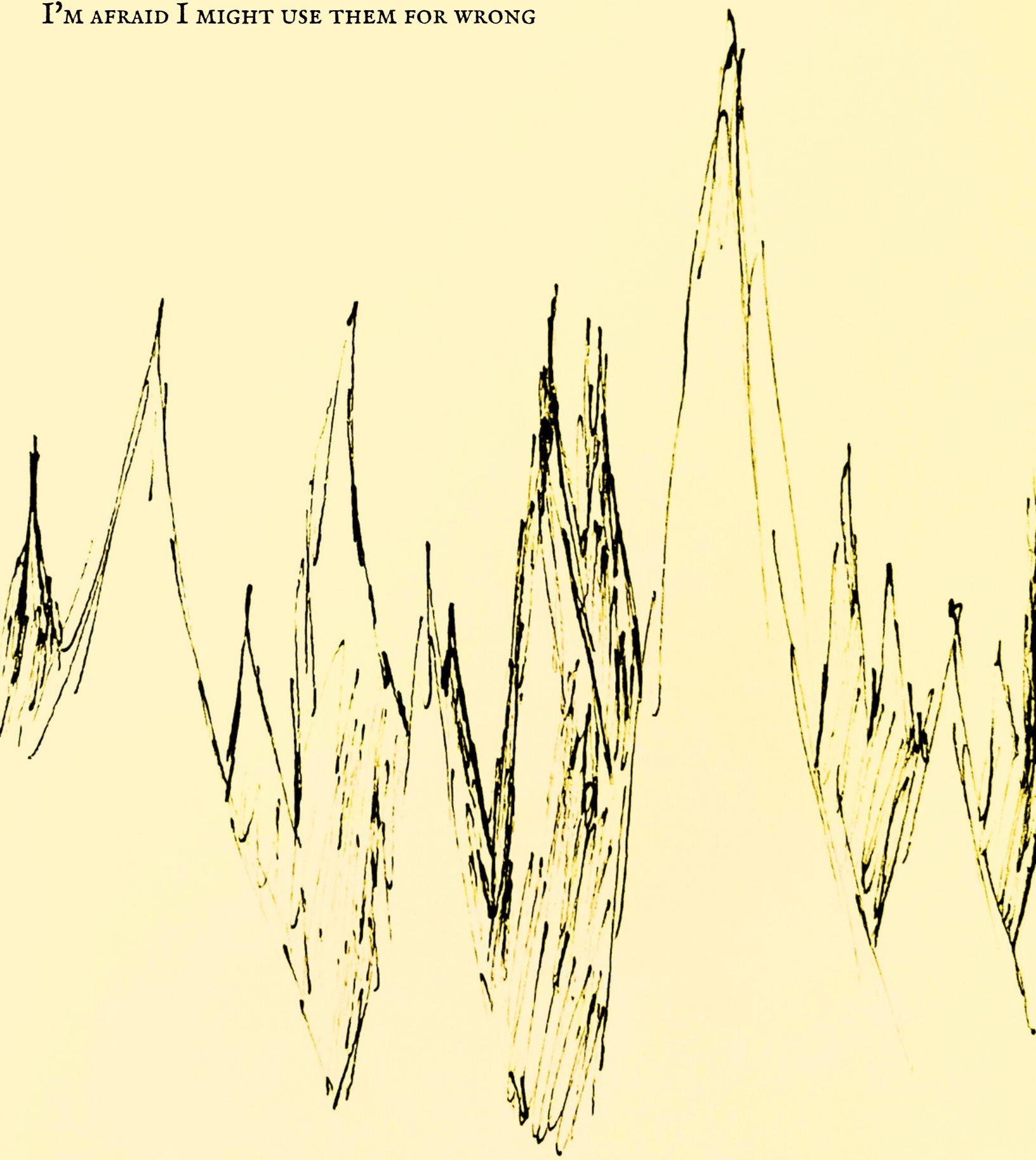
I ASKED TO BE A MARTYR
I WILL NOT CONVINCE MYSELF OTHERWISE
FOR WITHOUT PAIN I LACK MEANING
THIS SUFFERING IS A DISGUISE





PRAY 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