

Sword Of Faith

Funeral Mist

Immaculate, flawless pride,
the accuser of their brethren has accused again,
an unerring throw of guilt without sin...
To and fro, up and down.

Infallible, sovereign glory,
O angelic serpent who filled the breadth of the world with tyrants
Come forth! Wash me in the glare of thy shameless perfection.

Violent prayers, roaring psalms,
I have no voice but that of homage for Thee,
Yes, my doubt is an open wound,
yet my conviction the salt within.

Sword of faith,
breastplate of righteousness,
garments of vengeance,
locust and the helmet of Salvation.

Naked splendour, pain divine, each breath is a cry to be sifted
, sifted as wheat!
Sifted as wheat!
Wood to the pyre, sifted as wheat!

Scorched lungs, solemn benediction,
I shall make mountains bleed for thy holy mission.

Sword of faith,
breastplate of righteousness,
garments of vengeance,
locust and the helmet of Salvation.

...And he hath put a new song in my mouth,
even praise unto our God:
many shall see it, and fear,
and shall trust in the LORD!