

How Like A Winter, Crucifige

stained by your blood
and by the crowd that daze me
invoking your weeps and my spear
deep within your wounds
but what's this void in my veins...
this strange fear inside...
why hell am I crying?
Why can I feel all your nails...
feel all your thorns and all your pain?...
But why can I feel all your thirst
feel all your sadness, hear all the voices in your brain?...
It's kind I knew your last hope
and all your temptations hiding
glitter in few pieces of gold
God, fool or just man
anyway your betrayed eyes will look on for years and years
and so you've crucified us
Why can I feel all your nails...
and all the scorns...feel all your fear?...
But why can I see your defeat
and that you're dying but no one to help you...
Where is your Lord now? He's looking at me?...

"(...)But when they came to Jesus, they saw that he was dead already, so they didn't break h

One of the soldiers, however, pierced his side with a spear, and blood and water flowed out.(...)

"A bone of him shall not be broken.

And again another scripture saith, They shall look on him whom they pierced"

(John, 19:37)