

IN THE FOREST

IN THE DISTANCE SITS A GIRL FROM LONG AGO
CROONING SOFTLY TO AN INFANT
WHO WILL NEVER THRIVE OR GROW

FOR THE KILLERS CAME TO VANQUISH
ALL THE HOPE FROM THIS SAD WORLD
AND HER LONGING IN THE MOONLIGHT
SHATTERED DREAMS OF THIS POOR GIRL

ALL THE LIES THE KILLERS TOLD HER
ALL THE FALSEHOODS THEY ONCE SHARED
MADE HER THINK THAT THEY REGARDED
THAT THEY KINDLED HOPE AND CARE

OH, IF ONLY SHE COULD REACH OUT
THROUGH THE BARRIER OF TIME
SHE WOULD WARN AND SHE'D ADMONISH
CAN YOU NOT HEAR THE BELL THAT CHIMES?

KEEP AWAY FROM THE KILLERS
KEEP AWAY FROM THOSE WHO LIE
FOR THEY'LL KILL THE LIFE INSIDE YOU
AND YOUR HOPE WILL SURELY DIE

LET THE LIFE THAT GROWS INSIDE YOU
LET IT SEE THE LIGHT OF DAY
THEN YOU'LL FIND A PEACE SO LASTING
AS YOU WORSHIP AS YOU PRAY

OH, IF ONLY I COULD TOUCH YOU
FROM THIS PLACE OF LONG AGO
I WOULD SHOW YOU I WOULD COMFORT
I WOULD HOLD YOU - YOU WOULD KNOW

THAT THE KILLERS COME IN SECRET
WITH THEIR SMILES AND PHONY CHARM
FOR THEIR GOAL IS TO PREVENT YOU
HOLDING LOVE WITHIN YOUR ARMS

BUT HERE I SIT IN THE FOREST
IN A TIME OF DAYS GONE BY
AND I HEAR A SOUND SO LONELY
FROM AFAR MY BABY'S CRY



HE CRIES

HE MOVES THROUGH THE MIST
OF MY DREAMS
CALLING TO ME AS HE CRIES

HE MOVES IN AND OUT
OF MY DREAMS
CALLING TO ME THOUGH HE DIED

MAMA, WHAT DID YOU DO
WHY DID YOU SEND ME AWAY?
MAMA, I WAS PART OF YOU
I WAS MEANT TO BE YOURS ALWAYS

NOW HE MOVES THROUGH THE GRIEF
IN MY SOUL
CALLING TO ME FROM ON HIGH

MAMA, WHAT DID YOU DO
WHY DID YOU WANT ME TO DIE?

ROSE PETALS

**They pull the petals from the rose
With hearts of steel and stone
Not caring how the flower grows
For it is not their own**

**One by one, with practiced pride
They crush the flower's head
Regarding not the life inside
The mother's flower bed**

**Now the flower fades and dies
In silent agony
Only God will hear the cries
of spirits soon to be**

**Fragile flowers of our hearts
To Heaven you are bound
In memory as your souls depart
Rose petals on the ground**

A woman with dark hair is shown from the chest up, holding a baby wrapped in a white blanket. The background is a soft, out-of-focus grey. The text is overlaid on the image.

ABORTED

THE ANGELS ROCK HIM AS HE SLEEPS AND SING A LULLABY
THIS CHILD OF GOD WHO NEVER WEEPS AND UTTERS NOT ONE CRY

HE SLUMBERS ON IN PEACEFUL DREAMS AN INFANT SOUL ONCE BOUND
BUT EARTHLY TIES RIPPED AT THE SEAMS ARE LAID INTO THE GROUND

NO MOTHER, HE NO FATHER, YET THIS CHILD OF PASSIONS BENT
THOUGH WANTED NOT HIS FATE WAS SET TO HEAVEN HE WAS SENT

AND NOW THE ANGELS HOVER O'ER HIS CRADLE IN THE SKY
FOR HE IS LOVED BY CHRIST THE LORD WITH GOD, HE'LL NEVER DIE

HOW MANY?

HOW MANY IS THE NUMBER
HOW MANY DID WE KILL
HOW MANY DID WE SLAUGHTER
AGAINST THY HOLY WILL

TOO MANY IS THE NUMBER
TOO MANY HAVE WE KILLED
TOO MANY HAVE WE SLAUGHTERED
HOW MANY MORE WILL STILL

BE MURDERED IN THE WOMB
BE BUTCHERED BY THE KNIFE
BE TOSSED AWAY LIKE GARBAGE
AND DEPRIVED OF ANY LIFE

WHEN WILL WE SEE THE HORROR
THAT'S CLEAR BEFORE OUR EYES
WHEN WILL WE HEAR THE ECHOES
OF THEIR SILENT, HELPLESS CRIES

OH, LORD, CANST THOU FORGIVE US
AS WE BOW OUR HEADS IN SHAME
OH, LORD, HOW CAN WE JUSTIFY
FOR WE ARE FILLED WITH BLAME

HOW MANY IS THE NUMBER
HOW MANY MORE TO COME
HOW MANY WILL BE SACRIFICED
BEFORE THIS DAY IS DONE



IF WE DO NOT FIGHT

IF WE DO NOT FIGHT THEN TELL ME, WHO WILL
SHALL WE BE IDLE, SHALL OUR VOICES BE STILL?

IF WE DO NOT STAND, DO WE THEN LEND OUR AID
WHY WON'T YOU LEAD, ARE YOU TRULY AFRAID?

THE KILLING IS REAL, CAN YOU NOT FEEL EACH BLOW
CAN YOU NOT HEAR THE CRIES, CAN'T YOU SEE THE BLOOD FLOW?

WE MUST DO OUR PART, EVEN IF OUR WORDS FAIL
WE MUST TRY TO SAVE, ALL THE WEAK AND THE FRAIL

WHEN WE FACE GOD IN HEAVEN, WHEN HE ASKS THIS OF YOU
WHAT SHALL YOU TELL HIM, WHEN HE ASKS, WHAT DID YOU DO?

DID YOU TRY TO PROTECT, DID YOU SPEAK LOUD AND CLEAR
DID YOU STAND AT THE FOREFRONT, OR COWER IN FEAR?

IF WE DO NOT FIGHT, THEN TELL ME, WHO WILL
FOR YOU KNOW THAT SATAN, WILL NEVER BE FILLED

HE WILL WANT THE KILLING, TO GO ON AND ON
HE WILL WANT THE SACRIFICE, 'TIL ALL INFANTS ARE GONE

THE DESTRUCTION OF MAN, IS WHAT SATAN SEEKS
CAN YOU NOT SMELL THE EVIL, HOW IT ROTS, HOW IT REEKS?

IF WE DO NOT FIGHT, IF WE DO NOT STAND
THEN TERROR AND PLIGHT, WILL COVER THE LAND
WILL YOU FIGHT?