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## **DEATH SENTENCE**

we received out death sentence  
when we were born  
then we were thrown  
into a world of scorn  
all women give birth  
standing over a grave  
death is your master  
you become his slave  
fear can torment you  
and drive you insane  
and hold you captive  
like a ball and a chain  
you may catch the next plane  
down to spain  
but the thought remains  
inside your brain  
there is a refuge  
for the refugee  
there was a rugged cross  
on calvary  
holy blood was shed  
it can set you free  
it's enough for you  
it's enough for me

LARZ GUSTAESSON March 25-26, 2009

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