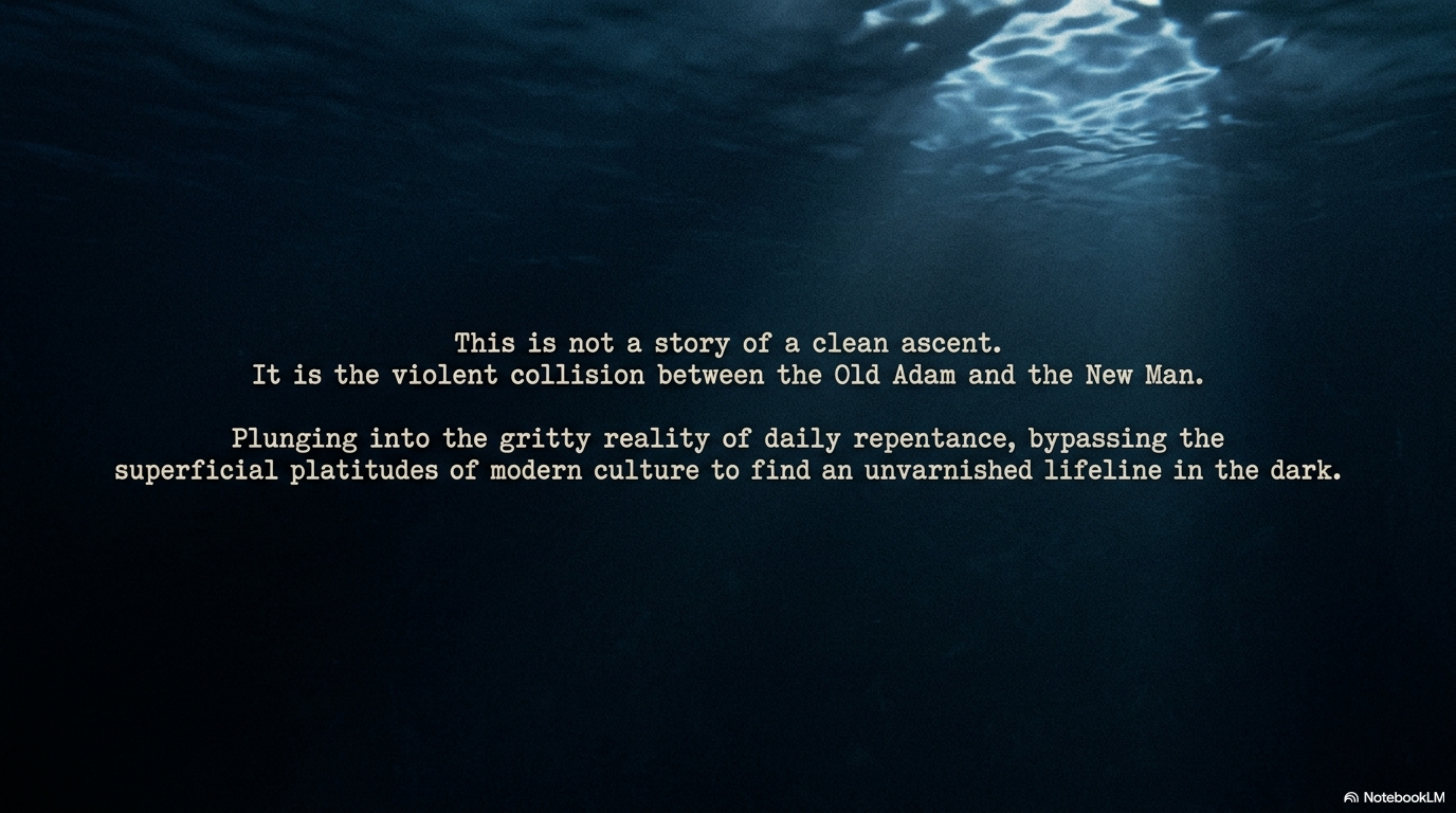


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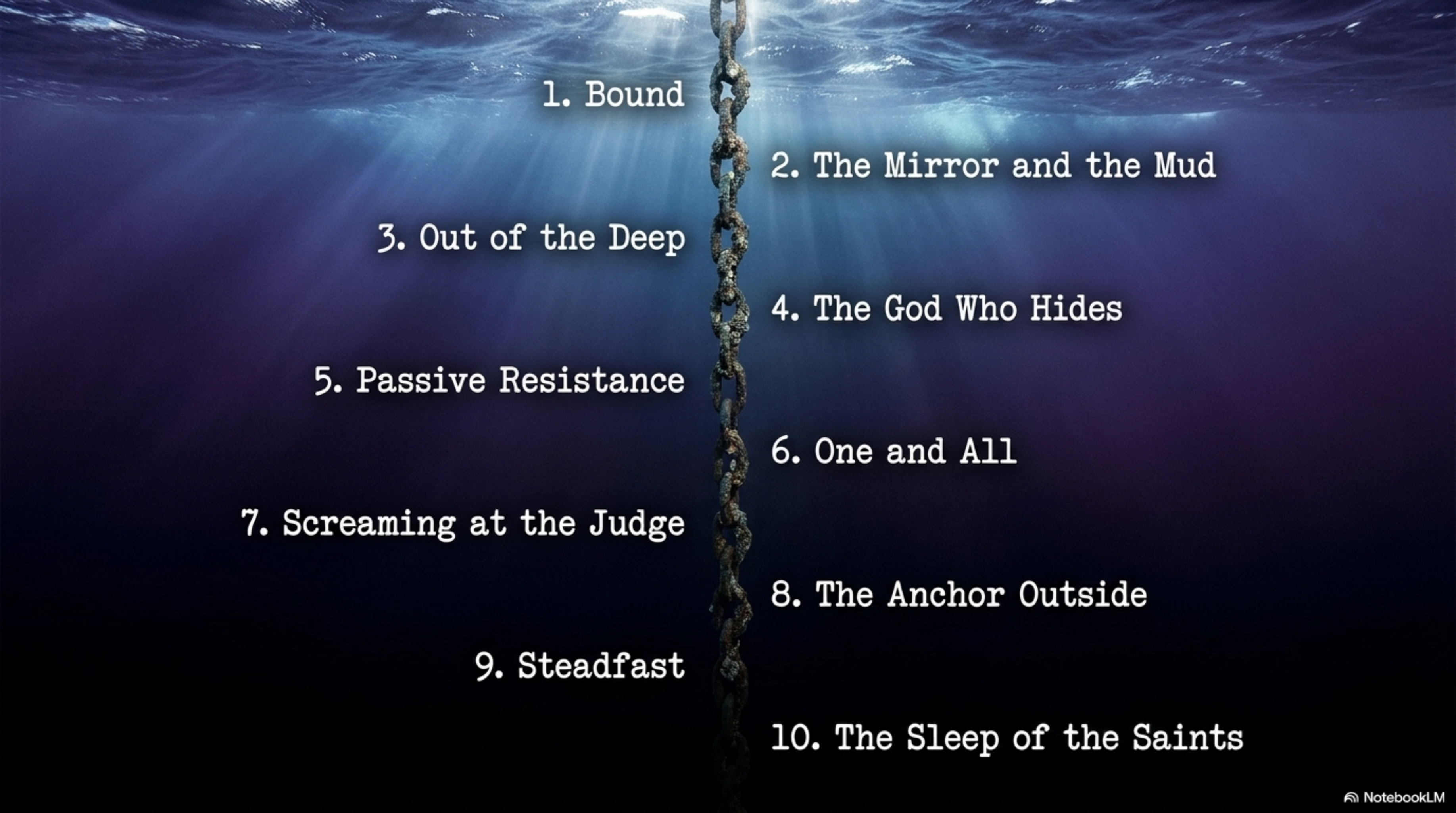


The Daily Drowning

An underwater scene with a dark blue background. In the upper right corner, there is a bright, shimmering area where light filters through the water's surface, creating a pattern of ripples and highlights. The rest of the image is a deep, dark blue, suggesting the depths of the ocean.

This is not a story of a clean ascent.
It is the violent collision between the Old Adam and the New Man.

Plunging into the gritty reality of daily repentance, bypassing the
superficial platitudes of modern culture to find an unvarnished lifeline in the dark.



1. Bound

2. The Mirror and the Mud

3. Out of the Deep

4. The God Who Hides

5. Passive Resistance

6. One and All

7. Screaming at the Judge

8. The Anchor Outside

9. Steadfast

10. The Sleep of the Saints

Track 1 | Bound

No shipwrecked captain trying to survive—A dead heart cannot make itself alive.

[Verse 1]

I am staring at the wreckage of an ancient design
Trying to draw a line that's straight on a crooked baseline
They tell me that I have the power to choose the light
To spark a little fire and to win the moral fight
But the engine is dead and the battery's cold
I am a prisoner to the lies that I have been told

[Pre-Chorus]

No free choice in the shadow of the grave
No free choice in the shadow of the grave
No self-made strength that can find a way to save
The chains are wrapped around the human mind
Leaving only blindness left behind

[Chorus]

No shipwrecked captain trying to survive—
A dead heart cannot make itself alive!
You seized the wheel, You broke my blind decree—
And in Your holy custody, I'm finally free!

[Verse 2]

I tried to buy my freedom with a checkbook of deeds
Planted self-righteousness but reaped only weeds
The will is a slave till the Master breaks in
Bound by the shackles of original sin

[Bridge]

Break the lock! Tear the door right off the frame!
Call the dead sinner by a resurrected name!
It's not my cooperation or my matching spark
It's Your sovereign mercy crashing through the dark!

Track 2 | The Mirror and the Mud

Bypassing the cheap affirmations of culture to find true anatomy written in the water.

[Verse 1]

I check the screen, I check the glass at eight AM
Looking for a single flaw to highlight again
The culture whispers that I'm perfect as I am
Just love yourself and follow the blueprint of the plan
But looking inward only reveals the broken clay
The deep depravity that won't go away

[Pre-Chorus]

They sell me affirmations to repair the view
But a dying body needs more than a talk that's new
The roots are poisoned from the very start
A total failure in the center of the heart

[Chorus]

The mirror lies, the fallen flesh decays
A twisted shadow of the ancient days
But look past the bone, look to the water's claim—
My true identity is written in His Name!

[Verse 2]

Body dysmorphia, the counting of scales
Every human standard of perfection fails
I am born in the mud of a fallen race
Drowning in the heritage of deep disgrace

[Bridge]

It's extra nos, it's outside my skin!
The washing font is where the true records begin!
Washed clean in the blood, wrapped in the white
Perfect in His eyes in the middle of the night!

Track 3 | Out of the Deep

Dropping the argument and listening for a spoken word of pardon in the quiet house.

[Verse 1]

The kitchen tap is dripping cold into the sink
I've exhausted every single way I think
Staring at my reflection in a chipped ceramic mug
Trying to pull myself up from a hole I dug
My resolve is just a fragile, useless thin glass pane
I cannot think my way out of this internal stain

[Pre-Chorus]

The podcasts tell me to look inward for a cure
To manifest a version that is confident and pure
But digging in my chest just uncovers more dust
There's nothing in the middle of my heart to trust

[Chorus]

So from the basement floor, out of the deep
I drop the argument and listen for where You speak
If You kept a tally of my fractured days
Who could look You in the eye? Who gets to stay?
But there's an actual, physical mercy in the room
A spoken word of pardon shattering the gloom

[Verse 2]

I tried to treat devotion like a vertical race
To build a clean exhibit out of saving face
But the pastor speaks the text and it hits me like a weight
Absolution isn't hidden behind a golden gate
Absolution isn't hidden behind a golden gate

[Outro]

The ink is dry on the page
The water was real
I can finally rest

Track 4 | The God Who Hides

Refusing to decode the starry skies, running instead to the wounds of the Man.

[Verse 1]

The monitor is humming in the dark
The doctor walks away without a word
I'm staring at the crucifix on the wall
And wrestling a silence I have heard
If God is sovereign in this freezing room
Why is the shadow sitting on my chest?

[Pre-Chorus]

Don't peer behind the heavy iron shroud
Don't try to decode lightning through the cloud

[Chorus]

Don't look for secrets in the silent skies
Turn from the majesty that blinds your eyes
Run from the shadows that you cannot scan
And cling to mercy in the wounded Man

[Verse 2]

The pious voices offer cheap relief
Inventing reasons to explain the grief
They map out purposes in shifting dust
But that's an idol that I cannot trust
I do not need a cosmic, hidden plan
I need the actual flesh of the Son of Man

[Bridge & Outro]

He bound His favor to the altar rail
The words of pardon that will never fail
In the bread.
In the wine.
In the scars.
My anchor stands.

Track 5 | Passive Resistance

Vertically completely still; saving all the sweat for the horizontal floor.

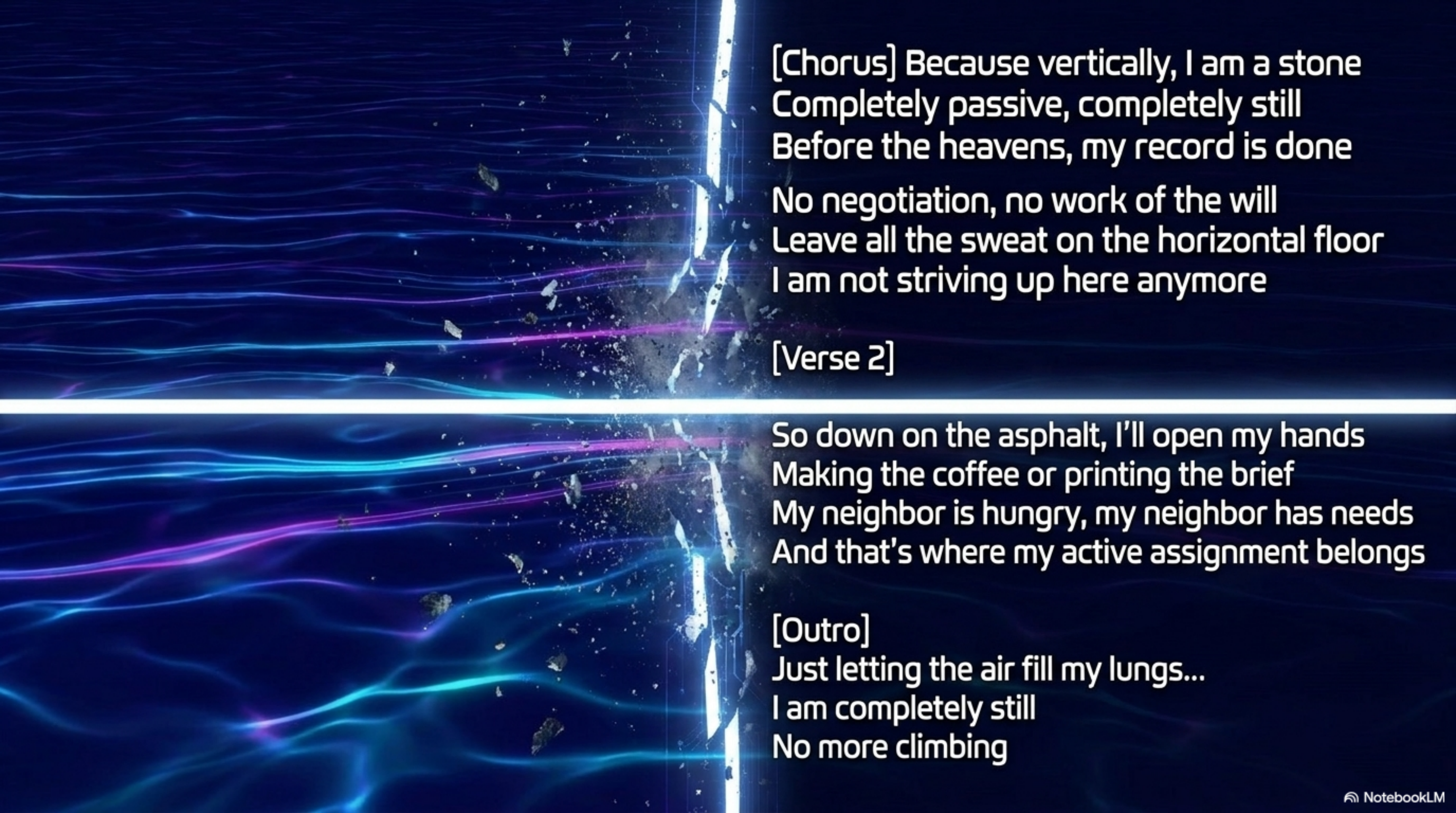
[Verse 1]

Running the numbers at midnight again
Adding up instances where I was good
The metric is shifting, the target moves out
I am tired of paying a debt with my breath

They built a skyscraper out of the law
And told me to start on the bottom stair

[Pre-Chorus]

But my legs are giving out
And the oxygen gets thin
Then a voice from the top yells down:
Step off the ledge



[Chorus] Because vertically, I am a stone
Completely passive, completely still
Before the heavens, my record is done
No negotiation, no work of the will
Leave all the sweat on the horizontal floor
I am not striving up here anymore

[Verse 2]

So down on the asphalt, I'll open my hands
Making the coffee or printing the brief
My neighbor is hungry, my neighbor has needs
And that's where my active assignment belongs

[Outro]
Just letting the air fill my lungs...
I am completely still
No more climbing

Track 6 | One and All

An ancient rescue song breaking through the iron gates of despair.

[Verse 1]

Dear Christians, one and all, rejoice!

Shout it out together!

**With happy hearts and lifted voice,
we break the heavy tether!**

**For I was bound in Satan's den, a prisoner of the night
Condemned to die like all dead men, a blind and broken sight!
My own good works were wood and straw, a tattered, useless shield
I choked beneath the heavy Law, on guilt's own battlefield!**

[Pre-Chorus]

**No human aid could break the iron gate
No pious thoughts could recalculate the fate
We were collapsed inside a deep despair...**

Track 7 | Screaming at the Judge

Holding the written oath against the terrifying dark.

[Verse 1]

The air in this room is heavy.

I am listening to my own heartbeat like a clock ticking down.

The dark isn't empty; it's crowded with everything I want to forget.

I can feel the distance between what I am and what is holy.

It feels like You are a fire, and I am standing out in the open.

[Pre-Chorus]

The internal noise is a wave breaking over me.

There is nowhere left to hide from the light.

[Chorus]

**When You look like an executioner holding a scroll,
I run straight past the judgment to the place where the blood fell.
I hold Your written oath against the terrifying dark—
You cannot strike the sinner You already washed clean.**

[Verse 2]

**The accusation doesn't need to shout to find me.
It sits on my chest while the city is asleep.
They told me to look inside to find my peace,
but looking inward is just digging up a grave.**

[Bridge]

**I am not offering an excuse or a better version of myself.
I am just standing on the objective word You spoke.
The water was real.
The promise stands.**

Track 8 | The Anchor Outside

Stop digging inward for the truth; the anchor sits completely still while the head is spinning.

[Verse 1]

I am scanning the dark inside my ribs for a spark.
They told me holiness feels like a chemical rush,
a sudden heat in the room to prove you belong.
But my chest is just an overstrained motherboard.
The signals are crossing. The feedback is loud.

[Pre-Chorus]

I keep tracking my temperature.
Am I up? Am I down?



[Chorus]

Stop checking your pulse to see if you're alive.
The water was real, the calendar page is locked.
The bread on my tongue doesn't ask how I feel.
It's an object. It's an anchor.
It sits completely still while my head is spinning.

[Verse 2]

They're chasing a whisper between their ears,
inventing a private voice to tell them they're clean.
But an echo inside a broken skull will lie to your face.
I don't need a secret vision in the midnight dark
when the pastor is standing right there saying the words.

[Bridge]

Outside my skin.
In the water, in the room.
Physical. Tangible.
Fixed on the altar rail.

Track 9 | Steadfast

A fierce defensive shield against the wolves at the gate.

[Verse 1]

The wolves are prowling at the church's gate
Dressed up in modern clothes and selling corporate fate
They tell us that the Word is old, the truth must bend
To match the shifting fashion of the latest trend
But we are standing on the ancient, bloody ground
Where true security and holy peace are found

[Pre-Chorus]

Let kings and empires shake the earth and fight
They cannot dim the uncreated Light!

[Chorus / Outro]

LORD, KEEP US STEADFAST IN YOUR HOLY WORD!
THE SHARPEST SWORD THAT WE HAVE EVER HEARD!
Restrain the hands that try to steal Your crown
And throw the kingdoms of the tyrant down!
Defend Your bride, protect the low and weak
And speak the comfort that we cannot speak

Track 10 | The Sleep of the Saints

The exhaustion doesn't follow you beneath the soil. The air is perfectly quiet.

[Verse 1]

The wet grass is heavy in the parish yard.
The stone under the foundations is completely still.
You can drop your hands now, let the armor fall.
No more checklists, no more checking for a spark.
The exhaustion doesn't follow you beneath the soil.

[Pre-Chorus]

No ladders left to build.
The air is perfectly quiet.

[Chorus]

Sleep cleanly under the cold limestone floor, the pulse is frozen but the promise stands.
He keeps the clay that the water claimed—until His voice wakes the dust.

[Verse 2]

They told you to manifest a golden light, to keep on performing till
your final breath. But the New Man is hidden where the old one fell,
safe in the spaces where the scars are deep.

[Bridge]

The earth cannot swallow the name You wrote. The washing font went
deeper than the grave. The finish line was crossed before we even fell asleep.

