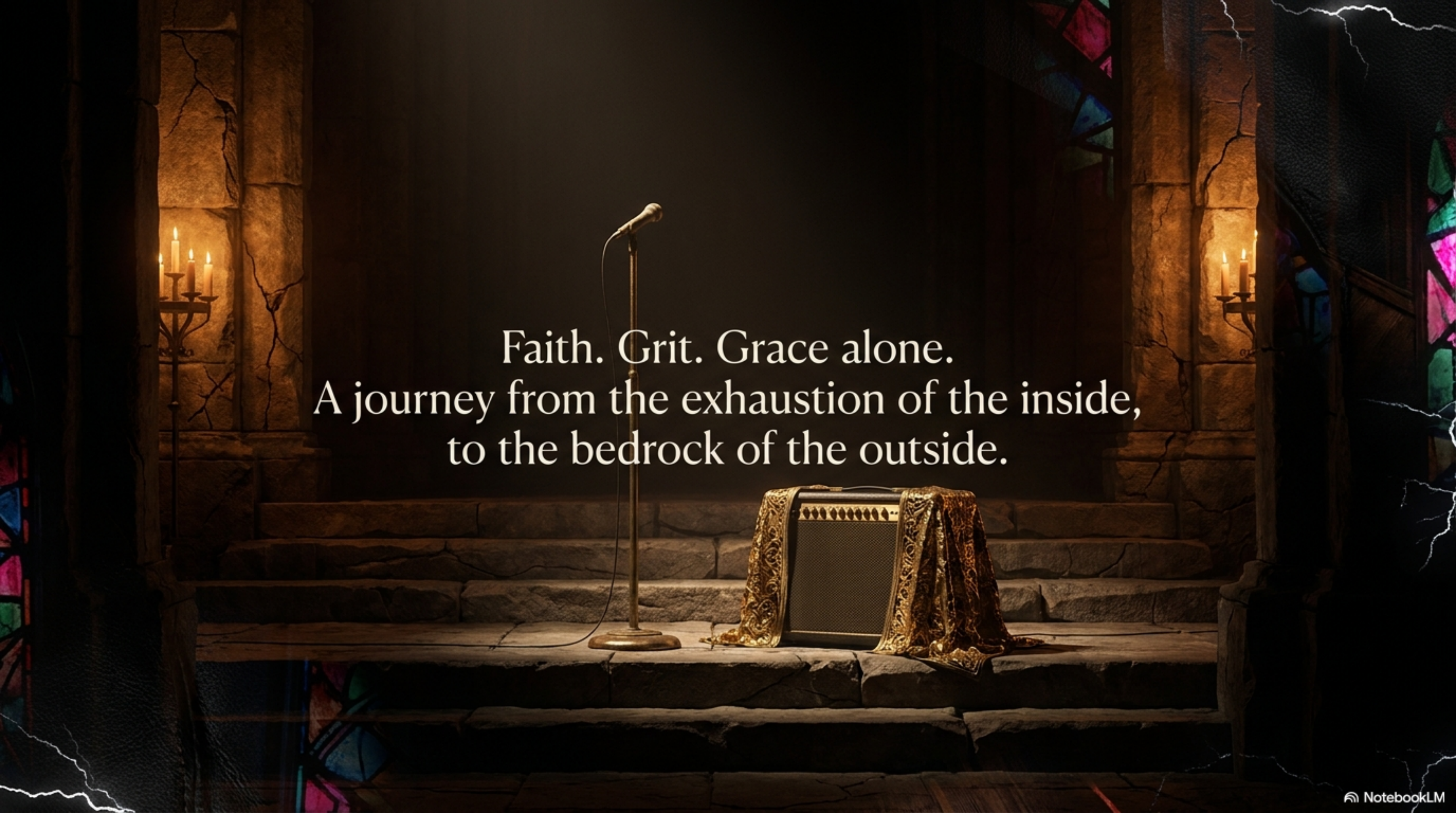


SANCTIFIED STATIC



Sola

A stage set within a church, featuring a microphone on a stand and a guitar amplifier covered in a gold cloth. The background consists of stone walls with candelabras and stained glass windows. The text is centered on the stage.

Faith. Grit. Grace alone.
A journey from the exhaustion of the inside,
to the bedrock of the outside.



Eliora James

Vocals & Rhythm Guitar.
The Voice of Grace.



Clara Voigt

Drums & Backup Vocals.
The Liturgical Heartbeat.



Maya 'May' Lindholm

Bass & Synth.
The Confessional Anchor.



Setlist

Side A: The Anthems

- Track 1 - Extra Nos
- Track 2 - Five Solas
- Track 5 - No Altar Calls
- Track 7 - Monergirlism

Side B: The Soul (Vulnerable Ballads)

- Track 3 - Confession Booth
- Track 4 - Table Set for Sinners
- Track 8 - Sabbath Scars
- Track 10 - Liturgy in My Lungs

The Covers (Traditions Remixed)

- Track 6 - A Mighty Remix
- Track 9 - Catechism



Track 1: Extra Nos

[Verse 1]

I searched inside for holy fire,
Chased every spark, burned out desire.
They told me truth lived deep in me,
But grace came down externally.

[Pre-Chorus]

Not in my feelings, not in my fight,
It came from Christ who made me right.



[Chorus]

Not what I feel, but what He's told.
It's blood on wood, it's empty grave,
Not my decision—He still saves.

[Verse 2]

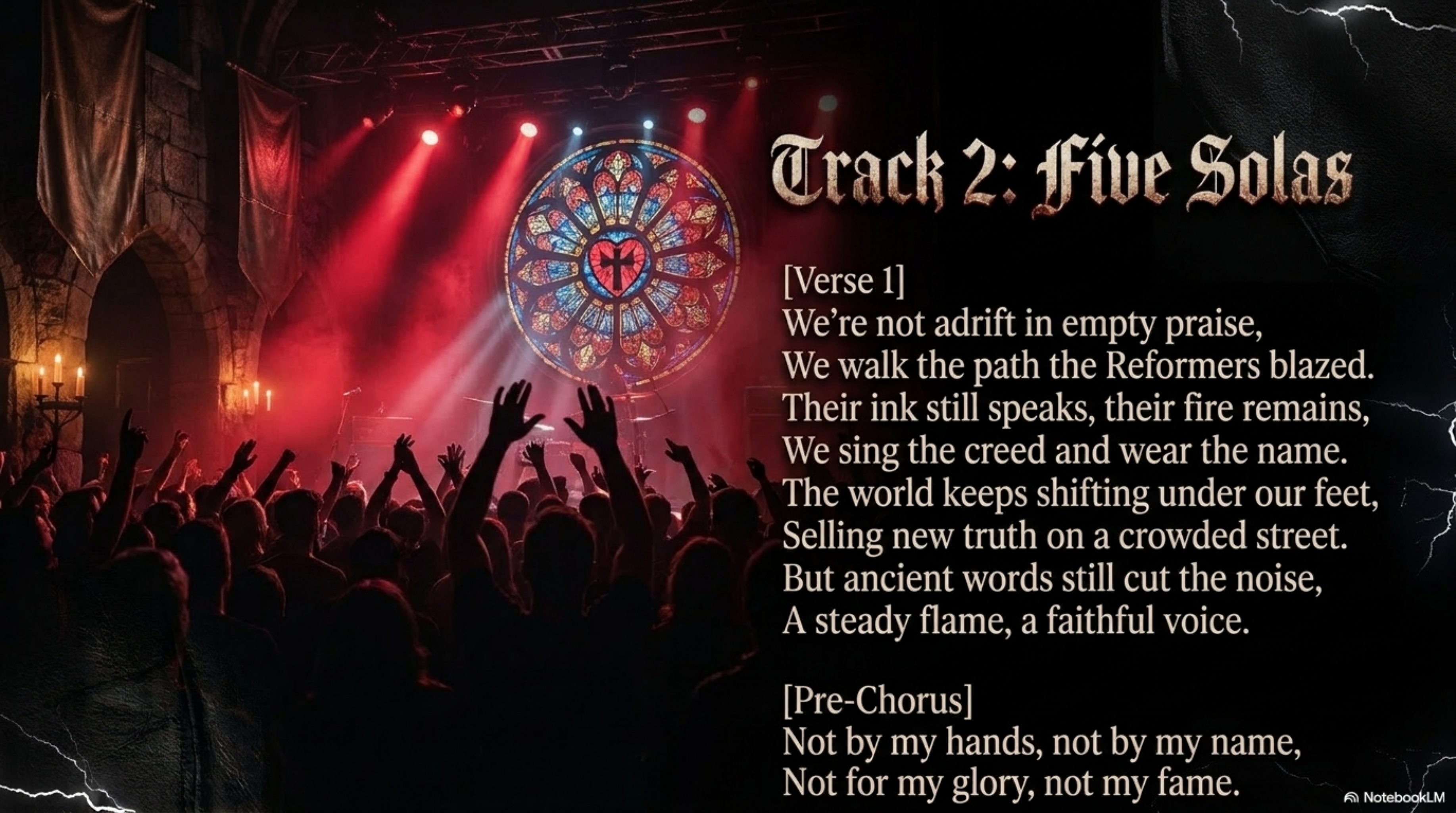
I built my faith on shifting sand,
Trying to hold it in my hands.
But every promise that endured
Was written down outside myself, secure.

[Pre-Chorus]

Not in my progress, not in my pain,
His word remains, His wounds remain.

[Outro]

So when my heart forgets the song,
His grace is still where I belong.



Track 2: Five Solas

[Verse 1]

We're not adrift in empty praise,
We walk the path the Reformers blazed.
Their ink still speaks, their fire remains,
We sing the creed and wear the name.
The world keeps shifting under our feet,
Selling new truth on a crowded street.
But ancient words still cut the noise,
A steady flame, a faithful voice.

[Pre-Chorus]

Not by my hands, not by my name,
Not for my glory, not my fame.

[Chorus]

Scriptura, Gratia, Fide, Christus,
Soli Deo Gloria!

Five solas—hold the line,
Truths that stand the test of time.
Not by works, not by fame,
Only grace in Jesus' name.

[Verse 2]

The Word still thunders, sharp and true,
It breaks the chains we're clinging to.
Grace comes running to the lost,
Faith receives what Christ has bought.

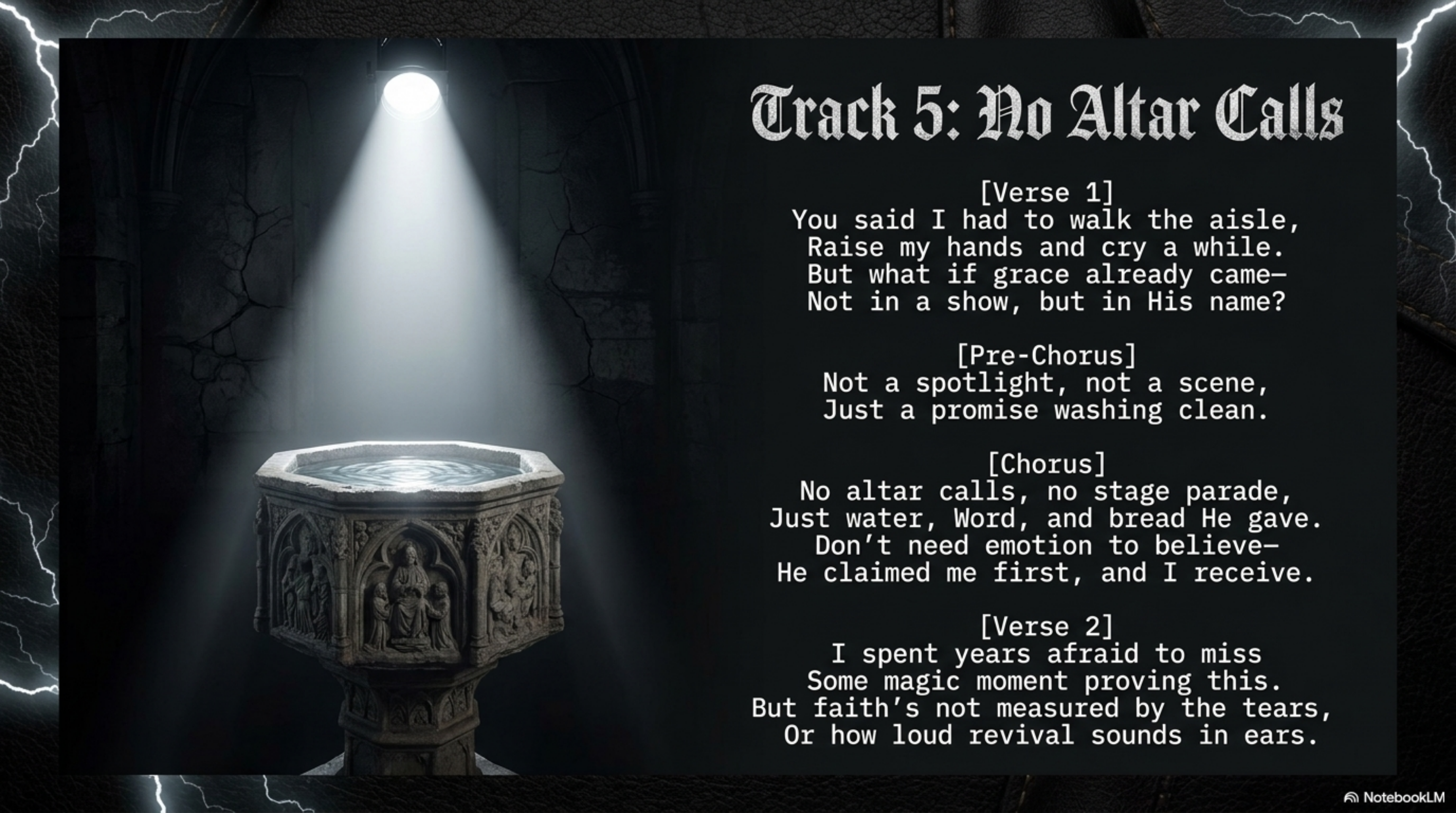
[Pre-Chorus]

Not what I earn, not what I bring,
Christ is my righteousness, Christ is King.

[Bridge]

When the world shifts, we hold firm,
On these five, our hearts will burn.

Word alone, grace alone,
Faith alone in Christ alone.
To God alone the glory goes,
From font to feast, the mercy flows.
We don't retreat, we don't resign,
Five solas—hold the line!



Track 5: No Altar Calls

[Verse 1]

You said I had to walk the aisle,
Raise my hands and cry a while.
But what if grace already came—
Not in a show, but in His name?

[Pre-Chorus]

Not a spotlight, not a scene,
Just a promise washing clean.

[Chorus]

No altar calls, no stage parade,
Just water, Word, and bread He gave.
Don't need emotion to believe—
He claimed me first, and I receive.

[Verse 2]

I spent years afraid to miss
Some magic moment proving this.
But faith's not measured by the tears,
Or how loud revival sounds in ears.

Track 7: Monergirlism

[Verse 1]

I thought I had to help Him out,
To earn my place, to crush my doubt.
But now I rest, the work is done,
I'm held by God, the Three in One.

[Chorus]

I'm a monergirl in a synergist world—
Saved by grace, not by works unfurled.
He did it all, no back and forth,
It's mercy, not my effort's worth.
I'm a monergirl singing sola fide,
Resting in the wounds where sinners hide.

[Bridge]

Dead hearts don't resurrect themselves,
Grace breaks in like thunder.
I didn't climb my way to God—
He pulled me from the under.

[Final Chorus]

I'm a monergirl in a restless age,
Not performing for a holy stage.
He finished it on Calvary's hill—
And by His grace, He keeps me still.



The Covers: Traditions Remixed

Track 6: A Mighty Remix

[Verse 1]

A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing.
Our helper He amid the flood,
Of mortal ills prevailing...

[Bridge]

Still stands the cross,
Still breaks the chains,
He reigns above,
Forever reigns!

Track 9: Catechism

[Chorus]

Who made me? God.

What's my call?

To fear, to love, to trust Him all.

What's this faith?

It's gift, not grind—

Grace imprinted on my mind.

Commandments, Creed, the Lord's Prayer too—

My catechism's breaking through.

A photograph of a wooden confession booth. The booth has a dark wood frame and a window with a decorative lattice pattern. Light is streaming through the window, creating a warm, golden glow. The booth is set against a dark background.

Side B: The Soul

Track 3: Confession Booth

[Verse 1]

I carry words I wish I'd swallowed,
Regrets that haunt like shadows follow.
But in the quiet, I hear Him say:
Child, I took those sins away.

[Chorus]

Here in this confessional grace,
No mask, no pride, just honest space.
My shame is met with sacred truth,
I'm whole again in this confession booth.

[Final Chorus]

No need to hide, no need to run,
The debt is paid, the work is done.
Yes, I am known, and I am free,
Absolved by Christ outside of me.
My shame is met with sacred truth,
I'm whole again in this confession booth.



Track 4: Table Set for Sinners

[Verse 1]

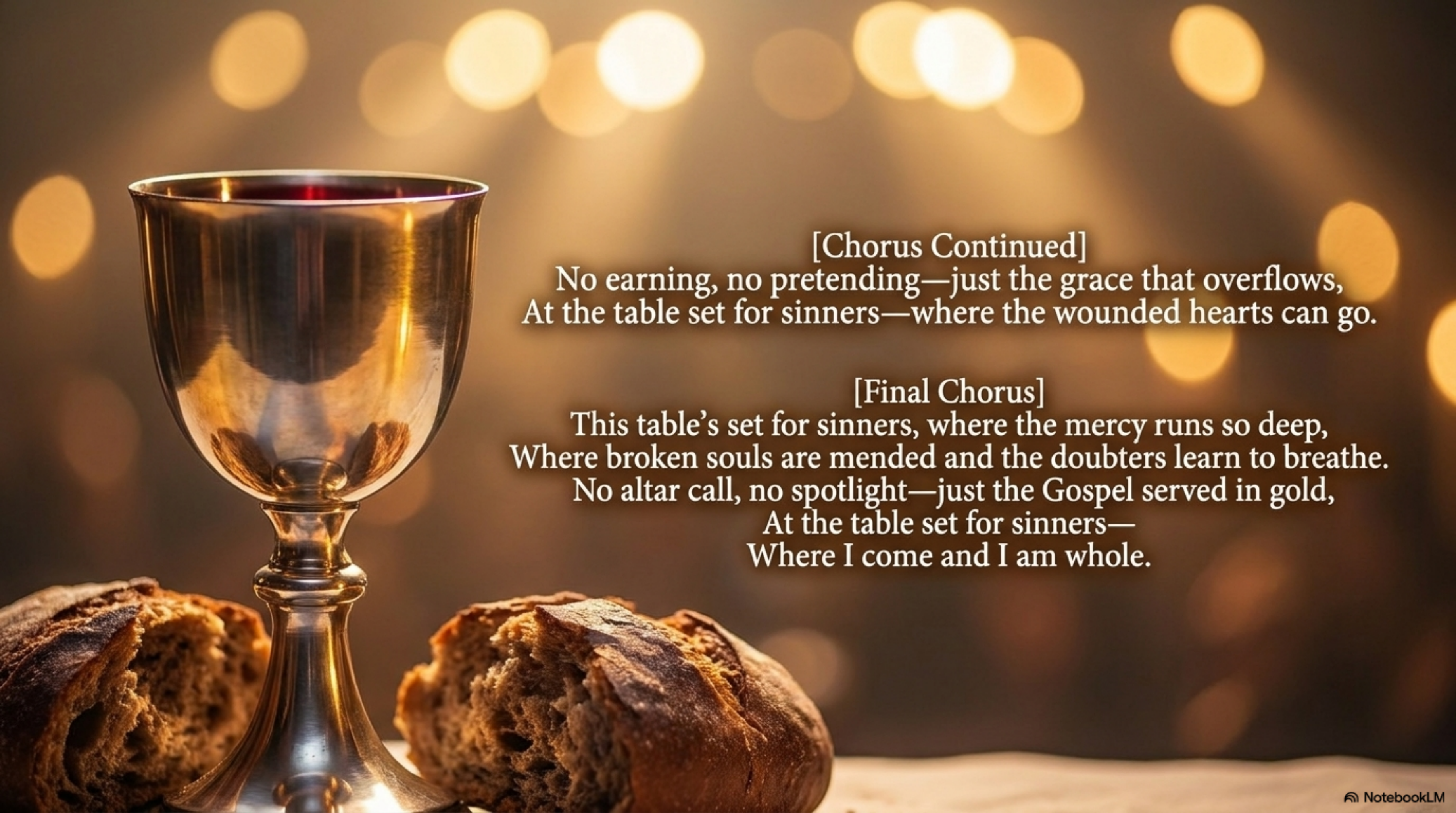
I walk in stained with yesterday,
Hands too empty, heart too frayed
I see the linen, folded clean—
A mercy meal prepared for me.

[Pre-Chorus]

I hear no judgment in the wine,
No shame inside the bread,
Only whispers of a promise:
“This is for you,” He said.

[Chorus]

This table's set for sinners,
not for saints who think they're whole,
He broke the bread for beggars,
poured His blood to heal the soul.



[Chorus Continued]

No earning, no pretending—just the grace that overflows,
At the table set for sinners—where the wounded hearts can go.

[Final Chorus]

This table's set for sinners, where the mercy runs so deep,
Where broken souls are mended and the doubters learn to breathe.
No altar call, no spotlight—just the Gospel served in gold,
At the table set for sinners—
Where I come and I am whole.



Track 8: Sabbath Scars

[Verse 1]

I've worn my hands down to the bone,
Trying to earn what I've been shown.
I made my worth a heavy chain,
Measured my soul in work and pain.
But scars can sing, and wounds can teach,
The Sabbath was always meant for peace.

[Pre-Chorus]

Then mercy found me tired and torn,
And whispered, "Child, you're not alone."

[Chorus]

He calls the weary, He calls the worn,
The ones with souls battle-torn.
In rest I find where healing starts,
He loves me with my Sabbath scars.
I don't have to strive to be
The one His blood has set me free.
So I will sleep, and I will trust...
He loves me with my Sabbath scars.

Track 10: Liturgy in My Lungs

[Verse 1]

I breathe in grace, I breathe out need,
And find my rhythm in liturgy.
The Kyrie, the Gloria song,
It forms me even when I'm wrong.

[Chorus]

It's in my blood, it's in my breath,
This holy shape that leads through death.
With every word and every rung,
I've got liturgy in my lungs.

[Outro]

So let me sing until I'm home,
A melody not mine alone—
The church has sung for ages long,
And I will carry on the song.



Sola - The Debut Album by Sanctified Static.
Thank you for listening.