



SANCTIFIED STATIC

Faith. Grit. Grace alone.

The Master Lyrics Collection

The Complete Unified Lyrics and Doctrinal Stories for Sola, Dust & Gloria, and The
Daily Drowning

A Confessional Lutheran Alternative Rock Songbook

Prepared for Website Integration and Personal Study

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SOLA

Album 1: Reformation Fundamentals

The groundbreaking debut album from Sanctified Static, tracking a narrative arc from seeking righteousness internally to resting completely in the external grace of Christ. Sola lays down the fundamental rock and pop-punk bedrock of objective grace, justification, and sacramental theology.



Extra Nos

A punchy, guitar-driven rock anthem focusing on the core Lutheran doctrine that salvation is found entirely outside of ourselves (extra nos) in the objective, historical work of Christ, rather than inside our shifting feelings or spiritual progress.

[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]

It's extra nos—outside my soul,
Not what I feel, but what He's told.
It's blood on wood, it's empty grave,
Not my decision—He still saves.
So I will rest, not strive or boast,
My hope is found in extra nos.

[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.

[Chorus]

It's extra nos—outside my soul,
Not what I feel, but what He's told.
It's blood on wood, it's empty grave,
Not my decision—He still saves.
So I will rest, not strive or boast,
My hope is found in extra nos.

[Bridge]

When doubt comes screaming in the night,
I don't look inward for the light.
The cross still stands outside of me,
A finished work eternally.

[Final Chorus]

It's extra nos—outside my soul,
Not what I feel, but what He's told
It's blood on wood, it's empty grave,
Not my decision—He still saves.
So I will rest, not strive or boast,
My hope is found in extra nos.

[Outro]

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

Five Solas

A high-energy Reformation rally cry that lists the five solas as a girl-band battle cry. It champions Scripture alone, Grace alone, Faith alone, Christ alone, and Glory to God alone as the solid anchors against a shifting, consumerist world.

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

[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.
No ladder built from human pride,
No merit strong enough to hide
The debt that only blood could pay,
The stone that rolled the grave away.

[Pre-Chorus]

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

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

[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!

[Final 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.
Word alone, grace alone,
Faith alone in Christ alone,
To God alone the glory goes—
Soli Deo Gloria!

Confession Booth

A deeply vulnerable, emotional alternative rock ballad about the beauty of private confession and the physical delivery of Christ's forgiveness through the spoken word of absolution, providing an honest space free from legalistic posturing.

[Verse 1]

I carry words I wish I'd swallowed,
Regrets that haunt like shadows follow.
The things I did, the things I said,
They echo loud inside my head.
I dress the wound, pretend I'm fine,
But guilt keeps crossing every line.
And all the masks I learned to wear
Fall apart inside this prayer.

[Pre-Chorus]

Then mercy meets me where I kneel,
With words more true than what I feel.

[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.
No need to hide, no need to run,
The debt is paid, the work is done.
I hear the words, and I know they're true:
"Christ forgives, and so do I forgive you."

[Verse 2]

I thought confession meant disgrace,
A spotlight on my weakest place.
But here the darkness is exposed
So healing can begin to grow.
The pastor speaks, but Christ is near,
His absolution finds me here.
Not vague forgiveness in the air,
But spoken mercy, real and there.

[Pre-Chorus]

The Accuser shouts, but cannot win,
The cross has answered every sin.

[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.
No need to hide, no need to run,
The debt is paid, the work is done.
I hear the words, and I know they're true:
"Christ forgives, and so do I forgive you."

[Bridge]

What I buried, He brings to light,
Not to condemn, but make me right.
What I whispered through my tears,
He covers with His wounds and scars.
So let the gates of mercy swing,
Let broken sinners start to sing.
The final word is not my shame—
It's Jesus Christ who speaks my name.

[Final 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.
No need to hide, no need to run,
The debt is paid, the work is done.
I hear the words, and I know they're true:
"Christ forgives, and so do I forgive you."
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.

Table Set for Sinners

The emotional power ballad centerpiece of Sola. A deeply sacramental track focusing on Holy Communion not as a platform for self-righteous exhibition or human performance, but as an objective, physical Means of Grace where Christ physically feeds broken beggars.

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

[Verse 2]

I thought I had to clean my name,
To dare to take the holy flame,
But He invites with pierced hands,
To stand, not crawl, in grace again.

[Pre-Chorus]

I taste the freedom in the cup,
No fear beneath His gaze,
Just the gift of Christ made present—
A sacrament of praise.

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

[Bridge]

Come ye heavy-laden,
Come ye lost and low,
He's the Lamb who's waiting—
You're already known.
No need for second chances,
He's the first and last,
All the shame you carry
He has nailed into the past.

[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.

No Altar Calls

An anthemic, punky response to high-pressure emotional altar call culture, declaring that we do not climb up to God or prove our salvation through emotional displays; He crossed the distance and claimed us first in the quiet sacraments.

[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.

[Pre-Chorus]

Not by pressure, not by hype,
But by the wounds of Jesus Christ.

[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.

[Bridge]

You think I'm cold—
But I've got peace.

A covenant stronger than feelings.
Not climbing up—
He came to me.
That's why my heart keeps singing.

[Final Chorus]

No altar calls, no guilt displays,
Just mercy poured through means of grace.
I don't perform so God believes—
He spoke His word, and I received.

A Mighty Remix

A heavy, modern rock reimagining of Martin Luther's battle hymn, 'A Mighty Fortress Is Our God'. It overlays the historic text with a soaring new bridge, reminding the Church that Hell's gates cannot shatter the Kingdom Christ holds secure.

[Verse 1]

A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our helper He amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great,
And armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

[Verse 2]

Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right Man on our side,
The Man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord Sabaoth His name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.

[Verse 3]

And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The prince of darkness grim,
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo, his doom is sure;
One little word shall fell him.

[Bridge]

Still stands the cross, still speaks the Word,
Still mercy flows like thunder;

The gates of hell have never stirred
The Kingdom Christ holds under.
No strength of ours can save,
But Christ has crossed the grave;
His wounds, His blood, His name
Forevermore proclaim:
Our fortress stands forever.

[Final Verse]

That Word above all earthly powers,
No thanks to them, abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill;
God's truth abideth still;
His kingdom is forever.

Monergirlism

A playful, high-energy pop-punk anthem that tackles the systematic Lutheran reality of monergism. It tells girls they do not 'cooperate' in their justification; dead hearts do not resurrect themselves—grace breaks in like thunder to save us 100%.

[Verse 1]

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

[Pre-Chorus]

He didn't wait for me to move,
The cross already proved the truth.

[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.

[Verse 2]

I used to fear I'd fall away
If I messed up one little day.
But now I trust the stronger hand
Of Christ who holds what faith began.

[Pre-Chorus]

Not my striving, not my spin,
The Shepherd always brings me in.

[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.

Sabbath Scars

A raw, post-grunge alt-rock recovery track about legalistic burnout. It confronts the exhausting anxiety of modern achievement culture and points the weary to find true, passive, and complete Sabbath rest under the shadow of the cross.

[Verse 1]

I've worn my hands down to the bone,
Trying to earn what I've been shown.
I called it faith, I called it drive,
But I was barely staying alive.
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.
He holds my work, my wounds, my heart,
And meets me in my Sabbath scars.

[Verse 2]

I used to fear the quiet hours,
As if my rest could steal His power.
But silence is a holy place
Where empty hands receive His grace.
The world says run until you break,
Give every breath, stay wide awake.
But Christ has spoken, "It is done,"
And Sabbath rest is in the Son.

[Pre-Chorus]

Not by the weight I choose to bear,
But by the cross that held Him there.

[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.
He holds my work, my wounds, my heart,
And meets me in my Sabbath scars.

[Bridge]

Let the fields lie still tonight,
Let the soul come back to life.
Let the bruised and broken breathe,
Christ is Lord of even these.
No more proving, no more race,
No more fear of falling from grace.
The Shepherd gathers what was lost,
And gives me rest beneath the cross.

[Final 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.
He holds my work, my wounds, my heart,
And meets me in my Sabbath scars.

[Outro]

So I will sleep, and I will trust,
That I am more than ash and dust.
The healing comes, the striving parts—
He loves me with my Sabbath scars.

Catechism

A catchy, structured musical memory aid utilizing parts of Luther's Small Catechism. It acts as a solid, handed-down light inside the darkness, anchoring a young believer's identity firmly in the Commandments, Creed, and Sacraments when feelings fade.

[Verse 1]

I learned the answers line by line,
Truth like rhythm keeping time.
Not just words on yellowed pages,
But living faith through all the ages.
Small hands folded, voices raised,
Learning how the church has prayed.
Question, answer, call and creed,
Grace becoming what I need.

[Pre-Chorus]

Not a checklist, not a test,
But holy words that teach me rest.

[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,
Baptism, Keys, and Supper true.
A rhythm old, a mercy new—
My catechism's breaking through.

[Verse 2]

The Law shows every place I've failed,
The Gospel says that Christ prevailed.
The font still speaks my given name,
The table feeds me with His grace.
And when my feelings fade away,
These words still teach my heart to pray.
When doubt gets loud and hope feels thin,
The truth I learned comes back again.

[Pre-Chorus]

Not my wisdom, not my spark,
But handed light inside the dark.

[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,
Baptism, Keys, and Supper true.
A rhythm old, a mercy new—
My catechism's breaking through.

[Bridge]

Six chief parts and a Savior's name,
Law and Gospel, cross and claim.
This is the faith my heart receives,
This is the truth the church believes.
Teach it to the young and old,
Tell it when the nights grow cold.
Write it deep and sing it loud,
Christ is mercy, Christ is crown.

[Final 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,
Baptism, Keys, and Supper true.
A rhythm old, a mercy new—
My catechism's breaking through.

[Outro]

Question, answer, heart made new,
Ancient words still ringing true.
From little faith to heaven's view—
My catechism's breaking through.

Liturgy in My Lungs

The sweeping, hopeful, and deeply worshipful finale of Sola. It describes how the historic rhythms of the Church carry us through life, establishing a collective sisterhood stitched securely throughout the centuries and saints' unending song.

[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.

[Pre-Chorus]

Ancient words in modern bones,
A borrowed faith that leads me home.

[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.

[Verse 2]

The church bells ring through centuries,
A choir stitched through history.
And though I'm small, I still belong
Inside the saints' unending song.

[Pre-Chorus]

Not alone and not brand new,
One communion breaking through.

[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.

[Bridge]

So when my voice begins to fade,
And flesh returns back to the grave,

The saints and angels still will sing—
And Christ forevermore is King.

[Final Chorus]

It's in my blood, it's in my breath,
A resurrection stronger than death.
The church has sung for ages long,
And now I carry on the song.



DUST & GLORIA

Album 2: Theology of the Cross & Grief

The deeply mature sophomore album from Sanctified Static, shifting from Sola's bedrock concepts to the lived-in reality of suffering, grief, and the Theology of the Cross. It confronts raw human struggles, infertility, and spiritual failure, anchoring hope solely under the shadow of Christ's cross and sacraments.



Monarch of Grace

A high-energy, fast-paced skate-punk opener that fiercely rejects the celebrity Christianity, self-made holiness, and spiritual performance traps of modern culture, declaring that on the stage of our lives, there is no king or queen but Christ's pure grace.

[Verse 1]

They built a kingdom out of neon lights
Selling plastic wonder in the velvet night
They put a spotlight on a shifting stage
And told me holiness is matching the trend and age
But the glitter washes off the skin
Leaving empty rooms where the doubts crawl in

[Pre-Chorus]

Not by my striving, not by my name
The Law has exposed all my pride and my shame
Break down my towers, shatter the chase
I step off the throne to be broken by Grace

[Chorus]

He wore the thorn-crown I deserved
I rest in the mercy completely unearned
Turn the spotlights down to the floor
My own filthy rags cannot save anymore
The idols are shattered, my kingdoms erase
You rule over all as the Monarch of Grace!

[Verse 2]

They love a testimony clean and bright
A perfect story tailored for the Sunday light
But I've got fractures they don't want to see
And raw confessions shaking in the core of me
If my perfection is the price to pay
Then I will gladly throw the crown away

[Pre-Chorus]

Not by my striving, not by my name
The Law has exposed all my pride and my shame
Break down my towers, shatter the chase
I step off the throne to be broken by Grace

[Chorus]

He wore the thorn-crown I deserved
I rest in the mercy completely unearned
Turn the spotlights down to the floor
My own filthy rags cannot save anymore
The idols are shattered, my kingdoms erase
You rule over all as the Monarch of Grace!

[Bridge]

Let all of my self-righteous kingdoms decay
Let every false merit be scattered away
No crown I can fashion can alter my case
My hope is outside me, secure in Your grace!

[Gang vocals]

No pride! No crown!
Bow down!

[Guitar Solo]

[Chorus]

He wore the thorn-crown I deserved
I rest in the mercy completely unearned
Turn the spotlights down to the floor
My own filthy rags cannot save anymore
The idols are shattered, my kingdoms erase
You rule over all as the Monarch of Grace!

[Outro]

No crown of my own.
His mercy alone.
The Monarch of Grace.

Ash to Amber (Hannah's Song)

The emotional centerpiece of Dust & Gloria. Written directly from the raw grief of infertility, it avoids cheap transactional platitudes. It bridges the deep, physical ache of an empty nursery with the unshakeable, external baptismal promise of Christ.

[Intro]

[Minimalist piano arpeggio, low cello pedal]

[Verse 1]

I look at rooms that stay too quiet
And fight the shadows in the dark
Another month, another breakdown
Another fracture in my heart
They tell me, "Just have faith, be patient"
While standing on their steady ground
But I am drowning in the silence
Where only bitter tears are found

[Pre-Chorus]

I bring my empty hands to Shiloh
I pour my soul out on the floor
They think I'm drunk on desperate sorrow
But I am knocking at Your door...

[Chorus]

The bows of the mighty are broken to dust
But the weary will sing in the God that they trust
You raise up the beggar, You sit with the poor
My value is not what my body can store
When the ash heap is cold and the promise is dim
My hope's not an outcome—my hope is in Him.

[Verse 2]

The world equates a life with fruitfulness
And counts the blessings by the seed
But Luther said the cross is hidden
In every ache and deepest need
I wanted skin to hold and comfort
To answer what my body lacks
But You have written down my identity
In water that will not pull back

[Pre-Chorus]

My womb might feel like barren winter
But You have called me by my name
The grave was empty on that morning
And He has swallowed all my shame

[Chorus]

The bows of the mighty are broken to dust
But the weary will sing in the God that they trust
You raise up the beggar, You sit with the poor
My value is not what my body can store
When the ash heap is cold and the promise is dim
My hope's not an outcome—my hope is in Him.

[Bridge]

He guards the feet of His holy ones
The darkness cannot block His view
My value isn't what I carry
It's what my Savior carried through.
He bore the grief, He felt the tearing
He took the cross to set me free
And even in the quiet nursery
His spoken Promise stands for me!

[Final Chorus]

The bows of the mighty are broken to dust!
The barren are singing in the God that they trust!
He raises the beggar, He shatters the proud
And wraps us in white like an innocent cloud!
When the ash heap is cold and the promise is dim
My life is secure in the scars that He bears...
Yeah, my hope is in Him.

[Outro]

From the ash to the amber...
You hold me close.
I am known.
I am His.

Simul (Justus et Peccator)

A snappy pop-punk recovery after Track 2. It explores the core Lutheran paradox: Simul Justus et Peccator. We are 100% total broken disasters coram mundo, yet 100% clean and acquitted coram Deo by Christ's alien righteousness.

[Verse 1]

Look in the mirror at eight AM
A walking disaster strikes again
I got the old man pulling at my sleeve
Doubt chasing everything that I believe
A civil war in a denim jacket
Spiritual peace with a side of racket

[Pre-Chorus]

The devil tells me look at your track record
You're a walking mess, a genetic hazard
But I don't anchor my identity
On the internal weather inside of me

[Chorus]

I'm a saint and a sinner in the same ripped jeans
Absolved by blood, not by what you see
Total disaster, yet totally flawless
He killed the old man and gave me His heart
Seemul! youstus! et PeKAHtor!
Righteous right now, though it's still a war!

[Verse 2]

I want to do good but the flesh says no
It's a daily drag everywhere I go
The law keeps swinging like a pendulum
But the gospel wakes me when my heart goes numb
To the accusations that the mirror throws
I look like a wreck but the Savior knows

[Pre-Chorus]

The devil tells me look at your track record
You're a walking mess, a genetic hazard
But I don't anchor my identity
On the internal weather inside of me

[Chorus]

I'm a saint and a sinner in the same ripped jeans
Absolved by blood, not by what you see
Total disaster, yet totally flawless
He killed the old man and gave me His heart
Seemul! youstus! et PeKAHtor!
Righteous right now, though it's still a war!

[Bridge]

100% broken, 100% whole
No sliding scale for a human soul
Condemned by the flesh, delivered by grace
Simultaneously standing in the holy place!
Count it out!

[Guitar Solo]

[Chorus]

I'm a saint and a sinner in the same ripped jeans
Absolved by blood, not by what you see
Total disaster, yet totally flawless
He killed the old man and gave me His heart
Seemul! youstus! et PeKAHtor!
Righteous right now, though it's still a war!

[Outro]

Same ripped jeans.
Perfect in His eyes.
Still a war, but the victory's mine.
Simul!

Bruised Reed Riot

Based on Isaiah 42:3. A raw alternative rock track and defiant anthem for the spiritually exhausted, rejecting human glory systems and realizing Christ binds His perfect life to every bruised reed and dim, smoking wick.

[Verse 1]

We do not boast of hidden power within
We do not offer a triumphant grin
They told us if we just had faith like a spark
We'd never find ourselves collapsed in the dark
But all our striving left us shattered and low
With nowhere left for a hyper-pious show

[Pre-Chorus]

The Law has done its crushing work on our pride
Exposing every single place that we hide
But He does not discard the fractured and poor
He steps across the wreckage right to our floor

[Chorus]

A bruised reed He will not break!
A dim, smoking wick He will not quench!
Our hope is not an inner flame we must make
But Christ who bore the executioner's trench
He does not crush the weak who falter and bleed
He binds His perfect life to every bruised reed!

[Verse 2]

Don't look for Him where worldly glories are sold
In neon palaces of silver and gold
Our God is hidden in the shadow and shame
Where broken consciences are crying His name
He takes the fracture, He takes the thorn
To be the fortress of the battle-worn

[Pre-Chorus]

The Law has done its crushing work on our pride
Exposing every single place that we hide
But He does not discard the fractured and poor
He steps across the wreckage right to our floor

[Chorus]

A bruised reed He will not break!
A dim, smoking wick He will not quench!
Our hope is not an inner flame we must make
But Christ who bore the executioner's trench
He does not crush the weak who falter and bleed
He binds His perfect life to every bruised reed!

[Bridge]

Let all the glory systems crumble away
We cannot pull ourselves out of the clay
The Savior came down to the weak and the dead
And pinned His certainty to us instead!
He will not break us!
He will not quench us!

[Guitar Solo]

[Chorus]

A bruised reed He will not break!
A dim, smoking wick He will not quench!
Our hope is not an inner flame we must make
But Christ who bore the executioner's trench
He does not crush the weak who falter and bleed
He binds His perfect life to every bruised reed!

[Outro]

A bruised reed He will not break.
No smoking wick quenched.
Safe in His weakness.

Fontline

A bouncy pop-punk track that plays on 'fontline'. It celebrates Baptism as God's secure claim over us in ordinary water and the Name, rather than an experiential, emotional search for signs of salvation.

[Verse 1]

I used to look for God in the upper room
Chasing an emotional, electric boom
Waiting for a whisper or a burning spark
To prove I wasn't floating in the spiritual dark
But existential scavenger hunts get old
Trading actual faith for an experience sold

[Pre-Chorus]

I don't need a vision or a cosmic sign
To prove that the Savior's heart is mine
He mapped the rescue in an ordinary place
And washed the terror right off my face

[Chorus]

I was born on the fontline!
Plain water drops and a spoken word
Drowned and raised in borrowed light
The saving Word that I have finally heard!
The old man went under, the new man alive
On the fontline, I will survive!

[Verse 2]

It isn't dependent on my resume
Or how intense I managed to pray today
The promise stands secure outside my shifting frame
Not on my feelings, but the water and the Name
The water hit my forehead and the claim was set
A holy seal that I can never forget

[Pre-Chorus]

I don't need a vision or a cosmic sign
To prove that the Savior's heart is mine
He mapped the rescue in an ordinary place
And washed the terror right off my face

[Chorus]

I was born on the fontline!
Plain water drops and a spoken word
Drowned and raised in borrowed light
The saving Word that I have finally heard!
The old man went under, the new man alive
On the fontline, I will survive!

[Bridge]

Drown him daily! Throw him in the deep!
The old Adam is a hard habit to keep!
But the water stays wet and the Word stays true
Every single morning He is making me new!
Go!

[Guitar Solo]

[Chorus]

I was born on the fontline!
Plain water drops and a spoken word
Drowned and raised in borrowed light
The saving Word that I have finally heard!
The old man went under, the new man alive
On the fontline, I will survive!

[Outro]

Born on the fontline.
Water and the Word.
Clean. Secure.

Left Hand Kingdom

A slightly gritty, indie-punk track on vocation. It rejects the idea that serving God requires hyper-churchy, spiritual environments. Instead, holiness hides right in daily duties—in folding laundry, doing your job, and meeting the neighbor's need.

[Verse 1]

They tell me if I really want to serve the King
I gotta pack my bags and drop everything
Work for a steeple, talk in a phrase
Spend every second in a churchy haze
But I'm folding laundry at the turn of the night
And trying to keep the kitchen counter looking right

[Pre-Chorus]

Is it holy? Is it waste?
Does it matter in the heavenly space?
I hear a whisper in the ordinary grind
A better answer that is saving my mind

[Chorus]

Holiness hides in the neighbor's need
In daily bread and dirty sleeves
We don't need a cathedral to make the devil flee
He meets us in the details of our daily duties free
Living out loud in the left hand kingdom!

[Verse 2]

Fixing the plumbing, typing the lines
Paying the bills and punchin' the times
Loving my family, checking the clock
This ordinary block is where the saints all walk
You don't need a microphone to do His will
Just love the person sitting right next to you still

[Pre-Chorus]

Is it holy? Is it waste?
Does it matter in the heavenly space?
I hear a whisper in the ordinary grind
A better answer that is saving my mind

[Chorus]

Holiness hides in the neighbor's need
In daily bread and dirty sleeves
We don't need a cathedral to make the devil flee
He meets us in the details of our daily duties free
Living out loud in the left hand kingdom!

[Bridge]

The sacred isn't trapped inside a Sunday room
It flows right out into the Monday gloom
A cup of cold water, an open door
That's exactly what the left hand kingdom is for!

[Guitar Solo]

[Chorus]

Holiness hides in the neighbor's need
In daily bread and dirty sleeves
We don't need a cathedral to make the devil flee
He meets us in the details of our daily duties free
Living out loud in the left hand kingdom!

[Outro]

Dirty sleeves. Daily bread.
This is where the mercy spreads.
Left hand kingdom.

Alien Righteousness

An anthemic, synthy pop-rock song on alien righteousness. It expresses that our status before God does not belong to us—it is foreign, belonging entirely to Christ, credited to our account by an alien hand.

[Verse 1]

I tried to stitch a garment out of my best days
A patchwork coat of sacrifice and empty praise
But every thread was frayed by my own compromise
A tattered rag beneath the holy, searching eyes
I couldn't fix the tear, I couldn't hide the stain
Every attempt was just an exercise in vain

[Pre-Chorus]

Then comes a mercy that I didn't manufacture
A perfect cover for a deeply broken creature
He steps across the ledger lines of my disgrace
And wraps me in a beauty I cannot replace

[Chorus]

It's not my pedigree, it's not my name
I'm wearing clothes that I didn't make
Crimson turned white by an alien hand
On borrowed perfection I finally stand
Alien righteousness covering me
From the inside out, I am finally free!

[Verse 2]

Now when the law demands a perfect, holy life
I point away from me and point straight to Christ
He is the asset on the balance sheet of grace
The substitute who stepped into the sinner's place
My bank account is empty but His wealth is mine
An infinite inheritance of love divine

[Pre-Chorus]

Then comes a mercy that I didn't manufacture
A perfect cover for a deeply broken creature
He steps across the ledger lines of my disgrace
And wraps me in a beauty I cannot replace

[Chorus]

It's not my pedigree, it's not my name
I'm wearing clothes that I didn't make
Crimson turned white by an alien hand
On borrowed perfection I finally stand
 Alien righteousness covering me
From the inside out, I am finally free!

[Bridge]

Extra nos! Foreign grace!
Given to a running race!
It belongs to Him alone
But He makes my heart His home!

[Guitar Solo]

[Chorus]

It's not my pedigree, it's not my name
I'm wearing clothes that I didn't make
Crimson turned white by an alien hand
On borrowed perfection I finally stand
 Alien righteousness covering me
From the inside out, I am finally free!

[Outro]

Borrowed perfection.
An alien hand.
I stand secure.

Kyrie Eleison, Anyway

A post-grunge alt-rock ballad of honest lament. It tackles the spiritual struggle of waking up and forgetting the Gospel, sitting in the waiting room of grief, and clinging to the ancient, structured comfort of the liturgy as a shield when personal words run out.

[Verse 1]

I wake up frantic in the early light
Forgetting every grace that saved me in the night
The anxiety is heavy like a physical weight
And I am spinning at a terrifying rate
I try to build a prayer but the phrases lock
I'm staring blankly at the ticking of the clock

[Pre-Chorus]

My own devotion feels completely dry
I've got no holy feelings left to offer high
But the ancient rhythm doesn't need my spark
It is a steady anchor built inside the dark

[Chorus]

I don't know what to pray
KEY ree AY eLAY ee zawn anyway
When my own words run out of breath
I claim the liturgy that conquers death
Lord, have mercy on my breaking heart
Meet me exactly where the shadows start

[Verse 2]

Sitting in the waiting room of human grief
Struggling to find a momentary relief
The pious platitudes they offer feel so cheap
They cannot breach the Font that washes dark and deep
So I collapse into the language of the old
The structural comfort that the centuries have told

[Pre-Chorus]

My own devotion feels completely dry
I've got no holy feelings left to offer high
But the ancient rhythm doesn't need my spark
It is a steady anchor built inside the dark

[Chorus]

I don't know what to pray
KEY ree AY eLAY ee zawn anyway
When my own words run out of breath
I claim the liturgy that conquers death
Lord, have mercy on my breaking heart
Meet me exactly where the shadows start

[Bridge]

Christe eleison! The chorus sings!
Through all the generational, broken things!
We cry the Kyrie until the morning breaks
Clinging to the promise that the Savior makes!

[Guitar Solo]

[Chorus]

I don't know what to pray
KEY ree AY eLAY ee zawn anyway
When my own words run out of breath
I claim the liturgy that conquers death
Lord, have mercy on my breaking heart
Meet me exactly where the shadows start

[Outro]

KEY ree AY eLAY ee zawn.
Anyway.
Lord, have mercy.

Grave Robber Gospel

A triumphant, high-octane skate-punk track about resurrection with attitude. It sings defiantly of Christ robbing the grave, destroying death's teeth, and breaking the legalistic shackles of Sinai's smoke once and for all.

[Verse 1]

The devil had a contract written in the clay
He thought he held the keys until the third day
He had the handcuffs polished, had the prison locked
But early in the morning the foundation rocked
The stones started rolling and the seals unpinned
The architecture of the underworld was ruined in the wind!

[Pre-Chorus]

Death came dressed like an absolute king
But he didn't know the power that the dawn would bring
The victory is finished, the baseline is clear
We've got a message that'll shatter your fear!

[Chorus]

It's a grave robber gospel! The tomb is bare!
The enemy is losing in the morning air!
The handcuffs are off, the prison doors broke
No longer condemned beneath the Sinai smoke!
Death lost its teeth, the darkness took the fall
The King came back and He stole it all!

[Verse 2]

So bury your armor, you don't need to fight
The victory was finished in the breaking light
The grave couldn't hold Him and it can't hold you
The absolution is completely breaking through
Your past is deep-six'ed in the crimson sea
You are an heir to the eternity!

[Pre-Chorus]

Death came dressed like an absolute king
But he didn't know the power that the dawn would bring
The victory is finished, the baseline is clear
We've got a message that'll shatter your fear!

[Chorus]

It's a grave robber gospel! The tomb is bare!
The enemy is losing in the morning air!
The handcuffs are off, the prison doors broke
No longer condemned beneath the Sinai smoke!
Death lost its teeth, the darkness took the fall
The King came back and He stole it all!

[Bridge]

Where is your victory? Where is your sting?
You're looking at the subjects of a different King!
The stone is rolled! The chains are shred!
Our God is living, He is not among the dead!
Shred it!

[Guitar Solo]

[Chorus]

It's a grave robber gospel! The tomb is bare!
The enemy is losing in the morning air!
The handcuffs are off, the prison doors broke
No longer condemned beneath the Sinai smoke!
Death lost its teeth, the darkness took the fall
The King came back and He stole it all!

[Outro]

The King stole everything.
The tomb is bare.
Grave robber gospel.

Nunc Dimittis at Midnight

The grand cathedral-rock finale of Dust & Gloria. Based on Simeon's song (Nunc Dimittis), it relies on the finality of Christ's finished work and the historic liturgy to face death, darkness, and the final night in total, unshakeable peace.

[Verse 1]

The day is dropping down into the final dark
The embers cooling on the temporary spark
I watch the shadows lengthen on the bedroom wall
And listen to the quiet, generational call
The work is over and the tools are laid aside
I've got no lingering defenses left to hide

[Pre-Chorus]

But I have seen the glory in the bread and wine
I've tasted the delivery of love divine
The promises are historical, the truth is plain
I don't have to carry the existential pain

[Chorus]

Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace
According to Thy word, the heavy burdens cease
For my eyes have seen Your salvation bright
A shield of mercy in the middle of the night
The centuries are singing, I am not alone
We find our rest beside the mercy throne

[Verse 2]

When the accuser brings the record of my faults
I spit the absolution at his final vaults
I don't depend on how secure I feel tonight
I stand on what was finished in the saving light
The historic liturgy is echoing inside
The harbor where the battered ships can safely ride

[Pre-Chorus]

But I have seen the glory in the bread and wine
I've tasted the delivery of love divine
The promises are historical, the truth is plain
I don't have to carry the existential pain

[Chorus]

Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace
According to Thy word, the heavy burdens cease
For my eyes have seen Your salvation bright
A shield of mercy in the middle of the night
The centuries are singing, I am not alone
We find our rest beside the mercy throne

[Bridge]

When the final shadow comes to claim my breath
I will not tremble at the phantom face of death
The font is stronger than the power of the clay
The resurrection is an everlasting day!
Depart in peace! The Savior brings us home!
Depart in peace! We are His own!

[Guitar Solo]

[Chorus]

Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace
According to Thy word, the heavy burdens cease
For my eyes have seen Your salvation bright
A shield of mercy in the middle of the night
The centuries are singing, I am not alone
We find our rest beside the mercy throne

[Outro]

Depart in peace...
Thy servant departs...
The Savior has brought me home.
Amen.



THE DAILY DROWNING

Album 3: Baptismal Renewal & Repentance

The bold, deeply experimental third studio album from Sanctified Static. Sonically branching into the dark territories of industrial rock, gothic country, driving synthwave, hyperpop, symphonic metal, and shoegaze, the record acts as a sonic mirror to the violent internal civil war between the Old Adam and the New Man, and the daily reality of baptismal drowning and resurrection.



Bound (The Anatomy of the Will)

A heavy, dark industrial rock track on the Bondage of the Will (De Servo Arbitrio). It rejects the synergistic choice-theology myth that spiritually dead hearts can choose light, declaring instead that true freedom is found only when Christ overrules our will and holds us in His holy custody.

[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 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
Don't talk to me about my decision or voice
When the dead in the dirt have no power of choice

[Pre-Chorus]

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!

[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!

[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!

The Mirror and the Mud

A sludgy, raw 90s grunge rock song on original sin (Peccatum Originale). It bypasses cheap, shallow self-help self-love platitudes, acknowledging the depravity and decay of our fallen flesh, but anchoring a woman's value completely extra nos in the water's claim.

[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
The promise of the cross is hidden in the ache

[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!

[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!

[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 anatomy is written in His Name!

[Outro]

Washed in the font.
No more scales.
His beauty never fails.

Out of the Deep (Psalm 130)

An intimate, atmospheric lo-fi indie folk ballad based on Psalm 130 and Luther's penitential hymn Aus tiefer Not. It reclaims true repentance for those drowning in performative guilt, relying solely on Christ's concrete absolution and dry ink of the promise.

[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
And my soul relies
On a concrete promise when the feeling dies

[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
It's a real human voice saying "you are forgiven"
A literal rescue for a heart that is driven

[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
And my soul relies
On a concrete promise when the feeling dies

[Bridge]

I'm like a watchman leaning on a limestone wall
Waiting for the sky to shift and the night to fall
Except I don't have to wonder if the sun will rise
The water hit my skin, the legal record dies

[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
And my soul relies
On a concrete promise when the feeling dies

[Outro]

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

The God Who Hides (Deus Absconditus)

A haunting gothic country song exploring the Hidden God vs. the Revealed God. When tragedy strikes in a freezing hospital room and God feels silent, it warns us against looking for providential secrets in the starry skies, directing us to cling to Him in the wounded 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

[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

[Bridge]

He bound His favor to the altar rail
The words of pardon that will never fail
He is not hidden where the candles burn
He is the mercy that was never earned

[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

[Outro]

In the bread.
In the wine.
In the scars.
My anchor stands.

Passive Resistance

A glossy 80s synthwave anthem that separates the Two Righteousnesses (Duplex Iustitia). Before God (vertically) we are completely still, doing nothing to earn our keep; we save our active sweat for the horizontal floor, loving and serving our neighbor.

[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
But none of these motions are building a ramp
To the place where my inheritance stands

[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

[Bridge]

Two different spaces, two different laws
The earth needs my body, it needs my machine
But heaven just wants my blank page
Signed in the blood of the Son

[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

[Outro]

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

One and All (The Rescue Hymn)

An energetic Celtic folk-punk track adapted directly from Luther's conversion hymn, Dear Christians, One and All, Rejoice. It tells the epic story of the soul trapped in the devil's dark dungeon until the Father sends His Son to pay the ransom.

[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
Until a voice broke through the freezing air

[Chorus]

But the Father looked down from above with deep, eternal pity!
He ran to save me with His love, outside the holy city!
He said to His beloved Son: "The ransom must be paid!
Go heal the work that sin undid, go break the trap they made!"

[Verse 2]

The Son obeyed the high decree, born of a virgin mother
He stepped into the dirt with me to be my shielding brother!
He didn't come to look polite or sell a golden rule
He came to kill the devil's might and make the demon drool!
He said to me: "Hold fast to Me, the victory is won!
I drown your death in Calvary, you are my chosen one!"

[Pre-Chorus]

No human aid could break the iron gate
No pious thoughts could recalculate the fate
We were collapsed inside the deep despair
Until a voice broke through the freezing air

[Chorus]

But the Father looked down from above with deep, eternal pity!
He ran to save me with His love, outside the holy city!
He said to His beloved Son: "The ransom must be paid!
Go heal the work that sin undid, go break the trap they made!"

[Bridge]

What I have done and what I've said, the Savior carries through!
The living Lord among the dead has made the sinner new!
Let Satan roar, let hell burn hot, I'm clinging to the Son—
The battle's fought, the grace is bought, the rescue has been done!

[Chorus]

But the Father looked down from above with deep, eternal pity!
He ran to save me with His love, outside the holy city!
He said to His beloved Son: "The ransom must be paid!
Go heal the work that sin undid, go break the trap they made!"

Screaming at the Judge

A moody darkwave track representing the spiritual terror of Anfechtung. When the Law so thoroughly crushes the conscience that God Himself looks like an executioner holding a ledger of crimes, we pull off the ultimate gamble: fleeing from God to God, holding His written baptismal oath up to His hidden face.

[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.

[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.

[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.

[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.

The Anchor Outside

A high-energy, futuristic cyberpunk dance track warning against Enthusiasm/Mysticism (Schwärmerei). Instead of looking inward for an unstable 'chemical rush' to verify faith, we plant our feet on external, objective facts: the font is wet, the bread and wine are real, and the spoken absolution stands secure.

[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.

[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.

[Bridge]

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

[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.

Steadfast (Defending the Bride)

A modern country rock and alt-country anthem reimagining Luther's Lord, Keep Us Steadfast in Your Word. It serves as a fierce defensive shield against the predatory lies of culture and self-doubt, painting Christ as the ultimate, aggressive defender of His church.

[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]

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

[Verse 2]

They try to manipulate the modern girl
With all the synthetic beauty of a broken world
They say our value is a target to be sold
And trade the Gospel for a legalistic mold
But Christ the Lord has shattered their oppressive claim
And written down our glory in His saving name

[Pre-Chorus]

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

[Chorus]

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

[Bridge]

O Comforter of priceless worth
Give us one mind throughout the earth
Support us in our final strife
And lead us out of death to life!

[Chorus]

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

The Sleep of the Saints (Finale)

The haunting, epic shoegaze closer of The Daily Drowning. Redefining death as a passive, peaceful sleep (dormitio), it breaks the final cycle of legalism and anxiety, assuring the believer that they rest completely secure in the wounds of Christ until He bids the dust to rise.

[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.
Let the world spin its panic outside the gate.

[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.

[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.

[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.