

New dawn to fuel the curse
the winds of plague
bring rapture to the ill
The is the day you fall
Wrath of the cunning ones indifferent
your excuses and intent
The forbearance is all

Futile you come undone
Try to play God - I lust for blood

Treading on bruised ones' backs,
you hopeless failure of hypocrisy
Lament the scribe in vain
Talk and I listen through;
I'm unspoken of in any tongue
Here comes the fucking pain

Futile you come undone
Try to play God - I lust for blood
And it's yours

Assailand, die in pain
You know who you are

Bell tolls, beheading you,
violence is the setting free of truth
Can't take away what's true
Smashing your house of lords,
crush you to the bone and lay to waste
Death warrant is due

Your death is due