

## At The Guillotine

Fleshgod Apocalypse

Look into my eyes I'm the headsman  
Leave your hopes beyond  
No redemption for the deceiver  
This is the altar, kneel before it

Above your head hangs down the mirror  
Spectrum of guile, ruthless truth  
Towards your neck runs the avid blade  
Tastes impious flesh slides through you, cut

Purify the soul you believe in it  
Satisfy the men's lust to see you die  
Give them all they want  
Celebrate their wish to see you suffer as you made them suffer  
Beg them to forgive even if you repent  
Your committed blames, your insolent lies  
Fall before the people you have oppressed in your life  
Servants kept in a complete betrayed state of mind

Catharsis in hate, suffer for your mortal "sins" in this mundane limbo  
Clemency has gone for oppressors, razor purifying, your redemption

King, rule on this new reign  
King, dominate the crowd again  
Majesty once more, order without shame  
But they won't obey, raising up their heads  
They won't serve you anymore

What the blade awaits is my command  
Hear what the crowd scream  
No compassion for the oppressor  
This is the altar, fall before them

Cut the noble head  
Cut, make the blue blood shed  
As prize his head  
Cut, for the men