

Dead Men Rule Nothing

Inked In Blood

Your altars will fall.
Your sacrifices; innocent bloodshed.
Your bloodguilt will haunt you.
Their faces will plague your memory.
Justice - your judgment will be swift.
Consume - all that your arrogance wills.
Raping - your lust has only grown.
Frozen - your heart is void of all that could be love.
Your robes stained with the blood of the innocent poor.
Widows and orphans with faces of scarlet know you by your true name.
Your scales will be broken and your iron yoke will fall from their necks.
And all your lofty towers will fall in your shame.
"The mighty man will become a tinder and his works a spark;
Both will burn together with nothing to quench the flame."
You own nothing - your days are numbered.
You rule nothing - the grave awaits your fall.