

God's Old Snake

Primordial

Hangman to all mankind
Make your peace
For mother earth lays on her deathbed
Death's rattle echoes

What pale beast
Lurks in the shadow
Great lover revelling in pox
That feeds on filth

God's old snake
We ask for a sign
A revelation
A vision of hell
or blood from stone

We have been to the ends of the earth
Slouched towards Bethlehem
With daggers drawn

So take your bitter pill and wait until dawn
The pound of flesh
Tithe of princes
Wine of salvation

We are searching
The golden redeemer
Who wrote the word of the devil
In the veins of man

If there is a watcher under the earth
Wake him from his fateless sleep
Through the glorious voids of heaving earth
Souls of fire, release me

I have stood at the top of the world
Shook the four winds and called your name
Walked dusty paths on holy hills
Gazed upon black effigies and pressed holy flesh