

The Mouth of Judas

Primordial

I am cut from the cloth of Judas
And have seen his face in mine
The weathered hands that turn the pages
Are scattered in the sun
My ship has the blackest sails
Yet no wind to drive like slaves

You cannot see from shore
That it casts no shadow upon the wave
The sepulchral crawl with us
Over land and see they hail
Deadened hands upon the rudder
Groaning on the gale

They will dash you against the cliffs
'Til every brittle bone is broken
Jutting rip and gristled knuckle
Is gnashing on the foam

I am cut from the cloth of Judas
From the hangman's hand itself
The long stare of the condemned
And the cursed song of slaves

"And you who follow me to make
Sure I do not exceed the span,
Given to me on earth I take
Care old Shadow of a man
Dead God of all my god's own snake"