

spine of silk and eggshell thin
pity the bleeder, bruised and palsied prince
the shameless desperate
mourn the cherished in ruins, yes our
once great
irresolute and forlorn
time to... destroy...
want to see it burn, torn down

how can my nation be saved?
pray, weep for this age
futurescape, futurape
seems it leans to the last days
is tomorrow born still?
is judgment His will?
or can we be healed?
separate, church and this present state
He will...destroy...

anna thema
i hear you whisper(screaming) at the gate
union in hell not far away
anna thema
sheol ways require a wage
a nation harvests its portion...

Automolech they sing
a nation embracing, praising
its sin disease
time this scaterd few
took the lead
bring the jawbone to the philistines