

Near the gateway to Mojave  
I saw a place  
Both beautiful and blistering  
And cruel and cold the same  
The sun was like a lion  
Bearing down upon it's pray  
Death valley stained in crimson  
For the moon to wash away  
And I envisioned rows of gallows  
For the world to look upon  
One step to bringing order  
To a planet tempting chaos  
Can you feel it coming down  
The righteous wrath of God  
Revealed from out of heaven  
For the innocent blood  
Crying from the ground  
While the wicked seem to prosper  
And glory in these days  
As if their ways were hidden  
As if they had escaped  
We have lost our sense of justice  
Smearing lines of right and wrong  
Despising any standards  
We blindly stumble on  
Bleeding hearts may scream compassion  
What of those that cannot cry  
A life is worth a life  
Justice...merciful and blind  
Innocent blood  
Is crying from the ground  
It's coming down