

The Judge

The Gates of Slumber

Blackend hear rotten bones. He sits upon condemnations
throne.
And oversees the torturers hand. Crushes hopes of those
long damned.

Lord of Chains. Prince of despair.
Is your heart even there.
You sit above the acts you call.
The world cares not when you fall.

He's a priest of vengeance. Societie's beast.
Devils grow fat at his feast.