

Hour Of Truth

Vomitory

Lookin' back on the life of a murderer while you are
sittin' in the jail
Watchin' out for your own shadow and for yourself you
start to tell your tale

Chains are cold and toy'r wrists are wounded souvenirs of
a suicidebid
Pride is gone with the request for mercy
The hour of Truth is the Hour for you to die

You think that you don't need help when they are out to
hunt you down
But life is not so easy soon you are lying on the ground
No one can crack the hard one you never need a compromise
If you're a great pretender the hour of truth 'll be
realised

You hear the steps coming closer and you feel how it
splits your soul
Imagine how the axe is shining when your head waits for
it to fall

Pride is dead and tears are running when you scream I
don't want to die
But the hour of truth has ended and you watch the dead
from eye to eye