

Guillotine

Face Yourself

A metallic sound scratching on the floor
Majestic object of death awaiting for your fate
A public death
A funeral show we will attend

Heads will roll as the crowd screams for justice
The truth lies in the blood of nobility
The people are no longer afraid
To seek for it

The darkness falls as the serrated blade
Awaits for death's chilling call

Decapitation's dance
A macabre sight
Blood moon hangs low
On the stage of doom
Where malevolence flows

No mercy, no reprieve
For souls stained with sin
Your sins have caught up
There's a debt to be met

Savage hunger, craving red
The guillotine claims souls to keep

Screams of vengeance echoes in the night
Rising from the depths, a symphony of fright
Blackened hearts tremble
The blade descends
Piercing the guilty where darkness never mends
Metallic object of death
Cold and profound
In the hands of the executioner lies your fate
As revolution begins, the national razor will fall

A life's final moment we will face
Blade of deliverance, gift of a last breath
Le batard doit saigner
De ton sang ta dette sera payée

Dragged by the feet through these deconstructed streets
A spillage of anger to meet your defeat
Our judgment awaits for you to embrace
Your existence is snuffed out when the blade decollates

Vous êtes condamnés à une mort sans retour
Par cette exécution votre âme sera salit
Le peuple sera témoin de votre fin
De votre sang votre dette sera payée

Qu'on lui coupe la tête