

The Judge

God Complex

The wrath of god lies sleeping
How these things end in confusion
And curses and blood
To carry war of a mad man's making
Ex inferis

Forced, usurped
Stricken from the throne
Ghosts, in the desert
Riding forth in

Sand up to our eyelids
Barren wastes of silence
And the gutters fill with blood

Crawling through the mud
With yellow insipid eyes
Crawling in the fucking viscera
Bleeding skies

Forced, usurped
Stricken from the throne
Ghosts in the desert
Riding forth and
Bleeding in the rain
We call your name
Our saviour ex inferis