

I, the Godmaker

Graveyard

Sulphur scepter, brimstone crown
Bow before the fowlest thrones
Rising from wisdom to scorn
Riding and sealing the truth

I am the bringer of plagues
Not by my hand but by your truth
The burning devotion of your slaves
The black band that viciously swathes

I am the qualm of no end
The deceitful pledge to fill your dismay
A veil of libels to conceal your contempt
A self-made clay idol whose vanity reigns

Godmaker - empty praise
Godmaker - to fill your dreams

A thriving illusion
For a starving mankind
A spirit delusion
To torment entwined

Godmaker - the craft of negation
Godmaker - burden of creation

Flay the dead to enshroud the living
Herd the weak to shear with bloodied blades
With crosses and tokens and moons
A harvest of gilded submission

I am the smoke from the void
The ghost you shaped from the welkin afar
Forlorn and forsworn, but never destroyed
A wraith of damnation that comes from the stars