

# 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