

## Foul Void

Heriot

Exist in me the fear of your judgement  
Cruel is your father's tongue

You cower from your lord's gaze  
This earth, this severed state

Disappear  
Exhume your prospects  
Disappear  
The choir has sung your suffering

Blunt force  
Wounds of Christ, gaping  
Foul void  
Mouth of war, waste  
Speak your name  
Grace  
Speak your name  
Speak your name

Culture, that sorrow brings  
Greater end  
Deliver, something else  
Paralysed  
Destructive

Disappear  
Exhume your prospects  
Disappear  
The choir has sung your suffering  
Wounds of Christ  
Exist in me  
Wounds of Christ  
The choir has sung your suffering

Cruel is your father's tongue