

The Finisher

Oh, Sleeper

Do you mean to challenge me?
Because your speech is threatening to the writer of your history,
Through a future perverted by envy.
Your whisper may sway the weak, but when I speak it roars the sea.
Your challenge has been met, because with a breath I could snap your neck.
This won't be like the first time you tried,
Because my patience and mercy for you has run dry.
You've watered among my bride and started seeds to feed your throning flight.
I will sing to the world your storm is capturing
And the angels will join me...
We will sing to a world reborn from suffering.
But mark my words,
Because if that tree keeps them from seeing me
I will burn off your limbs and you will never shade again.
You will bow at my feet or I'll rip out your knees
And make of your face all the carnage you crave.
I am the Finisher and I am Forever.
I will sing to the world your storm is capturing
And the angels will join me...
We will sing to a world reborn from suffering.
From the armories the angels sing. You will see them end this suffering.
From the armories the angels sing. You will fear them when they lift their wings.
They will sing to a world reborn.
They will sing as I cut off your horns.
I'll cut off your horns.