

Judas

Toxik

On a red horse, a bringer of war
Saw what he wanted, and what was in store
As a pale horse behind him stepped through the door
Through the door

Breaking the seventh seal
Split to the core of damnation, a hell on earth, the reward
From a god who would ruin, to the flood of the storm
Of the storm

With blood on their lips
They drink to conform
All hail the darkness
From which we are torn

The pale horse is Judas
And we are stillborn

An empty container, an emptier soul
A throwaway culture, a means of control
Narcissistic, aggressive, the moment foretold
Told you so

You can sell yourself out
You can talk yourself in
You can fuck for the money
Then cry about sin
They can use and confuse you
Right till the end
But in the end

With blood on your lips
You'll drink to conform
And bow to the darkness
From which you are born

The pale horse is Judas
And you are all reborn

The pageantry leads us astray
(All the world is a stage)
We get caught in the moment, in our childish ways

It's not for the sin in the end that we pay
(It's not for the sin in the end that we pay)
It's the sacrifice of the one thing that you have
It's the time ticking by and your just giving it all away

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