

Ana Popovic

"Judgement Failed"

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White lights defiled
Black shapes and horns
By my command, unleash the storm

Raising and forming alive
'Til delights get lost
In the sounds and power from hell

Blood of the damned
Invokes the scorned
Their helpless eyes just watching you
Drive home thy horn

Raising a prophecy of chaos and pain
That burst forth from flames to serve

What seemed metaphysical
But a faith that values darkned souls
Knows not that ways of man
Overlord

Give praise to primal laws
Bound by crimson, bound by swords
Awaiting one last kiss
From unknown

Which way should the blood flow
Through the heart or out a hole
Asks the man about to become
Immortal
[Lead Jam: Peterson, Smyth]

Judging me, judging God, judging you
Judging me, judging you, judgmental
Judgement failed

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