

## **At The Throne Of Judgment "Delphic Star"**

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Came the oracle, I name myself thee and for this I  
breath in your shame.  
Call me oracular; I see your fate from behind the  
drapery.  
Arsonist I may aspire to become, but in my eyes it's  
only justice that is done.  
I will light your bedside aflame with all of my hate  
sleeping soundly you will never know it's to late.  
Sin.  
Into flames.  
Into the storms of hate that sear my body when I unroll  
your worn scrolls I will not regret this decision.  
But my burdened feelings shackle my intent.  
Arsonist I may aspire to become.  
But in my eyes it's only justice that is done.  
The appetite of the demon inside of me needs to feed  
it's screaming wretchedly.  
Into the storms of hate that tarnish the pages with  
apollo's hand.  
Making her suffer at his command.  
Tarnish her name with his fire, my cryptic desire, and  
his godly power.  
The tomb inside of my vault longs for you fall.  
Move the massive stone I need your soul.

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