

At The Throne Of Judgment "Horus Rises"

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A sentence given, to the afflicted living, it's where the darkness allows me to overthrow any King of the kind,

And for this I sought the choir to sing aligned.
My wrath becomes mine and the signs we summon (the enigmatic music still plays).
Sit in the blistering throne, and take it in.
This has gone way past the ideals of sin, as I perform reprisal making it an eternal war.
Betrayed.
Blood is running down my arms; the same arms I used to vanquish her dreams (vanquishing dreams is just and comforting).
"I am not ready to kill to save myself from regret,"
I claimed until I was betrayed.

"Down the sacred chambers the embers roar.
Regret pours into the inner cavity of my core, and I soar.
I take flight.
From below I see the blazing throne; from below I hear the tortured soul.
The Curse of the Millennia awaits me.
Why can't I breathe?
It's pounding on my confines.
A mallet placed in a roaring god's hands (pummeling the ground, and pummeling my face).
Seismic waves obliterate my skull blasting my soul with a wretched sound.
No longer found by this I'll fate, a mark embraced by the Hordes,
I'm birthed into this world.
I've come to murder my Lord
(I can almost taste...).

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