

At The Throne Of Judgment "The Captive"

Visit "[The Captive](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

At the spire,
I am looking down at a vesper
Without a merciless fire.
The flames azure
Like waters fashion,
Waters passion.

With you I fall asunder,
With you I'm falling under.
You take a statues form,
No movement made in the morn.
Standing still hope is bludgeoned
With disaster...
Brought down by the ropes of fate,
The marble face shatters.

Blasted in the face,
No more soulless gaze.
Stripped emotions,
The face of bone,
Give me thy hammer forged by stone
And let me pulverize the skull.
Crushing the face with my mace.

"Dark mane,
Please abide to this old sage
For he is laden with hopes of a better place.
In order to survive,
You must listen closely or else
The old maven will curse with rage".

I am in chains,
Bitter metallic blame,
Where fate guilds these shackles taking me where
terror reigns,
As if I could sustain the verity that I am in...
Chains.

I am shackled to a place where terror reigns,
I cursed by rage.
Gallop mare,
Away from wrought steel forged with the elder's lore.

Run stallion amongst naves with the greatest haste
Away from these manacles weight.
Never fall for it's temptress ways,
Through the City,
And out of it's gates it is deemed a treacherous day.

"Dark mane,
Please abide to this old sage
For he is laden with hopes of a better place.
In order to survive,
You must listen closely or else
The old maven will curse with rage"

Visit [At The Throne Of Judgment](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.