

Ethereal Scourge "Earthshaker"

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O majesty
Of the sovereign rule
Your open palm
You have set over all

Power is yours
To crush what you've made
In your fist the molten core
To shift the earth's plates
And should you choose
To cast down your rod
All nations would wail
At the wall of your flood
In our titanic enterprise
We cannot defy and long survive

Pity is hidden . . . from my eyes

Saith the lord
With sympathy stirred
I'll not execute my wrath
I'll not again destroy ephraim
For i am god and not man
The holy one in your midst
With terror i will not come
I will ransom them
From the power of the grave
From the hand of sheol
. . . redeemed
O death
I will be your plagues
O grave
I will be your demise

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