

Holy Terror "Damned By Judges"

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(Kilfelt)

The ancient parchment, unrolled before me
Hands of unseen pull in greed
Calmly, opened up before me
Nurturing a bumming need
Once a dream I know the moment
Free for now, but fading fast
Unprepared I gaze upon that which brings forbidden
sight
Blind my eyes, Lights so bright
The penalty of fools who try
In vain to do what greater men have failed
The penalty of fools who try
In vain to do what greater men have failed
Into the wooden cross be nailed
Damned by Judges,
Sentenced by the court of law
Innocence, no longer matters
Helpless in my pleas for justice
Decisions, from the Pharisees
Condemned, without a chance to prove
Truth, is just a changing thought
Controlled by those who take, for them and
Kept by wealthy lie protection
Vaults hold sacred shrines of power
Enforced by violent truths that change
Fitting different lies to have
A way to break the common man
Thrown in cells to keep the order
Sentenced there by stronger hands

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