

Lord

"Time 2 Die"

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I made you the Jack of Swords, but you chose to play
the fool
Covered in dirt, you could be wearing the blood of my
enemies
As the dirt fills your lungs with every last breath
You will curse the day you crossed me
Wish you would still wear these, for the purpose they
were intended
The purpose you turned away from John!
What? Nothing to say to me before I send you off to
hell?
- I'll be waiting there for you
You won't be alone John
I'm sending a friend along, to keep you company
There you go! And what did I tell you about caring for
someone!
That thing, you always wanted to take it back
Time to die

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Thanks to razvan

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