

# Theocracy

## "Wages Of Sin"

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Sin ripped apart my family like a jackal on the carcass  
of a beast  
exposing all the vultures who were waiting in the wings  
to join the feast  
Descending like spiders, preparing to poison your prey  
you smile on the outside while planning a way to make  
the guilty pay  
but the payment is made

Who would feast upon disgrace?  
Well I don't know, I don't wanna know  
Blackened hearts will try to raise the wages of sin  
Death has kissed the lives we knew  
So isn't that enough for you?  
The price was paid, and no one has to pay it again  
for the payment is made  
The payment is made

Death and devastation are the natural consequences  
of sin  
Enough for any man to bear, even without your thinly-  
veiled revenge  
You hand a glass of water to a man who's beginning to  
drown

You reach out your hand like you care, but only push  
him further down  
but the payment is made

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for the payment is made  
The payment is made

Restoration, lifting up the fallen  
Edifying is our higher calling  
If we fail to reconcile our brothers  
then we only serve to tear each other down

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so isn't that enough for you?  
The price was paid, and no one has to pay it again  
for the payment is made  
The payment is made

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