

Exhorder, I Am The Cross

I am heartless
you will fear me day and
night
I reek of putrid mentality
and
my aura's exuding might
there is no way to stop me
so consider what you try
and just remember that I
am me
and I stand not by your
side

my mind retains no
sympathy
it's banished love, too
my lowest retaliation
keeps me over you
my children bear no
gladness
and soon they'll watch
you die
I am the cross, I am the
pain
that leaves your dying
eyes

cowardly you run from
me
but can't you see?
an entity of horror's
what I remain
to inflict abomination's
what I gain
recoil amongst your kin
they'll soon be crucified
in much the same manner
as the man you worship
died

I am the cross

waste not your time in
prayer
'cause nobody escapes my
wrath
the torn throats and
infants of the plagues
are just a trickle in the
tub of my blood bath
just who on earth do you
think you are
to challenge my immortal
ways
my indifference is real so
to my appeal
keep on digging your own
grave

and just when you
thought it was safe
to resist my reign the
pressure overrides
you simply don't

comprehend my ability
to nail you up at any time
place your hands
outstretched upon
the arms of wood carved
out for you
with a mallet's blow upon
the spikes
I hold you as if you were
the king of the Jews

can't you face the groove?

two thirds of the earth's
population
should not even exist
a malignancy; an ugly sore
mankind's but a cyst

and there you hang upon
the cross