

At The Guillotine

Fleshgod Apocalypse

Look into my eyes I'm the headsman
Leave your hopes beyond
No redemption for the deceiver
This is the altar, kneel before it

Above your head hangs down the mirror
Spectrum of guile, ruthless truth
Towards your neck runs the avid blade
Tastes impious flesh slides through you, cut

Purify the soul you believe in it
Satisfy the men's lust to see you die
Give them all they want
Celebrate their wish to see you suffer as you made them suffer
Beg them to forgive even if you repent
Your committed blames, your insolent lies
Fall before the people you have oppressed in your life
Servants kept in a complete betrayed state of mind

Catharsis in hate, suffer for your mortal "sins" in this mundane limbo
Clemency has gone for oppressors, razor purifying, your redemption

King, rule on this new reign
King, dominate the crowd again
Majesty once more, order without shame
But they won't obey, raising up their heads
They won't serve you anymore

What the blade awaits is my command
Hear what the crowd scream
No compassion for the oppressor
This is the altar, fall before them

Cut the noble head
Cut, make the blue blood shed
As prize his head
Cut, for the men