

# Theatre of Horror

## Revocation

Dragged before the blood court  
Soon his fate shall be sealed  
Will he be hanged from the gallows or broken upon the wheel?

The white staff of justice breaks before the condemned  
And so it has been decreed by the sword he shall meet his end

Marched through the streets in your own funeral procession  
The crimson banner, your epitaph  
The bloodthirsty mob demands his head

Theatre of horror  
A macabre spectacle

The final act in this drama of sin

The executioner awaits the command with sharpened steel in hand  
Ready the sword, the time has come to render justice unto the damned  
Smite at his neck, sever the head  
Arterial spray showers the crowd in a brilliant flash of red

Hands tightly bound behind your back  
The crowd awaiting your final gasp  
The bloodthirsty mob demands his head

Horrified spectators behold brutality  
Grotesque entertainment, morbid curiosity