

Perpetual Ruin

Hope for the Dying

Verily, Verily I say unto thee
That I am utterly appalled by your
Words and your deeds
And while I pray that I forgive you
In multiples of seventy
I quietly wonder if you'll pay for your deceit
You're one of the many to fall away
He who breathes out lies will not escape
There will come a day
You will take the blame for all the pain you gave
Stand up tall
It won't be long
The white throne calls your name
You're next in line
I see darkness in his eyes
Intent on suffering
His silver tongue provides
Excuses for his deeds
He pities not the broken and honors not the least of these
But he will stand, before a living God
And reap the suffering
One day he'll stand before a living God
And pay for all their pain

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