The Finisher

Oh, Sleeper

Do you mean to challenge me?
'Cause your speech is threatening
To the writer of your history
Through a future perverted by envy
Your whisper may sway the weak
But when I speak it roars the sea
Your challenge has been met
'Cause with a breath I could snap your neck
This won't be like the first time you tried
'Cause my patience and mercy for you has run dry
You've watered among my bride
And started seeds to feed your throning flight
I will sing to the world your storm is capturing
And the angles will join me
We will sing to a world reborn from suffering
But mark my words

'Cause if that tree keeps them from seeing me
I will burn off your limbs, you will never shade again
You will bow at my feet or I'll rip out your knees
And make of your face all the carnage you crave
I am the finisher and I am forever
I will sing to the world your storm is capturing
And the angels will join me
We will sing to a world reborn from suffering
From the armories the angels sing
You will see them end this suffering
From the armories the angels sing
You will fear them when they lift their wings
They will sing to a world reborn
They will sing as I cut off your horns
I'll cut off your horns

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