The Judgement

Christian Smith

The words are the thunder
The thought is the lightning
The telling of the tale is the storm
The defendant must be guilty
As he waits impatiently
As the wooden stake is driven
And the angel sounds the horn

The cornered lion is not within the realm of reason
Fear is like the cracking of the lash
You want to run, you want to fight
Lightning flashes in the night
You finally turn away to hide your face
As the judges file in to take their places

You got to hold your ground
Hold your ground like a man
Sometimes you've just got to hold your ground
When the truth has finally been tasted
You can tell them all their time has not been wasted

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