Spiritual Justice

Abramelin

Waiting to die, waiting to die.
The lonely horror of this concrete hell.
Eating my last supper,
I recall the lives I've swallowed.
Priests and guards now at my room,
cold and heartless stares.
My throat is dry, my heart pounds, struck with
terror- cold sweat runs!
Sitting in my death throne, arms and legs strapped tight.
Electric crown, my sure demise,
adorns my shaven head.
The switch is thrown, a power surge, the lights begin to dim.
My bowels give way, my brain implodes,
my blood starts to boil.
Darkness falls, no more pain,
awaiting my damnation,
Biding my time for eternity.
A light appears, a blinding light, brighter than a
thousand suns.
A darkened figure reaches out takes me
by the hand.
No time wasted, pain begins.
Repayment time, for all my sins.
Descending into a world of hate.
Vast swelling clots in an ocean of blood,
Agonising torment, death so divine.
Clawing with my fingers, rasping at my eyes,
Tears of blood streaming down my face,
Howling in pain separating flesh from bone...
Rich pain pours from crying wounds,
Countless souls in putrid tombs.
Crimson mountains, landscapes of gore.
No redemption... for me!
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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