

# The Mouth of Judas

## Primordial

I am cut from the cloth of Judas  
And have seen his face in mine  
The weathered hands that turn the pages  
Are scattered in the sun  
My ship has the blackest sails  
Yet no wind to drive like slaves You cannot see from shore  
That it casts no shadow upon the wave  
The sepulchral crawl with us  
Over land and see they hail  
Deadened hands upon the rudder  
Groaning on the gale They will dash you against the cliffs  
'Til every brittle bone is broken  
Jutting rip and gristled knuckle  
Is gnashing on the foam I am cut from the cloth of Judas  
From the hangman's hand itself  
The long stare of the condemned  
And the cursed song of slaves "And you who follow me to make  
Sure I do not exceed the span,  
Given to me on earth I take  
Care old Shadow of a man  
Dead God of all my god's own snake" (Guillam Appolinaire, from "Reply of the Zagur-Og Cossacks to the  
Sultan of Constantinople") Free me from the hangman's hand  
Free me from the hangman's noose  
So bend your knee before the majesty of death  
You struggle for breath and lay the dead head to  
head  
So bend your knee before the majesty of death  
You struggle for breath and lay the dead head to  
head  
So they stretch from the womb to the grave  
Let us tell you the first journey of men  
The first murder, the soil so red and barren  
It burns so red and barren

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