# God's Old Snake

## Primordial

Hangman to all mankind
Make your peace
For mother earth lays on her deathbed
Death's rattle echoesWhat pale beast
Lurks in the shadow
Great lover revelling in pox
That feeds on filthGod's old snake
We ask for a sign
A revelation
A vision of hell
or blood from stoneWe have been to the ends of the earth
Slouched towards Bethlehem
With daggers drawnSo take your bitter pill and wait until dawn
The pound of flesh
Tithe of princes
Wine of salvationWe are searching
The golden redeemer
Who wrote the word of the devil
In the veins of manIf there is a watcher under the earth
Wake him from his fateless sleep
Through the glorious voids of heaving earth
Souls of fire, release meI have stood at the top of the world
Shook the four winds and called your name
Walked dusty paths on holy hills
Gazed upon black effigies and pressed holy flesh

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