Alas, Lord is Upon Me

Behemoth

Behold, as Rome burns so do I
This not the last empire to crumble
I bore witness to rise and fall of tribes of Adonai
And I have fallen short of a glory of GodLord of hosts, whore of salvation
Tear the skies as you spread your legs
Vomit forth upon my head
All afflictions and abominations known to man

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