When My Wrath Is Done

Nile

When my Patience is Finished
When the Mercy of Khufu is Exhausted
When my Subjects have Failed Me
And Continued Grace has become FutileThen will wrath
seem the better part of DiscretionMy Slaves Utter Words of Rebellion
They Curse my Name
They Bend not their Backs Unto me
Or Bow Before my MonumentsWhen Those who Incite Revolt are Crushed
When the Streets Run red
with the Blood of the Unfaithful
When the Hands of the Idle are Severed
And the Piles of the Skulls of the Rebellious
are as the Innumerable Stars

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/