

Theatre of Horror

Revocation

Dragged before the blood court

Soon his fate shall be sealed

Will he be hanged from the gallows or broken upon the wheel? The white staff of justice breaks before the condemned

And so it has been decreed by the sword he shall meet his end Marched through the streets in your own funeral procession

The crimson banner, your epitaph

The bloodthirsty mob demands his head Theatre of horror

A macabre spectacle The final act in this drama of sin The executioner awaits the command with sharpened steel in hand

Ready the sword, the time has come to render justice unto the damned

Smite at his neck, sever the head

Arterial spray showers the crowd in a brilliant flash of red

Hands tightly bound behind your back

The crowd awaiting your final gasp

The bloodthirsty mob demands his head

Horrified spectators behold brutality

Grotesque entertainment, morbid curiosity

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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