

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 endMarched through the streets in your own funeral
procession
The crimson banner, your epitaph
The bloodthirsty mob demands his headTheatre of horror
A macabre spectacleThe final act in this drama of sinThe 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
Horried spectators behold brutality
Grotesque entertainment, morbid curiosity
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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