

# The Judgment of the Son

Virgin Steele

Goddess of all the silent wastes, Thou are not found unkind  
There's no black and white, Thy truth is not so keen  
Although the crime is great, withhold Your sovereign blaze  
Rise up, rise again, after the ring of fire  
My friendship's not feigning, Your cause is my own  
Rise up, rise again, after the ring of fire  
We'll beat them in sunlight on this day of task  
Gods and all Athenians, proud black Erinyes  
Brook no Anarchy, nor bear a tyrant's rule  
Maintain in balance fear, the Guardian of Grace  
Rise up, rise again, after the ring of fire  
A Godless suppliant, burning in chains  
Rise up, ride the wind, this is the End of Silence  
The moment of Never on this day of wrath

Songwriters

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