

# The Showdown, A Monument Encased In Ash

Will you destroy the righteous with the wicked?  
Shine your mercy on but fifty men  
Show me ten yet worthy to see the sun again  
Though you're naught but dust and ash I will relent  
Stand and be counted  
Turn from these ruins  
Run!  
Fire rains from the sky  
The hand of justice falls  
You've spit in the face of the One whose might is yet untold  
Fire rains from the sky  
The hand of Justice falls  
A monument encased in ash naught but a grave  
Who are these men that came to you this night?  
Bring them forth that we may know them  
Be struck blind clear now a path for those I love  
Await the brimstone that comes soon to clear your grave  
The stench of Sodom quenched in smoke and flame  
Angels enraged bring judgement hence  
Judgement comes burning sear you from the face of the earth  
Dead eyes raised to an ash choked sky