

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