

# Anathema, Judgement

The inequity of fate  
The pains of love and hate  
The heart-sick memories  
That brought you to your knees

And the times when we were young  
When life seemed so long  
Day after day  
You burned it all away

All the hate that feeds your needs  
All the sickness you conceive  
All the horror you create  
Will bring you to your knees