

Crimson Thorn, Imminent Wrath

Fall prostrate now before the NAZARENE
CREATOR of all both seen and unseen
The clock has struck midnight
Your life hangs in the balance
The hammer drops no reprieve
Hell will welcome your talents
That has caused this fate
Of eternal torment
You shook your fist at the ANOINTED
Your daily blasphemy
Obsession of evil intent
Released upon the earth
Malignancy inside your soul
You lack the SECOND BIRTH
No excuse for you now
Only your ignorant self to blame
The truth you sought was self evident
But instead you choose to mame
If only you could return
To warn others of their fate
Let them heed prophetic warnings
Until they reach the judgment gate