

# Deeds Of Flesh, A Violent God

Behold a white horse  
And he who set upon him  
Was called faithful and true  
And in righteousness he doth judge and make war  
His eyes were as a flame of fire  
And on his head were many crowns  
And he had a name written  
That no man knew but he himself  
And he was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood  
And the armies followed him upon white horses  
Clothed in fine linen, white and clean  
And out of this mouth goeth a sharp sword  
That with it he should smite the nations  
And he shall rule then with a rod of iron  
And the remnant were slain  
With the sword