

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