

Project 86, Wrought On This Holiday's Eve

Now we, awake, bathed in glowing white
Anticipation gripping with this morning's promised sights
One had come up missing while we rubbed our weary eyes
We wonder where our father could have been throughout the night

Your look, it betrays you
You've no excuse to claim
10 AM, it came and went as we waited and we waited for
The smell of harlots fume, exuding from your skin

One last seduction
'Twas the night
Before you met your end

Captured, we watch you
Writhing to escape
Exposed, exposed, for all your crooked ways

Captured, we watch you
Writhing to escape
So save your breath
We celebrate this ending to your reign

You want to sow all your seeds in dirty deeds
But retribution's coming like four black steeds
His justice cometh quickly for the secrets in your sleeves
For indiscretions wrought on this Holiday's eve
Wrought on this Holiday's eve