

The Maker

See The Churches Burning Down
Dead Bodies Blackened, Lying on the Ground
Not a Preacher to be found
All the Saints and Kings corrupted by the crown

i am the maker
I'm the one to decide your fate
i take you betrayers
Take you down, bring you down while you're burning at the stake

who will survive
and what will be left?
as I walk down the line
pray you're the last
i got a can full of gas
and a hand full of matches
to burn all the crosses
and light up the masses

See the Government burning down
Dead bodies blackened, lying on the ground
Not a soldier to be found
All the saints and kings corrupted by the crown

i am the maker
I'm the one to decide your fate
i take you betrayers
Take you down, bring you down while you're burning at the stake

here is a shovel
now make you a bed
i'll stand over your grave
till i'm sure that you're dead
a prayer in your throat,
lord, help me to choke away
every last whisper, every last hope