

Envy And Other Sins, I Know The Executioner

When the rain comes down to wash away my foothold
You can watch me drown if it'll make you happy.
And if the spark won't catch, and the fire hasn't took hold,
You can light the match if it'll make you happy.
There's no relief, who's innocent?
Who to believe?
Who to defend my dear, there is trouble here, and if it comes to trial.

Who is the judge and who is the jury,
Who bears the grudge and who's full of fury?
All I can say is I know the executioner.

And should I leave a trace, some little sign that I existed.
It's just an aftertaste, and that should make you happy.
As I'm consumed by flame and my flesh is cracked and twisted,
You can smile my name if you like.