

Quartered

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First time you stood upon a mountain of untruth
You lied to everyone
And now your hens shall roost
They looked upon your face hoping for good news
You left without a trace
So they call for you to be quartered

You shall be quartered

Second time you crossed the line
A predator for prey
No cause for what you do
And every day is the same
They call for your head
A justice must ensue
You can run, but you can't hide
Because it's time for you to be quartered

You will be quartered

The evil inside, it shall be torn from the place you can't hide
This is what you get
This is what you get