

# Footsteps Resound In An Empty Chapel

Akercocke

Hear me, the Antichrist is coming  
He who opened his mouth in blasphemy  
Against God and His Tabernacle  
And those that dwell in the Heavens

He denies the Father and the Son  
He refutes that Jesus is the Christ

And it was given unto him  
To make war with the saints  
And to overcome them all, power was given over  
All kindreds and tongues and nations

I am an idea, I exist  
Live and breathe, I am real

Call it a moment of inspiration  
That allowed my existence  
I am a raw and terrible God  
I am Antichrist

Sticky white bile  
Smeared and splattered  
Around gray lipped mouths  
Heavy death that rapidly decays

The rich and the poor

The rich and the poor  
We are all the same in death  
The unmistakable fragrance  
Of rigid decomposition exacts no distinction