

Kumarra petoa

Azaghal

And from the abyss rose the propheted beast
Seven heads and ten horns
And all who live on earth shall bow to him
His number is sixhundredsixtysix

Thousand angels of death with plague eaten faces
Carry thousand fatal diseases in their bosoms
Thousand hanged priests with their desecrated churches
Proclaim tidings of happiness, Antichrist shall arrive!

You can give me your redemption
I'll give you a taste of my blade
You can give me your salvation
And I'll vomit it back to your face

Bow to the beast!
I won't subdue under your will
Bow to the beast!
I won't humble myself into your faith