

# Finis Mundi

Battleroar

It's the end of the year nine hundred ninety nine  
For nobles and countrymen, peasants and lords  
The edge of oblivion draws near

Medieval darkness, cradle of magic  
On through the night, the fears are growing  
No more tomorrow, a merciless ending  
Nowhere to run, the time is coming  
The time is coming!

In the name of the Lord  
The Pope and the Bishops preach  
The beast of damnation will rise from the sea  
The serpent of hell devours

Sinners are chanting, pay for salvation  
You'd better prepare when judgement calls you  
Is it too late now? Omens are clear  
End of the world, the Finis Mundi  
The Finis Mundi!

God, hear the call of the sons of the Earth  
We will stand tall in this time of despair  
Prophecies old from the dawn of all days  
Only the pure will survive this dark age

This is the end of all times, it's the Finis Mundi  
Damned are the souls left behind, it's the Finis Mundi  
Angels descend from the sky, it's the Finis Mundi  
Watching the world as it dies, it's the Finis Mundi