

Apocalyptic

Evocation

Beneath the formations in stone
Fragments of evil corrode
Tragic creation in rust
Fire in rain it explodes
Inside our dead blind mind
Our mutiny unfolds
Above the blood red line
It grows

We face the storm we face our death
As dark we form apocalyptic
Bringers of pain dark arise
Riders of doom now united
Crushing and raping our thoughts
We die in our darkness so blind
Inside the dead born kind
Apocalyptic we find
Beneath the darkest sky
We die