

At The Churches' End

Impending Doom

Raise your flag-wear your cross, stand silent of the cost.

Our spoiled rotten nation has taken for granted our blessings,
Putting more faith in an inconclusive science, than our maker,
our first love.

The church age in America is coming to it's end, vanished,
Gone in the blink of an eye, and then you will see the peace of
man.

The piece of man that desires death, the worst ways imaginable.
The fallacies of our perfections are revealed in the eradication
of our foundation.

Nuclear showers invade our land, controlled under dark command.
Lifeless families lay desolate, while radiation suits stare down
upon there deformity.

When will you learn humanity needs a savior?

Seek deeper revelation before the fall of a nation.

Salvation.