

A Breath Of Apocalypse

Iskald

The infected smell of a turning tide
Winds blow cold for the petrified
Who should glow up in flames and turn ash into dust
I can hear your prayer call, what a pityfull lust

I see you faint, I see you die
I spot a glimpse in the burning sky
I nail the book of which you feed
I watch you suffer I watch you bleed

The cult is gathered for the final round
The cross shall burn to the abysmal ground
But the flame that will burn shall never be seen
I can smell the future, the oblivion dream

Chain of Royal forgotten blood
Is sealed under the rose of love
Whispers from the deepest core
Speak of Revelation, the time of lore

I see you faint, I see you die
I spot a glimpse in the burning sky
I nail the book of which you feed
I watch you suffer I watch you bleed

Rotten blood from head to feet
They who doesn't count their reap
The pride of what they do is shame
I shall walk the path of pain

Fear carved once in flesh
By the grails mighty nest
A wind bring fourth the greatest fire
A breath of Apocalypse as I desire