

# Terrible Certainty

Kreator

Die! Slowly you're dying  
From this contagious disease  
Once you're infected there's no hope of a cure  
Your passing is a sure thing  
Your thoughts are empty and hopeless  
Nothing is left for you now  
Having to live with this terrible certainty  
Praying is all you can do

It's vicious and crippling and slowly your life will end  
But how long will it take to save us from the plague  
With fatal convulsions the plague is reaching for us  
God knows! What will it take to save us from the plague

Contracted by blood  
The virus can be in us all  
You're one of it's victims, but then thousands more  
And they won't be the last  
So many civilisations before  
The mighty, the proud and the brave  
The poor, the rich - Indiscriminate  
Soon they'll all end in the grave