

Wrath of the Antichrist Horde

Lord Belial

Humans screech in sorrowfilled pain
The last breath of the dying humanity
Angels speak their comfort in vain
Heavenly sedated by the lies of christianity

The earth shall be as black as Our souls
Winds and spirits whisper Our name with fear
From underneath We gather strength
And attack...with wrath!!

From within, north and south- from east and west
We summon the opposites of angels and heaven
To destroy all ideas of biblical faith
-Never to be ruled by hypocrites
-Never to serve under god

Feel the wrath of the antichrist horde
Feel its hatred, its power and might

We see fragments of lost days, of old ways
And witches burnt in the holy flames
It increase Our infernal hate
so that We can succeed
By the death and suffering
of seraphs We feed

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Feel its hatred, its power and might
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Spoken words will turn into a void of silence
Only cries and sounds of battle can be heard
Children smiling will turn into a pile of flesh
An image of despair and pain shall remain alone in silence!