

# The Coming Of Chaos

Sacramentum

I stand at the fate of a dying world.  
I look upon a sky that wears the colour of devastation.  
Loud mumbles are heard that were chanted ages ago.  
The moon is dancing in a chaos of visions,  
bloodred colours that penetrates mind and soul my head is to ex  
plode,  
my body dies.  
It's coming, the coming of chaos.  
Chaos come, chaos come closer.