

The Architects Of Repulsion

The Red Shore

Awakening from fire
With foul stench and decay
They rise from their knees
The veil is lifted and their damnation lose beneath
The horror once unseen is now upon their existence
Defiance is fruitless
For he is free. This is the end of the world
Their protectors left them out in the cold
Getting up from the lake of fire to bring oppression
And pestilence. His army amassed and ready to bring
Death.
Plague.
Nothing can stand in their way now.
Destroy.
Erase.
This is the end of the world
Soon they'll fall from above and
Paradise will cease to exist
Leaving you begging for mercy. Praying for death
Fucking bow down
A new ruler for all to fear
The serpent, the leader of the fallen
A king coming to claim a crown
That is rightfully his.
To take a seat in the throne he was promised
For he is free. This is the end of the world
Their protectors left them out in the cold
Not a soul will be spared
This will be relentlessness at its finest
Not in the world, repent
Your last chance to show penitence
The sky turns to fire, their hearts will fill with despair
The horizon falls in darkness, the apocalypse looms.