

# Storm Of The Antichrist

Watain

Ancient night sky,  
You cannot hide your fears from me,  
When even the bodies roaming thee  
Spells out your giant fall.  
Man and beast,  
Thinkest thou not that I see  
The panic in your eyes?  
As the world grows dark,  
And the mysteries thicken around thee.

Secrets revealed in the shrines of the dead,  
That speak in tongues of a gate.  
A door to the abyss,  
Between the triads base.  
A crack in the circle,  
A hole in the world...

Storm of the Antichrist.  
Harbinger of eternal night.  
The serpent rises from the sea.  
The star of madness gleaming.  
Storm of the Antichrist.  
The Sword of Satan undisguised.  
Wielded now against the face of the earth  
To unleash it's fiery within.  
Yes, arise now, Beast with seven heads!

Lucifer descend in clouds of red.  
A thousand serpents at His feet.  
Radiating light that eat the stars  
And open up the emanations of the Darkside.  
Christ hides his face in shame now  
As the soul of men collapse.  
Mothers weep as their daughters kiss  
The limbs of abominations.

Behold! The Beast untamed,  
The Lord unchained,  
Through eternities in the dark waters remained  
The slumbering essence of wisdom most foul,  
Awoken now through prophecy.  
And these jaws hold no mercy as they rise wide agape  
To devour your sons in their impotent pride.  
To pierce through the flesh into their motionless hearts  
Which never again shall find peace.

For yours is the kingdom, oh Serpent of old!  
Concealed in primordial watery cold.  
Towering now over oceans of blood.  
The Dragon entwined in the entrails of god.

Storm of the Antichrist.  
The poles collapse, the heavens die.  
A world in spasms, a god in tears.  
The levee of Jehova breaks,  
Unleash the burning flood of Satan.  
Storm of the Antichrist.

Legions of Azazel rise!  
Signs of evil in the sky  
Foretell the giant coming...

Bloodlines tainted through fornication.  
Fathers desire their own spawn.  
Babylon rides the Beast of seven heads  
Across the world in doom.  
Phallus of Death once more erect.  
Semen stains the grass of gethsemane.  
The potency of serpent seed  
Injected now in the womb of god...