

# Footsteps Resound in an Empty Chapel

[Akercocke](#)

Hear me, the Antichrist is coming  
He who opened his mouth in blasphemy  
Against God and His Tabernacle  
And those that dwell in the HeavensHe denies the Father and the Son  
He refutes that Jesus is the ChristAnd it was given unto him  
To make war with the saints  
And to overcome them all, power was given over  
All kindreds and tongues and nationsI am an idea, I exist  
Live and breathe, I am realCall it a moment of inspiration  
That allowed my existence  
I am a raw and terrible God  
I am AntichristSticky white bile  
Smeared and splattered  
Around gray lipped mouths  
Heavy death that rapidly decaysThe rich and the poorThe rich and the poor  
We are all the same in death  
The unmistakable fragrance  
Of rigid decomposition exacts no distinction

Songwriters

David Gray;Jason Mendonca;Peter Benjamin;Matthew WilcockPublished by  
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