

The Apocalypse

Acheron

Feel chaos in the air, the moon is turning red
Prophecy from the past, an outcome they will dread
Once sacred religions die, now what can they do?

The rising of the Wolfer clan, life becomes anew
The Antichrist they all seek, exists in you and I
Their stories of a perfect god was nothing but a lie

Manifested madness plagues the once peaceful streets

And act of persevering lies at our fucking feet
The apocalypse! And they worshipped the dragon which gave
power

Unto the beast, and they worshipped the beast

Saying, who is like the beast?

Who is able to make war with him?

And there was given unto him a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies

And power was given unto him to continue

And you the people ask who is the beast and why should we care?

Because, we are the beast!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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