# The Beast

## Saviour Machine

The Prince of Darkness, The Man possessed,
Ten horns arise, the seven heads.
The ancient serpent, the ancient name,
The fallen angel crawls in shame.
The dark Messiah, the lawless one,
The face of tyranny is born the Son.
Behold the nail, the sentence of death,
And Jesus wept, it is manifest.
And the Beast alive, and its hour come,
Crawling towards the city to be born again.
The new world order, the black abyss,
The reign of terror, the Saviour's kiss,
The final solution is seven years.
The great delusion, behold the tears.
The virus parasite feeding in bondage,
The rings of flesh in its teeth breathing carnage.
The wall of disease arises, the living hell,
This desperate nightmare is becoming real.
And the critical hour has arrived, in the sacred land
To the nation, revelation is at hand.
And the little horn is rising, rising to stand.
In this horn are eyes like the eyes of a man.

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