Zohak

Dies Irae

Oh son of the royal blood
Your way of life was bright
And full of superiority
Taking possession of the crown and the throne
You were caned patricide
Winged by snakes
Which raised from your shoulders
They were the sign of treason
They were the gift of kiss
Fed by human brains
Day after day
Night after night
Serpents sojourners
Transformed your substantiality
Into demon form
For thousand years the ruler of the earth
Menaced for second by saviours
Saoshyants
Throwdown burden of the prophecy
...by the holocaust of children
...by the massacre of the innocents
Knocking off all holiness
Into the pits of despair
You defeated Feridun
Doomsday will never come!

Songwriters
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