

# 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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