The Birth Pangs

Saviour Machine

We have had our last chance,
The arm is at the door.
Evil is erupting, it is coming
His agents are at hand.
Atheistic passion breathes the wave of persecution.
Locked together in hatred this is hell unleashed upon us.
Apocalypse, Apocalypse,
Behold Apocalypse, behold the dawn.
All the children share in flesh and blood,
Abandoned and ashamed.
Crucified in violence and in rage,
Infected and deceived.
Terrifying darkness breeds the slave,
Faithless and perverse.
Ride the naked serpent through the ashes
On the burning scales of the Earth.
Apocalypse, Apocalypse,
Behold Apocalypse, behold the death.
Desolation, we are Revelation,
We are nothing, we are insane,
We are nothing, we are insane.
Apocalypse, Apocalypse,
Behold Apocalypse, behold the pain.
Time is running out of time.
Behold the pain before a child is born.

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