

Terrible Certainty

Kreator

Die slowly, you're dying from this contagious disease
Once you're infected there's no hope of a cure
Your passing is a sure thing
Your thoughts are empty and hopeless, nothing is left for your now
Having to live with this terrible certainty praying is all you can do
It's vicious and crippling and slowly your life
will end
But how long will it take to save us from the plague
With fatal convulsions the plague is reaching for us
God knows, what will it take to save us from the plague
Contracted by blood virus can be in us all
You're one of its victims, but then thousands more
And they won't be the last
So many civilizations before, the mighty, the proud and the brave
The poor, the rich, indiscriminate soon they'll all end in the grave
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