

Number Of The Beast

Djali Zwan

Left alone, my mind was blank.
I needed time to think to get the memories from my mind.

What did I see, can I believe,
That what I saw that night was real
And not just fantasy.

Just what I saw, in my old dreams,
Were they reflections of my warped mind
Staring back at me.

Cause in my dreams, it's always there,
The evil face that twists my mind and brings
Me to despair.

Six-six-six the number of the beast.
Hell and fire was spawned to be released.

Torches blazed and sacred chants were praised,
As they start to cry, hands held to the sky.
In the night, the fires burning bright,
The ritual has begun, Satan's work is done.

Six-six-six the number of the beast.
Sacrifice is going on tonight.

I'm coming back, I will return,
And I'll possess your body and I'll make you burn.
I have the fire, I have the force.
I have the power to make my evil take it's course.

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