

# The Pestilence

Kreator

Cemetery of Hades writhing flesh of death  
Skulls and bones are decaying  
Corpses, limbs and deadly carnage  
Massacre and crime is rulingThe world is living in pain and sorrow  
The gods have stopped believing  
Survive or escape there is no chance  
Death of all cultures is nearThere must be a parasite in their brains  
Terror is their only aim  
Gods of war and fallen kingdoms  
Prayed for it in times of decayA curse of the unity of the undead  
Has reached the poisoned souls  
Middle ages time of the pestilence  
Cruelty of unreached thronesThe pestilenceThe omen has hung over the world  
Since time has begun  
A scepter and a sword  
And endless signs of hate and desolationIn minds and hearts in souls and brains  
There is only decaying  
A shame to those who lived by the rules  
Death of all cultures is nearWorms and rats attack your brain  
You stare at the sun as you pray  
Pray for help but it's stupid 'cause you know  
There ain't no help for youDeath draws near and you fear  
The smell of Armageddon  
But you've got no chance to escape  
You will die in hellHear the screams of children around you  
No one cares about that crime  
Terror rules the decayed land  
The master is watching all the time

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