

Arbiters of the Apocalypse

Revocation

Pestilence, herald of sickness

Exordium of our doom

Consuming both the old and the young

Precious innocents stillborn in the wombThe first of the plagues befallen man

This woeful curse brought forth by our own handsBroken are the seals, commence the end times

Open the gates of destructionBattles abound on marches war

Hear the galloping hooves of the horsemen

Carnage divine, the four shall align

Apocalyptic judgementA black shadow cast across the land

Feast your eyes on the scales of starvation

Famine devours all

Fulfilling this prophecy of deprivation

The arbiters of the apocalypse come to claim what they are owed

Now death reigns triumphant, no god will have mercy on our souls

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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