

The Number Of The Beast

Scott Lavender

Woe to you, oh earth and sea
For the Devil sends the beast with wrath
Because he knows the time is short
Let him who hath understanding
Reckon the number of the beast
For it is a human number

Its number is six hundred and sixty six I 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 Night was black, was no use holding back

'Cause I just had to see, was someone watching me?

In the mist, dark figures move and twist

Was all this for real or just some kind of Hell? 6 6 6, 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 are burning bright

The ritual has begun, Satan's work is done 6 6 6, the number of the beast

Sacrifice is going on tonight This can't go on, I must inform the law

Can this still be real, or just some crazy dream?

But I feel drawn towards the chanting hordes

Seem to mesmerize, can't avoid their eyes 6 6 6, the number of the beast

6 6 6, the one for you and me 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 its course

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