

Day of the Storm

A Pale Horse Named Death

Birds have gone silent
Hear all the sirens
Smell of burning fire

Trees have fallen
Demons are calling
For our demise

Children are running
Parents are screaming
Oh god is this the end ?

Tribulation
God's frustration
He will turn a blind eye

On the day of the storm
Lightning crashes down
You can run but never hide
On that day we all die

On that day your prayers will not be heard

Sky is cracking
Raining down blood
Washed in the great flood

Through our greed
And sinful desire
We burn funeral pyres

Purged of this deadly
Black parasite
Mother has won this fight

Six billion dead and
Oceans of red
Our time has expired

On the day of the storm
Lightning crashes down
You can run but never hide
On that day we all die

And the sun breaks through the clouds
Warms my face
And the sun brings new life
Warms the ground