

# Prophet of Pestilence

Altaria

From out of nowhere  
Like a new born child he comes  
With wisdom greater than the world  
Some need to be lone  
So that we will follow  
This force messiah made of lights  
He says come with me, into eternity  
Share this thing with me

Prophet of pestilence  
Holding on, to the sounds of the weak without  
Forces of tyranny, in the night  
In the dreams they will rise right on

The angels calling  
With burning eyes of last  
And they will fall down on their knees  
The sign of the cross, is in power  
To manipulate the holy wars  
He says ride the sky, into oblivion  
Leave all you have behind

Prophet of pestilence  
Holding on, to the sounds of the weak without  
Forces of tyranny, in the night  
In the dreams he will rise right on

Prophet of pestilence  
A disease, in the railway with no-one  
Around and around they go  
Carousel, of emotions of dark betrayal

[solo]

Prophet of pestilence  
Holding on, to the sounds of the weak without  
Forces of tyranny, in the night  
In the dreams he will rise right on

Prophet of pestilence  
A disease, in the railway with no-one  
Around and around they go  
Carousel, of emotions of darks betrayal  
Without warning, he's gone