

Terrible Certainty

Kreator

Die! Slowly you're dying
From this contagious disease
Once you're infected there's no hope of a cure
Your passing is a sure thing
Your thoughts are empty and hopeless
Nothing is left for you now
Having to live with this terrible certainty
Praying is all you can do

It's vicious and crippling and slowly your life will end
But how long will it take to save us from the plague
With fatal convulsions the plague is reaching for us
God knows! What will it take to save us from the plague

Contracted by blood
The virus can be in us all
You're one of it's victims, but then thousands more
And they won't be the last
So many civilisations before
The mighty, the proud and the brave
The poor, the rich - Indiscriminate
Soon they'll all end in the grave