

12th Prophecy

Malevolent Creation

Trumpets of Hell
Cut through the sky
Fearing the end
Weak souls comply
Struggle begins
It's death vs. life
When one is sin
And one, one is light

Sheep so smug, nothing to do with weak
And mortal men
God, he calls, Satan calls. Summoning the dead
Angels fight, amongst themselves, using us as flak
Merely pawns in their game,
Human shields they attack

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Golden wings sweep from above,
Or serpents scales that twist
Time to make your fateful choice,
Or be cast into the abyss
The one true war has come down,
Not for land or wealth to gain
To be the one to don the crown, beyond the realm,
Beyond the flames

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And one is light
A call to arms
The world is cracked in half
Religions die
Only one will last
One laughs last