

Arbiters of the Apocalypse

Revocation

Pestilence, herald of sickness
Exordium of our doom
Consuming both the old and the young
Precious innocents stillborn in the womb

The first of the plagues befallen man
This woeful curse brought forth by our own hands

Broken are the seals, commence the end times
Open the gates of destruction

Battles abound, on marches war
Hear the galloping hooves of the horsemen
Carnage divine, the four shall align
Apocalyptic judgement

A black shadow cast across the land
Feast your eyes on the scales of starvation
Famine devours all
Fulfilling this prophecy of deprivation

The arbiters of the apocalypse come to claim what they are owed
Now death reigns triumphant, no god will have mercy on our souls