

Future's comin' from the past,  
Who's first and who's last.

Fire's risin' off the ground,  
Fear's the king, entire town  
Lookin' up across the sky,  
Which one's turn to die...

All are one and world's apart,  
Undertakers workin' hard.  
You'll remember the loss of fate,  
December '48...

Devil's mark is on your face,  
Black Death's all around the place,  
Rotten bodies it's where it at.  
Friends are gone, and rat's get fat,  
Cross on fire fights the night.  
Crowd in front of the Heaven's Gate,  
December '48...