

The Prophecy

Suicidal Angels

Cursed you are to rot, laying in your graves
Damned you will be 'till the final dawn
The sound of the hammer
Blood on the nails
Thorns on your head
Beg for your life

Laughing at the sight of the Virgin's bloody tears
Amazing disaster on your Jesus' last fears

The prophecy fulfilled, now you have to kneel
Before the Darkness
Chasing the Christians into their dreams
They will never sleep again
Morbid, anxious visions flooding your mind
Drawn before my eyes
Last few minutes of anxiety dying on the cross
Flesh and blood remain on the nails

Your leader was a wimp
Upon the cross he dies
Disappeared his body, built a faith of lies