

Abigor, Terrible Certainty[Kreator Cover]

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