

Akercocke, Footsteps Resound In an Empty Chapel

Hear me, the Antichrist is coming
He who opened his mouth in blasphemy
Against God and His Tabernacle
And those that dwell in the Heavens
He denies the Father and the Son
He refutes that Jesus is the Christ
And it was given unto him
To make war with the saints
And to overcome them all, power was given over
All kindreds and tongues and nations
I am an idea, I exist
Live and breathe, I am real
Call it a moment of inspiration
That allowed my existence
I am a raw and terrible God
I am Antichrist
Sticky white bile
Smeared and splattered
Around gray lipped mouths
Heavy death that rapidly decays
The rich and the poor
The rich and the poor
We are all the same in death
The unmistakable fragrance
Of rigid decomposition exacts no distinction