

Iced Earth, Damien

So the beast resides in me
Deep down I always knew
I never really did fit in
So diverse from all of you
Let him who comprehends
Know the number of the beast
It's a number of a man
A number just for me

As the boy becomes a man
Father's minions pave the way
Set in motion now, Armageddon,
Final conflict, end of days

I embrace the hounds of hell
And the power they oblige
For the task that lies ahead
The Nazarene I'll crucify
They'll see the raptures of our kingdom
They'll see the truth to mankind
I'll show what hell truly is
The monotony of their lives

(Chorus)
When the Jews return to Zion
And a comet fills the sky
The Holy Roman Empire rises
And you and I must die
From the eternal sea he rises
Creating armies on either shore
Turning man against his brother
Till man exists no more

Nazarene, what can you offer?
Since the hour you vomited forth
from the gaping wound of a woman,
you have done nothing but drown mens' soaring desires
in a deluge of sanctimonious morality.
I was conceived of a jackal.
Your pain on the cross was but a splinter
compared to the agony of my father.
I will drive deeper the thorns into your rancid carcass,
you profaner of Isis.
Cursed Nazarene,
I will avenge thy torment.

Now Disciples of the Watch
See your Prince of Darkness rise
Through famine and destruction
The Four Horsemen at my side
I demand a victory, I demand your sacrifice
Or spend all eternity
In the flaccid guts of Christ!

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