# Kreator, The Pestilence

Cemetary of hades riting flesh of death
Skulls and bones are decaying
Corpses limbs and deadly carnage
Massacre and crime is ruling
The world is living in pain and sorrow
The gods have stopped believing
Survive or escape there is no chance
Death of all cultures is near

There must be a parasite in their brains
Terror is their only aim
Gods of war and fallen kingdoms
Prayed for it in times of decay
A curse of the unity of the undead
Has reached the poisened souls
Middle ages time of the pestilence
Cruelty of unreached thrones

Pestilence!

The omen has hung over the world
Since time has begun
A sceptre and a sword
And endless signs of hate and desolation
In minds and hearts in souls and brains
There is only decaying
A shame to those who lived by the rules
Death of all cultures is near

There must be a parasite in their brains
Terror is their only aim
Gods of war and fallen kingdoms
Prayed for it in times of decay
A curse of the unity of the undead
Has reached the poisened souls
Middle ages time of the pestilence
Cruelty of unreached thrones

Pestilence!

Worms and rats attack your brain
You stare at the sun as you pray
Pray for help but it's stupid cause you know
There ain't no help for you
Death draws near and
You fear the smell of armageddon
But you've got no chance to escape
You will die in hell!

Hear the screams of children around you
No one cares about that crime
Terror rules the decayed land
The master is watching all the time

There must be a parasite in their brains
Terror is their only aim
Gods of war and fallen kingdoms
Prayed for it in times of decay
A curse of the unity of the undead
Has reached the poisened souls
Middle ages time of the pestilence
Cruelty of unreached thrones

Pestilence!