

Marduk, Seven Angels, Seven Trumpets

And when the lamb opened the seventh seal
There was in heaven a silence
Seven angels, seven trumpets
Preparing to sound
God has sent his punishment over us
We shall all perish in the blackest death
Know,
That this can be your final hour
Death stands behind you
I can see the crown of his head gleam in the sun
His scythe
Flashes when he raises it behind your heads
Who among you will he strike first?
Hail and fire
Mingled with blood
The greatest of stars is about to fall
Before evening, will your mouth
Be distorted into a last
Unfinished yawn?
Like open-mouthed cattle
Blooming with appetite and lust for life
Have you got a year or an hour left
To pollute the earth with your debris?
Angels descend, graves open
It� the angel of death passing by