

Pestilence, Demise Of Time

Music: Mamelik, Uterwijk

Lyrics: Foddis

His hands held high

Hypnotizing eyes, the instruments

of power he has obtained

His spoken words

Standing on the pedestal

He sees his portrait held high

by their hands

Deify thy master, he will be the one
who protects you from all what's evil

Deify thy master, a divine personality, holiness

Deify thy master, your minds are filled with my
preachified sermons

Deify thy master, follower's fanaticism leading
to their own destruction

A vociferous crowd

calling out his name

They will praise and adore him

On their way to paradise

A sacrifice as homage to their lord

See the misery he causes

for he takes you

to the worst form of reality

Still you are a credit

to your master

As you fight for his symbol of victory

He's an advocate

of a theory

the one he made himself

His word is law, obey worship

You will live well

He will walk the stairs built of coffins

Ambition has its price

Determined to fulfil his desires

Turns promises to lies

Beware

He takes you to a despair

Chaos, violence, bloodshed

How long will their dream last?

Awake before you'll die

His adherents exist of thousands of people

Adorers keep their faith

They express their trust by performing their task

Even when it'll be their fate

He's majesty we ought to serve

for he praises unity

Disparity he despises, fights

the existence of apostasy

Expel those who resist and those

who will not agree

They're a danger to his system

And to the thought of solidarity