

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 build 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