

Compos Mentis, The Prophecy

We're all trapped in diabolical madness
Battles are fought all around us
We just don't know it yet but if you listen carefully
You will hear them cry out this two thousand-year-old prophecy
Roar again, my friend, the timing is now right
Darkness is upon us once more
And now we enter the final battle
Gather your soldiers and let the unholy army of the night roam the streets
So let us all prepare for this moment of truth
This moment of pure darkness
And let us laugh out loud when even the holiest of the holy ones,
Those who have been spared
Are thrown to the ground and forced to submit to the learning of a new universal monarch:
The third Antichrist.
But remember:
At the great feast we will all be fed the remains of the holy ones
And our consciousness will reach the final level
Those who question the victories of the darkened souls
Won't be forgiven like in the old ages
But instead they will be used as slaves working in the master's cave
So beware even you who live as the darkest demon
Prophecies don't always come true...
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