

# Lord Belial, Wrath Of The Antichrist Horde

Humans screech in sorrowfilled pain  
The last breath of the dying humanity  
Angels speak their comfort in vain  
Heavenly sedated by the lies of christianity

The earth shall be as black as Our souls  
Winds and spirits whisper Our name with fear  
From underneath We gather strength  
And attack...with wrath!!

From within, north and south- from east and west  
We summon the opposites of angels and heaven  
To destroy all ideas of biblical faith  
-Never to be ruled by hypocrites  
-Never to serve under god

Feel the wrath of the antichrist horde  
Feel its hatred, its power and might

We see fragments of lost days, of old ways  
And witches burnt in the holy flames  
It increase Our infernal hate  
so that We can succeed  
By the death and suffering  
of seraphs We feed

(Lead: Fredrik)

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Feel its hatred, its power and might  
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Spoken words will turn into a void of silence  
Only cries and sounds of battle can be heard  
Children smiling will turn into a pile of flesh  
An image of despair and pain shall remain alone in silence!