

Saint, On And On

The angel sounds his trumpet
A star falls from the sky
With key in hand to open
And smoke it fills the sky
From the cloud things appear
To torment man to make them fear
Oh the evil
Seeking death but can not die
[Chorus:]
Here the trumpet, blast the sound
On and on
No relief to be found
On and on
The things were like a scorpion
With accuracy they strike
And cries of pain would rumble
Through out the hellish night
And the woe with all it brings
Commanded by their evil king
Oh Apollyon
The king of death, the king of night
[Chorus]
The things were like the horses
Prepared for battle's end
To torment all of mankind
The fruit of all their sin
[Chorus]