

Saint, Terror In The Sky

See the Son glow
Up in the night
God sent holy soldiers
Through the sky
Whitehorse swings the sickle
The One with the flaming eyes
Until the curse is all but over
Here's your pair of dice
You can feel it in the air
And your heart is filled with terror
Crushing boulders
Fall from the sky
As defiant earth dwellers
Curse and cry
Whitehorse and His conquerors
Fine linen and dresses in white
The end of earth, heaven, and skies
End of paradise

[Matt 24:29-31]

29 "But immediately after the tribulation of
Those days THE SUN WILL BE DARKENED,
AND THE MOON WILL NOT GIVE ITS LIGHT,
AND THE STARS WILL FALL from the sky, and
The powers of the heavens will be shaken.

You see the end is calling
Calling out through the ages
Crime scene's of past and present
Mysteries of turning pages
(Into a never ending end)