

Venom, Antechrist

I bear the soul of Satan
I wear the seal of death
I hold the keys to destiny
Steal your dying breath
Your breath
Your breath
Your breath

Staring death in the face
King of inhuman race
Lightning sets the pace

Antechrist

There is no sweet salvation
Your soul belongs to me
A screaming pain for redemption
My angels watch you bleed
You bleed
You bleed
You bleed

We sell you pain and anger
And thrive on sex and lies
I summon storms to please me
And you beg to the skies
The skies
The skies
The skies