

Altar

"Prophet Of Pestilence"

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["You asked me if I had a god-complex.
Let me tell you something: I am God!"]

From out of nowhere
Like a new born child he comes
With wisdom greater than the world
Some need to be lone
So that we will follow
This force messiah made of lights

He says come with me into eternity
Share this thing with me...

Prophet of pestilence
Holding on to the sounds of the weak without
Forces of tyranny in the night
In the dreams they will rise right on

The angels calling
With burning eyes of last
And they will fall down on their knees
The sign of the cross
Is in power
To manipulate the holy wars

He says ride the sky, into oblivion
Leave all you have behind...

Prophet of pestilence
Holding on to the sounds of the weak without
Forces of tyranny in the night
In the dreams he will rise right on

Prophet of pestilence
A disease in the railway with noone
Around and around they go
Carousel of emotions of dark betrayal

Prophet of pestilence
Holding on to the sounds of the weak without
Forces of tyranny in the night

In the dreams he will rise right on

Prophet of pestilence

A disease in the railway with noone

Around and around they go

Carousel of emotions of darks betrayal

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