

Apophis

"Behold His Arrival"

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Infernal regions filled with souls,
No hope of resurrection.
Well kept in this dark surrounding,
Left to cruel subjection.

But the King of Glory, spreading light, draws near
To give salvation and to dispel all fear.
He came to release and save
Those lost and burning souls that crave... him!

The Prince of Death and his Prince of Hell
Exercise their godless might.
In a permanent state, state of darkness
All their pieces of mankind.

The Lords of Hell commence to quarrel
On Satan's sentence, sentence of death.
Their sombre impious, impious dominion,
Subjection lies ahead.

The bringer of light approaches them,
Trampling on the Prince of Hell.
Sets him under the reign of Death
And leaves the Princes to themselves.
- to themselves.

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[Apocryphal Books: Nicodemus, Chapters 16, 17 and
18]

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