

Beyond The Flesh "Prophecies Of The Dead"

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From the album "What The Mind Perceives"
The prophet
Took one last look at the sky
And felt the pain of all the hell that will come
Knife in hand and depression high
Too much to comprehend
Dreams of a psychic nature
Visions given to him by the gods
Death is his only savior
For what will come, in the night

Forget your dreams, forget just everything,
Plagued by the sickening curse that's
Covered in shadows, drowning in battles
Of hell that can't be won, this hell on earth
Will soon come, to a violent end,
So it's time to give up, and kiss this world goodbye

He held his knife up to his wrist
Bowed his head, took a breath and cried
The warm blood ran right through his fist
Too late to save himself
His blood the ink to spread the word
The message written to describe what he saw
Now all his cries will be heard
Of what will come in the night

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Plagued by the sickening curse that's
Covered in shadows, drowning in battles
Of hell that can't be won, this hell on earth
Will soon come, to a violent end,
So it's time to give up, and kiss this world goodbye

The body speaks to us,
Message written in blood
The prophecies of the dead warn us
That nothing is as it seems
Take a look at your life, is it all a dream?
Don't question the answers, all will die
Take a look to the sky, don't be afraid you're
Not the only one, all will die tonight

Forget your dreams, forget just everything,
Plagued by the sickening curse that's
Covered in shadows, drowning in battles
Of hell that can't be won, this hell on earth
Will soon come, to a violent end,
So it's time to give up, and kiss this world goodbye

The body speaks to us,
Message written in blood
The prophecies of the dead warn us
That nothing is as it seems

The earth will rot, the sky will bleed
The trees will burn, the wind will cease
The sun will die, it's core diseased
The moon will fall, do you believe?
The raining fire, is bloody red
No hope for life, the world dead
No one shall live, to see the end
Just like the prophet said

The hand of death will grab you,
And drag you into hell
The pits of fire open
And burn you all alive
Master of pain is waiting
To witness all the bleeding
To sacrifice the innocent
And to destroy and spill the blood

The body speaks to us,
Message written in blood
The prophecies of the dead warn us
That nothing is as it seems

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