

Compos Mentis "The Prophecy"

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We're all trapped in diabolical madness
Battles are fought all around us
We just don't know it yet but if you listen carefully
You will hear them cry out this two thousand-year-old
prophecy

Roar again, my friend, the timing is now right
Darkness is upon us once more
And now we enter the final battle
Gather your soldiers and let the unholy army of the
night roam the streets

So let us all prepare for this moment of truth
This moment of pure darkness
And let us laugh out loud when even the holiest of the
holy ones,
Those who have been spared
Are thrown to the ground and forced to submit to the
learning of a new universal monarch:
The third Antichrist.

But remember:
At the great feast we will all be fed the remains of the
holy ones
And our consciousness will reach the final level

Those who question the victories of the darkened souls
Won't be forgiven like in the old ages
But instead they will be used as slaves working in the
master's cave
So beware even you who live as the darkest demon

Prophecies don't always come true...

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