

Abigor "Terrible Certainty"

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[Kreator Cover]

Die! Slowly you're dying From this contagious disease
Once you're
infected there's no hope of a cure Your passing is a
sure thing Your
thoughts are empty and hopeless Nothing is left for
you now Having
to live with this terrible certainty Praying is all you can
do It's
vicious and crippling and slowly, Your life will end But
how long
will it take to save us from the plague With fatal
convulsions the
plague is reaching for us God knows! What will it take
to save us
from the plague
Contracted by blood The virus can be in us all You're
one of it's
victims, but then thousands more
And they won't be the last So many civilisations before
The mighty,
the proud and the brave
The poor, the rich - Indiscriminate Soon they'll all end in

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