

Eighteen Visions

"The Psychotic Thought"

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Death to your king in his glorified horror, killing time
Bathing in his own beautiful sin
Kill your maker and the shadows will unleash
A forgotten soul, releasing the

The human nature of a bloodbath, born by the night
Let them take praise to this extinction
Who wears the horns now?
The psychotic thought that you gave us
Kill each other, kill each other, I will kill you

He has spoken with a forked tongue
The prophecies begin to unfold
He has spoken with a forked tongue
The prophecies begin to unfold

You sold your soul to the devil for a day
And now your kingdom has fallen to his reign
Don't you know?
You're the devil's advocate, Satan's psychotic thought
In this dying hour of life
The prophetic one leads the non-believers into war,
yeah

You, you had it all planned out
And I, and I saw at winter's solace
That you, that you tried to freeze hell over

Laugh at me while I burn in ecstasy
Laugh at me while I burn in ecstasy
Laugh at me while I burn in ecstasy
Laugh at me while I burn

One, one true Armageddon
God, God is his own Antichrist
God, God is his own Antichrist

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