

Acheron

"The Apocalypse"

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Feel chaos in the air, the moon is turning red
Prophecy from the past, an outcome they will dread
Once sacred religions die, now what can they do?
The rising of the Wolfer clan, life becomes anew

The Antichrist they all seek, exists in you and I
Their stories of a perfect god was nothing but a lie
Manifested madness plagues the once peaceful
streets
And act of persevering lies at our fucking feet

The apocalypse!

And they worshipped the dragon which gave power
Unto the beast, and they worshipped the beast
Saying, who is like the beast?
Who is able to make war with him?
And there was given unto him a mouth speaking great
things and blasphemies
And power was given unto him to continue
And you the people ask who is the beast and why
should we care?

Because, we are the beast!

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