

## Iskald

# "A Breath Of Apocalypse"

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The infected smell of a turning tide  
Winds blow cold for the petrified  
Who should glow up in flames and turn ash into dust  
I can hear your prayer call, what a pityfull lust

I see you faint, I see you die  
I spot a glimpse in the burning sky  
I nail the book of which you feed  
I watch you suffer I watch you bleed

The cult is gathered for the final round  
The cross shall burn to the abysmal ground  
But the flame that will burn shall never be seen  
I can smell the future, the oblivion dream

Chain of Royal forgotten blood  
Is sealed under the rose of love  
Whispers from the deepest core  
Speak of Revelation, the time of lore

I see you faint, I see you die  
I spot a glimpse in the burning sky  
I nail the book of which you feed  
I watch you suffer I watch you bleed

Rotten blood from head to feet  
They who doesn't count their reap  
The pride of what they do is shame  
I shall walk the path of pain

Fear carved once in flesh  
By the grails mighty nest  
A wind bring fourth the greatest fire  
A breath of Apocalypse as I desire

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