

Prophetic Age

"Fear Ages The Lost Souls In The Night"

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Fear ages the lost souls in the night
That desperately hide from them selves
By forgotten days of power and curse
Their secrets that thunders awake

I live with the pain of my own hate
Prospering into chaos from centuries
Betrayed by church and god
Condemned to live in a world of black clouds
In the distorted image of a fallen angel
Among dread flames and hypocrisy
They'll find destiny into a
Temple of shadows
Were will live in the lust of their own mistakes
With the last light of red twilight
Thousand voices will echo through the endless silence

And from the darkness where I'm confined
I'll stab my enemies
Whether demons or divine
Sent from heaven or hell

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