

Prophetic Age

"Hot Zone - Level IV"

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Rotten flesh, inner pain
On the way of fields and woods
Through
The bare eyes of simple mortals
Everything seems beautiful
Destructive plague which changes the mind
And the free will of being
Contamination, lethal nightmare
Plague comes out from the darkness
We are condemned to absorb the air we breath
Vomit of blood
The expanded eyes bring pain
Feeling my own fall
The thin and rotten body delivers the vision
Of the plague to the world
As bones and flesh melt
I notice that I'm not alive anymore
From my organism
Blowing scars
My eyes are colored with red
Through my sweat the pus give off
I miss beauty
I'm a living-dead
My world... fell down
My tongue melted
My fingers don't have the naturality
Of touch anymore
My liver and intertine were thrown away
Through my hiccup
Finally I reached the level four
And died by a foul plague
Lethal nightmare of mankind
I died, finally... I'm dead...

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