

Reverend & The Makers

"Doom Over The World"

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Infernal vision I saw, out from the darkness it came to me
Angel in appalling form revealing how the forthcoming days will be
Her voice was hollow and calm as she told me of things that would soon be here
Words full of chaos and death filling my mind with a constant fear

There will be a gigantic war, the greater part of the world shall be perished
Armies of evil and good prepare to meet each other again
And there I can see myself holding a sword with a blade so black
Other side, there stands thousands of men, all we have is just a handful of puritans

Doom over the world
Eternal will be our mission.
Doom over the world!

Corpses are hanging from walls, impaled with spears of destiny
One more time hammers have been raised to crush the skulls of heretics
The aftermath of battle, silent descents, the field is covered with dying men
Strongholds are burning to ashes, all that is left is this handful of puritans

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