

Thorazine

"Epitaph (Thy Mother's Rage - Part 2)"

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A two thousand year old prophecy
Has come to serve time in redemption
Poisonous clouds made by human hands
Will sink down exterminating every living thing
Violent alterations in weather patterns
Will call upon the elements of the armaggedon
Fire will leap forth on to the forest
Wrapping all in a winding sheet of flame
The sea will heave itself beyond the bounds
Engulfing the mighty cities that are left
Skies will stretch opening the earth
All man made progress enlisted for extermination
Day band night will merge into one fire
One barren shapeless mass to come
Our mother so heavy upon it's guilt of rebellion
Falls never to rise again

No more pain... The epitaph

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