

Thy Antichrist "Destruction Times"

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...And the dark days of the man arrived
With eclipsing time...

Absorbed by the mortuary influence
Of the horrible tunes of the Lute
Into eerie visions my bloody eye sees a mythical
heaven in flames with
The reflex of thousands of dead faces
Marked in their front with the destruction stigma...

A burning storm with nuclear thunders devastates the
orb
And mortal angels or demons incarnates in human
bodies
Die in tears of blood, burn in warlike fire
Without divine salvation.
Over this earth of mythical hell. (repeat)

Oh! Hear raising mirage, apocalyptic dream where I
listen
Terrifying screams like suffering echoes
Possessed by the despair in total annihilation...

Where the man's empire is made dust
And his history shall be only a remembrance through
Centuries of forgetfulness.

The Lute played the sinister music, beginning and
end's melodies
Lugubrious song in the funeral of mankind.

Merciless times of destruction
Devours one and other civilization
Perpetual suffering times
Pain and affliction ages (chorus)

Black is the sentence when the destruction cruel times
Devours one and other civilization...

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