

## Suicidal Angels

### "The Prophecy"

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Cursed you are to rot, laying in your graves

Damned you will be 'till the final dawn

The sound of the hammer

Blood on the nails

Thorns on your head

Beg for your life

Laughing at the sight of the Virgin's bloody tears

Amazing disaster on your Jesus' last fears

The prophecy fulfilled, now you have to kneel

Before the Darkness

Chasing the Christians into their dreams

They will never sleep again

Morbid, anxious visions flooding your mind

Drawn before my eyes

Last few minutes of anxiety dying on the cross

Flesh and blood remain on the nails

Your leader was a wimp

Upon the cross he dies

Disappeared his body, built a faith of lies

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