

## Medieval "The Seventh Seal"

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When the moon turns to blood  
The seas boil and rise  
Man's days grow few  
And soon all will die

Seven is the number  
The Holy Trinity  
As the Seventh Seal is broken  
So is tranquility

The words have been written  
The course has been planned  
The apocalyptic Scripture  
Sentence of the damned

When the death book is opened  
The seven trumpets sound  
The Seventh Seal is broken  
To Hell man is bound

The plagues will be many

As Death plays his game  
A test of will and strength  
A game that's played in vain

For a fortunate few  
The game is not in vain  
To escape Death's grasp  
To live in other's pain

At the close of the day  
The game's end is near  
With Death's wicked smile  
Your fate is finally clear

The Dance of Death in silhouette  
On a hillside desolate  
The figures move and sway  
And Death leads the way

