

Deathspell "Bells Of Apocalypse"

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A frost-pregnant night is broken on
And twelve times beat the bell
The hour of the antichrist is coming
And the moon sets free it's spell

Cold and frosty winds are blowing
And out of the earth beating infernal flames
Burning all scum of humanity
Burning all the Christian shame

And like a war horde we're running through the flames
Killing all, merciless and fast
Death and destruction is the new law
We're on the way to the forgotten past

And under the veil of destruction
We hail the apocalypse
And with a powerful beating they're singing
The bells of apocalypse

And the coldness in our hearts is unbearable
And the bells of destruction ring
Under the spell of hate we're marching
Under the bells of apocalypse

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