

Afrobeta

"The Serpent's Manifolds"

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Born from the cold wombs of virgin girls
Armageddon, the fifth sun of the pitch black sky

Risen from the dead of a reflector world
A forgotten image of the first gaze
In the dawn of humanity

His worshipers bow to his perennial wisdom
The arcane enigmas unfold

Raised in a glowing darkness
Embraced by fate

Blood has she'd for the enemies' empire
Now he will lead the world to war with fire
With fire

His bloodstained sword awaits the liars
The destroyed old fake world is damned to perdition

Before him the light was cursed
To oppose the darkness
The balance is restored

Shaping his own dark fate
He chose the faith (die)

Blood has she'd for the enemies' empire
Now he will lead the world to war with fire

The savior you were seeking for
Is only alive in prophecies of self damnation
Your salvation is lie

Queries, saviors, wonders they all lead
To a new and even bigger vicious circle

Cosmic truth is the regression
Towards zero

Now he will lead the world

To escape this vicious circle

Armageddon,
The fifth sun of the pitch black sky

The king is nothing
Believes in nothing
Lives in nothing
And dies for nothing

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