

Ad Vitam Aeternam "In The Throes Of Apocalypse"

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Shadows rushing in the sky
Like fanatical riders,
Winds are beating strong
Down on our lands...
No one ought to offend
Against the majestic Nature,
You know how terrible her
War hymn can be!

Shadows rushing in the sky
Like fanatical riders, beginning
A crazy run against all existence.
Drinking light and swallowing
Up in a smoke patch the screams
Of the repented.
Inside of you burns the guilty
Feeling not have been
Able to tame her;
Soon the walls will fall down...
And from her womb, the ultimate sigh...

Clamours arising from
Red-glowing plains,
While breaking off
This deadly silence.
All you have been creating will
Disappear from her infallible soul.

Winds beating down on a
Weird purifying blaze.
Facing the power of the time being,
All past fades away.

You bend yourself,
You can't avoid her judgement.
Waters awakening from
Longstanding sleep flood over
The land stakes of dissension,
Where innocent rotting bodies
Are lying, secretly bound to
A dreadful master.

So goes on the deadly dance
Only wearing another costume.
You bred your own torturer
But she's been ahead!
The more you will
Curse each of her whims,
The more you will not
Help yourself but yielding
To her furor.

Excited by the lust for
Power and cruelty, you made
A servant of the weakest one
By setting up your reign of pain.
Your tears will wash away in vain
The lands your folly stained.
Your body's shaken with fear.
Now your look reveals
Your true nature.

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