

Raging Speedhorn

"The Predicted Future"

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A thick mist in a cold Autumn night lies on the ground
and devour the environment
A moonfog makes the infernal mood
A time comes when man get his bestial mind
The dark sign blaze through the sky
A sign who calls the day of doom
The world have predicted future
A future in violence and bloodwar
Blood must be granted and lives must be offered
But however our weapons will be fouled with the
opponents blood
Try to understand... Foolish ones
You are not created by Nature
Your God have nothing to do here
Can't you hear the anger
The wrath of Nature King is coming closer and the
destiny is... Doom
Get the fuck out of our world or die while you still
believe
As warm and cold clouds makes the thunder
Do good and evil end with war
The black flame burns and from the mountain high rise
a world that it was meant be
Evil calls... the brotherhood of beasts
Evil knights... will create the perfect world

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