

Razor

"March Of Death"

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Cold and silent prophecy
Brought about by fears
Foretold to all the masses
Forgotten through the years
The end to all predictions
Yes time is growing near
The march of death approaches
The fate of man is clear
They run to find a hiding place
To hide themselves from sheer disgrace
The Gods have come to claim their heads
Triumphant when they're dead
A million wars united
Repayment for our lives
Widespread grief and terror
The nations face demise
Amidst the passive sorrow
They toll the final bell
The sacred rise above us all
The evil burn in hell
The corpses of the wicked
Surpass those of the good
The cities lay in ruin
Amongst the fire and blood
Destructive forces rendered
The pulse of mankind ends
Upon the frozen bodies
The march of death descends

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