

Antichrisis "Descending Messiah"

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Down in the valley on a midwinter's night walks The Crone, unseen my human kind Her weary heart longing for rest Her eyes saw too much of sorrow and grief There was a time when She was adored and the valley full of bliss and joy until the day the gaunt one appeared He never smiled nor shed any tear! And he raised his voice: "Behold I'm Messiah!" It was then She knew the time had come! A dream? A dream? It's only a dream!

A dream? A dream?

She lives in my dreams

The man, he spoke of commandments and sin of wicked wifes, of chaste and virtious men

He'd sown the seed of mischief in their hearts:

Those once proud, now a submissive crowd! And he raise his voice: "Behold I'm Messiah!

I'm the son of god!

I come in fire!

My kingdom come!

My will be done!"

It was then She knew her time had come!

A dream? A dream? It's only a dream!

A dream? A dream? She lives in my dreams ...

Now the blind are leading the blind!

Independence and wisdom exchanged for ignorance and minority

Seizure and oppression amongst the once born free!

But still no one dared

to raise a hand against The Crone

They were aware - despite his sermons - that She still held

The Strength and The Power!

And as She makes her way through centuries and decades

She waits for human kind to awake

to shake off the chains of Messiah!

In patience She walks the world in search for those who uphold

the memeto of the Golden Age!

While in his church, in fitful slepe, tormented by nightmares

lies Messiah in fright of the dark!

The demons he raised to strike the blind with fear were not just a mirage: They've become alive - to haunt Messiah!

To end creation's devastation, the senseless sacrifice She, The Weaver, weaves The Veil of Damnation! And out of the dark, Valkyries and Erinyes rising Avenging Angels of doom!

Called by The Crone the wandering ones seek for vengeance

Awaiting the Last Stand!

The Earth awakes in fire, thunderstorm and lightning Night calls into being decline!

And up in the skies: The Crone in the midst of silence Armagideon has now begun!

And out of his dreams Messiah pleas:

"Goddess, have mercy upon me!!!"

"Misguided prophet see My Scythe descending over you!!!"

Down in the valley neath the river of time sits The Crone remembering human kind Now winter's gone and springtime has come And all the ashes are washed away...

And he raise his voice: "Behold I'm Messiah!

I'm the son of god!

I come in fire!

My kingdom come!

My will be done!"

It was then She knew her time had come!

A dream? A dream? It's only a dream!

A dream? A dream? She lives in my dreams ...

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