

# March Of Death

Razor

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