

Footsteps Resound In An Empty Chapel

Akercocke

Hear me, the Antichrist is coming
He who opened his mouth in blasphemy
Against God and His Tabernacle
And those that dwell in the Heavens

He denies the Father and the Son
He refutes that Jesus is the Christ

And it was given unto him
To make war with the saints
And to overcome them all, power was given over
All kindreds and tongues and nations

I am an idea, I exist
Live and breathe, I am real

Call it a moment of inspiration
That allowed my existence
I am a raw and terrible God
I am Antichrist

Sticky white bile
Smeared and splattered
Around gray lipped mouths
Heavy death that rapidly decays

The rich and the poor

The rich and the poor
We are all the same in death
The unmistakable fragrance
Of rigid decomposition exacts no distinction