

Prophet of Pestilence

Altaria

From out of nowhere
Like a new born child he comes
With wisdom greater than the world
Some need to be lone
So that we will follow
This force messiah made of lights
He says come with me, into eternity
Share this thing with me

Prophet of pestilence
Holding on, to the sounds of the weak without
Forces of tyranny, in the night
In the dreams they will rise right on

The angels calling
With burning eyes of last
And they will fall down on their knees
The sign of the cross, is in power
To manipulate the holy wars
He says ride the sky, into oblivian
Leave all you have behind

Prophet of pestilence
Holding on, to the sounds of the weak without
Forces of tyranny, in the night
In the dreams he will rise right on

Prophet of pestilence
A disease, in the railway with no-one
Around and around they go
Carousel, of emotions of dark betrayal

[solo]

Prophet of pestilence
Holding on, to the sounds of the weak without
Forces of tyranny, in the night
In the dreams he will rise right on

Prophet of pestilence
A disease, in the railway with no-one
Around and around they go
Carousel, of emotions of darks betrayal
Without warning, he's gone