

## War Horns

Angra

Trumpets cry warnings from heaven  
"The virgin dressed with the sun  
With the moon on her feet  
On her head a garland of twelve stars  
Then, being with a child she cries  
for the birth of a King"

War Horns the sign of the times  
Break through the silent cries

Petrified, I'm facing the rapture  
Choking on tears, the prophecy fulfills  
The angels come announcing the gathering  
The wages of sin are for all who live to see

War Horns the sign of the times  
Break through the silent cries  
Visions from prophets unveiled  
All burns in the lake of fire

"Fire will be raining from the sky  
The sun will be darkened  
The moon will not give its light  
The stars will fall  
And the powers of heaven are shaken  
That's when the Son of Man  
Will arise in the clouds"

War Horns the sign of the times  
Break through our silent cries  
Visions from prophets unveil  
All burns in the lake of fire