

From the Gates of Apokalypse

Baptism

Golden light has disappeared
World's ages turned towards blackness
From the gates of the apocalypse
Shall swarm our might, unstoppable

Now, christedom
Amitate your master
While hanging on your cross upside down

Wrath of our hearts has grown with your lies
But it shall find peace with your deaths

What you feared has come
From obsidian gates of apocalypse
We'll come and show you the truth
Your place is in the shadows too
When renewed we'll meet in the darkness