

Finis Mundi

Battleroar

It's the end of the year nine hundred ninety nine
For nobles and countrymen, peasants and lords
The edge of oblivion draws near

Medieval darkness, cradle of magic
On through the night, the fears are growing
No more tomorrow, a merciless ending
Nowhere to run, the time is coming
The time is coming!

In the name of the Lord
The Pope and the Bishops preach
The beast of damnation will rise from the sea
The serpent of hell devours

Sinners are chanting, pay for salvation
You'd better prepare when judgement calls you
Is it too late now? Omens are clear
End of the world, the Finis Mundi
The Finis Mundi!

God, hear the call of the sons of the Earth
We will stand tall in this time of despair
Prophecies old from the dawn of all days
Only the pure will survive this dark age

This is the end of all times, it's the Finis Mundi
Damned are the souls left behind, it's the Finis Mundi
Angels descend from the sky, it's the Finis Mundi
Watching the world as it dies, it's the Finis Mundi