

## There He Comes

Besatt

Filthy, stripped of feelings  
I throw dice  
Chains of madness are broken  
I change the fate

Rotten crosses at crossroads  
are desperately lonely  
Ruins burned temples altars in oblivion  
Sacred icons torn by wind, weathered  
and blurred  
Infirm, deadly priest in a torn habit

He brings the light In chaos  
He destroys rotten rules  
He makes a new order  
There he comes, Lucifer

I am the chosen one, gravedigger of bodies  
I am the priest, confessor of souls  
Chalice of sacrifice is full of blood  
Thrown dice changed the fate

Ashes and ruins, blood and sweat  
Wind carries the stench of death from afar  
We destroyed the old and create the new  
Act of destruction is an act of creation

We are conquerors of a new world  
We are liberators from shackles  
We are chosen ones from rabble  
You are the sacrifice on the altar of god

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