

Armageddon's Evolution

Crionics

The thunders of judgement and wrath
Are numbered and harboured in south
In the likeness of an oak whose braches
Are nests of

Lamentation
And weeping laid up
For Jehovah
And his servants, which burn
Night and day
And vomit out
The heads of scorpions
And live sulphur
Mingled with poison

These are the thunders that roar
With a hundred mighty earthquakes
And a thousands times
As many surges
Which rest not nor know
Any echoing time

Here and rock
Bringeth forth a thousands
Even as the heart
Of man does his thoughts

Woe! woe! woe! woe! woe! woe! yea woe!
Be to he who sits on
The holy throne in heaven
For his iniquity is
Was and shall be great

Come away! but not your mighty sounds!