

The Messenger

Diamond Head

The spirits rise in the dead man's tomb
Worlds deprived under his name
He rides above your city
And decides if to lay down his hand
Stories are told since the dawn of days
And when it's your time remember his name

You hear the words
For the last time
You hear him cry

I am the messenger of Death
And I keep a ledger filled with wrath
For I am your messenger of Death
And I keep a ledger with all your names

When he was born his mother died
Fate said her words, the cruelest lie
The end is only a beginning
Through the flames and the feathers damned
From whence he came the dark divine
In the purest form Death is time

You say your words
One last time, and even then
You hear him cry

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