

## Riders of the Apocalypse

Nunslaughter

Famine's horse is black  
Fallow ground 'neath his track  
From the sky it rains hail  
Lack of food from his tipping scale

Conquest he is the antichrist  
Riding a steed of white  
Striking with militant drones  
Killing souls from his mighty bow

War he rides on red  
With a sword he takes your head  
Contempt of life  
Creating chaos and strife

And behold there come four chariots from between two mountains  
Famine, Conquest, War and Death

Death's stallion is pale  
Standing on top the hill  
Ancient ways now restored  
Unlock the demon horde