

# Doom Over The World

Reverend Bizarre

An infernal vision I saw, out from the darkness it came to me;  
An angel in appalling form revealing how the forthcoming days will be.

Her voice was hollow and calm as she told me of the things that would soon be here.

Words full of chaos and death, filling my mind with a constant fear.

"Mitä vittua?"

There'll be a gigantic war. The greater part of this earth shall be perished.

Armies of evil and good prepare to meet each other once again.  
And there I saw myself, holding a sword with a blade so black.  
On the other side stood thousands of men. All we had was just a handful of puritans.

Doom over the world.

Eternal will be our mission.

Doom over the world.

Corpses are hanging from walls, impaled by spears of destiny.  
One more time hammers been raised to crush the skulls of heretics.

After feary battle, silence descends.

The field is covered with the blood of dying men.

Strongholds are burning to ash.

All that is left is this handful of puritans.

Doom over the world.

Eternal will be our mission.

Doom over the world.

Doom over the world.