Arbiters of the Apocalypse

Revocation

Pestilence, herald of sickness
Exordium of our doom
Consuming both the old and the young
Precious innocents stillborn in the womb

The first of the plagues befallen man
This woeful curse brought forth by our own hands

Broken are the seals, commence the end times Open the gates of destruction

Battles abound, on marches war Hear the galloping hooves of the horsemen Carnage divine, the four shall align Apocalyptic judgement

A black shadow cast across the land Feast your eyes on the scales of starvation Famine devours all Fulfilling this prophecy of deprivation

The arbiters of the apocalypse come to claim what they are owed Now death reigns triumphant, no god will have mercy on our soul ${\bf s}$