

## On And On

Saint

The angel sounds his trumpet  
A star falls from the sky  
With key in hand to open  
And smoke it fills the sky  
From the cloud things appear  
To torment man to make them fear  
Oh the evil  
Seeking death but can not die

Here the trumpet, blast the sound  
On and on  
No relief to be found  
On and on

The things were like a scorpion  
With accuracy they strike  
And cries of pain would rumble  
Through out the hellish night  
And the woe with all it brings  
Commanded by their evil king  
Oh Apollyon  
The king of death, the king of night

Here the trumpet, blast the sound  
On and on  
No relief to be found  
On and on

The things were like the horses  
Prepared for battle's end  
To torment all of mankind  
The fruit of all their sin

Here the trumpet, blast the sound  
On and on  
No relief to be found  
On and on