

## Bubonic Waltz

Sons Of Seasons

At first the rumors  
spread about the people dying fast  
and their body's inflammation  
infecting everyone at last.  
No sense in hiding while the scourge passed  
down the streets  
good and bad alike were falling  
during death's voracious feast

Like the sound of distant thunder carrying the storm  
rang the bells of countless churches, keepers of the  
wisdom, of grand illusions to kneel before His throne  
while the people's fate just was to work  
their hands down to the bone.

They say we're rotten to the core,  
our sins now greater than before.  
Seven ways for hell's intrusion,  
have we lived in vain?

Read what the prophets say  
about the end of days  
in the book of revelation,  
showing Satan's ugly face.

Seems to be the war in heaven's been brought upon this land,  
the unholy conjuration, demons of Gehhena,  
a final judgement, to purify our souls,  
so let us dance among the corpses stacked  
around a hunderdfold.