

# The Architects Of Repulsion

The Red Shore

Awakening from fire  
With foul stench and decay  
They rise from their knees  
The veil is lifted and their damnation lose beneath  
The horror once unseen is now upon their existence  
Defiance is fruitless  
For he is free. This is the end of the world  
Their protectors left them out in the cold  
Getting up from the lake of fire to bring oppression  
And pestilence. His army amassed and ready to bring  
Death.  
Plague.  
Nothing can stand in their way now.  
Destroy.  
Erase.  
This is the end of the world  
Soon they'll fall from above and  
Paradise will cease to exist  
Leaving you begging for mercy. Praying for death  
Fucking bow down  
A new ruler for all to fear  
The serpent, the leader of the fallen  
A king coming to claim a crown  
That is rightfully his.  
To take a seat in the throne he was promised  
For he is free. This is the end of the world  
Their protectors left them out in the cold  
Not a soul will be spared  
This will be relentlessness at its finest  
Not in the world, repent  
Your last chance to show penitence  
The sky turns to fire, their hearts will fill with despair  
The horizon falls in darkness, the apocalypse looms.