

# Horror Of The Hour

**When from the west the sun shall rise,**  
The door of repentance then forever dies.

**A chosen wind will sweep the land,**  
And grant the faithful eternal rest, as planned.

**When earth and heaven are folded tight,**  
Only your Lord's Face remains in sight.

**The Day the mountains are set to roam,**  
And every inch of earth is overthrown,  
**No worry for wealth will hearts invade,**  
In terror, mothers will drop what they carried.

**When earth and heaven are folded tight,**  
Only your Lord's Face remains in sight.

**When seas are set ablaze with fire,**  
And eyes grow rigid, frozen by fear,  
**By Divine wrath the sun grows dim,**  
And sun and moon are merged within.

**When earth and heaven are folded tight,**  
Only your Lord's Face remains in sight.

**On the Day of Gathering, when the Trumpet sounds,**  
Jinn and mankind assemble on the grounds,  
**The believers' deeds are weighed with care,**  
The righteous to Paradise, the rest to despair.

**When earth and heaven are folded tight,**  
Only your Lord's Face remains in sight.  
**All crowns and names will fade from light,**  
And truth alone will stand upright.