

Watain

"Reaping Death"

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There is a place beyond the dreamworlds
past the womb of night
lying in wait, beyond the barriers of light
shunned by the living, cursed by the dead
here's no peace!, here's no peace!
none within, none without
skinned bare by daggers that never doubt
timeless in wisdom, unbound in might
holy evil!

By trembling hands concealed
yet by fearless ones revealed

There the blood of Abel impregnates the soil
in which hungry darkness dwells and serpents coil
so that plants may rise to bear the strangest fruits
for all ye that hunger

Higher, higher
come all ye sons of fire
daughters of the black moon
Practitioners of art most dire

Dance dance
limbs twist in white-eyed trance
let us praise the flowering darkness

Burst forth across the land of Nod ye wicked ones
ye who wear the mark and hold the keys
come now! let us worship at the womb of blasphemies
rivers of blood, rivers of blood!
for the black earth's quenchless thirst
the offerings must never cease until the last man
has been slain upon the altar's of Mefisto

Higher!, higher!
let's set the night on fire
black moon, bear witness to our rite beneath the Devil's
pyre
unchain, set free
the flames of the Adversary!

scorch the earth and devour all
that sifted from the ashes be
Hail!, hail!
thou who makes all cosmos wail
in anguish as we fuck the world
and sodomize the god that failed
Cain!, Cain!
by the blade let all god's men be slain
harvest now the fruits of death and set the night
aflake again!

FIRE!

Gather!, gather!
race of flames for so long scattered
for aeons cursed, yet proud we stood
our liberation all that mattered
It is time!, it is time!
the bells of Armageddon chime!
rejoice ye now, oh hungry ones
harvest time has come...

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