

Watain

"Total Funeral"

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At first a noisome pack
I am the rancid mark that devours making man
once upon a whimpering babe
I am the murderer's hand that wields the blade of
regicide
oh Babylon thou harlot
succubus of a thousand suitors
I am the foetid stench of thy burning hag's embrace
a perverse incubation
I am the olive branch corrupt with venomous asps

Total funeral
desolate one
total funeral
total death

Around their neck the noose draws tight
a knot of thorns felling holy men and kings
I am the vile countenance of the gibbet's grasp

Of what was wrought and where was spent the seed
I am the black spider, the splinter within our minds
fill your mouth with the foul earth
suffocate on the souls
I am the messiah of famine and (f)lies
grim brilliance in frost
desolation made flesh
I am the son of darkness and death

Total funeral
desolate one
total funeral
total death!

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