

Arghoslent "Defile The Angelic"

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Upon these vile remains of Christ
I hold the lance that pierced the fool
His true meaning withheld in a shroud of lies
Recite nine times the antique rite

His majestic hands
Poised before the weeping Jew
Unto the veil of sin...

A fine of gold to those who fall
Transfix the lamb to hail my king
Equal sons in benevolent rule
All sprang forth from the well of life

Up from the primordial swamps of one million years
ago
Unto the highest mountain peaks with all life spread
below
A vision of all the world
With it's nations and races and tribes
The mosaic of human life with some not meant to
sanctify
Trails of ancestors past, foretell of a destiny

Forgotten words and archetypes, the laws by which we
see

Defile the angelic...

We march to divinity with our destiny in our wings
Over desolate lands of earth and sand where the
chosen Jews were raised
Praise thee, hymns of archaic lore foretell of a time to
be
Evolving forth into the light, forging a new destiny
Through ice and through snow, though darkness and
light,
The ferocity of the struggle attests to the might

Defile the angelic...

A vibrant force greets the dark

The end-time battles commence
Blood she'd in a great cleansing flow
The banner of tradition and order stands proud once
again...

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