

Arkells

"Narcotic Angel's Terminal Apostasic Sin"

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Out of the gutter they rise, the rats follow their God
A child without a soul wounded from torn apart
archangel glorious wings
Hypnotic purity, kneel attrition makes you closer to your
inner God
All born whores before God to serve Satan, with their
lips morality confesses the weak
Cunts turned to the master, goat horns profane
All born rats to Satan, follow the sweeter sound of
bathing in sin
All born rats before us to reign supreme in Hell forever

Out of the dark flesh they rise, the gods follow the rats
A God bearing a son wounded from torn apart,
demons horny body
Impious oblivion, risen from among the weak, the
young dealer plays and lead

The pied piper breeds another kind, another blood
With all and without name he stands before the Lord,
the grand beast of flesh
Now we see, now we follow the tides of plague
Now we hear, now we lament the sounds of pleasure

And there he stands among the crowd, the horned God
sucked by the whore and her son

Dark ceremonial, high whore led mass
All fuck among the dead in the nave of the black
cathedral
Communion in filth, blessings from the seminal shrine
Thorns deep into the flesh in the nave of the black
cathedral

Shaped without sensed, geometric madness, maze of
the living, glory from Hell
Brain distorted, narcotic archangels, betray their God,
reversal reverence
Here among the ashes of this world's morality,
assembled from filth the rats become lords
A council of foul gods in filth we believe, living under

humans from among you now we arise

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