

13 Winters

"I Breathe Spears"

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Falling into a nocturnal vacuum, I call for Satan, the
Keyholder
For his world I shall enter
My call is answered
By force am I taken to realms, darker than death,
To witness the evil glory I have travelled to see

Many are the appearing shapes of Satan
Unfolding in utter grotesque horror
The air is frozen
I can hear the hateful rumbling and pounding in the
Deep
I can see flickering spectres, silhouettes blistering with-
Electric coldness

I breathe spears
Unleashing a pulsating storm of steel
Sulphur floats in my veins
My eyes burn with fury
Carbonised into my heart

Far away, a wast bastard cross manifests in
The air
How dare it shine so clear
Here in theese hellish realms?
Oh, did I not know of the impurity...

As the blasphemy becomes unbearable
I behold thousands of claws gripping the
Golden cross from behind
Soon demons crawl like furious ants all over
The profante shape
Screaming in unearthly rage and insanity
The symbol of Nazarene us thirb asunder
Dripping with slime and rot

I shiver in cruel ecstasy
And laugh the madmans laughter

Returning now
With diabolical strength

And a vicious grin in the face

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