

Adramelech

"Seven"

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Cutha trembles in fear,
mountains of the deep shake,
as the messenger of Nergal
raises it's soulless voice:

"TIME HAS COME
INTERVENTION UNDIVINE,
GOD VENOM UNLEASHING,
GRINDING THE LAND LIKE CORN."

"RAISE THE BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN,
TO RAGE AGAINST THE MORTAL MEN;
AWAKE THE SOULLESS SPAWN,
TO THOW THE WORLD YOUR FATHER'S WRATH"

Words of hatred,
rites of the waste,
aim the stare
of the faceless gods.
Seven on heaven,
roam the black sky,
seven on earth,
crawlers of the filth.

No door, no lock, no spell could hold the Asakku out,
as the bearers of Kingu's blood feel the touch of
mortality.

Loudly roaring above, mindlessly gibbering below,
insane heralds of pestilence feel not the sorrow and
pain.

Words of hatred,
rites of the waste,
aim the stare
of the faceless gods.
Seven on heaven,
roam the black sky,
seven on earth,
crawlers of the filth.

Immortal spawn of the lord

stir the cold of the deep,
seven times seven foul children
forever lay in wait...

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