

Alastor "Poetry For Thy Glory"

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Almighty Lord of Darkness I invoke thee in this night
Into the most of decadence I get.
To show thee my devotion my veins are open wide
My voices rage the purity, screaming for thy guide.
I fall asleep in forests, thy creatures make no sound
Again I feel the prophecy in my hands.
To fulfill thy desires I'm made
for worshipping thy high powerful name.

I enter thy majesty, lord of the disgrace
The sorrow and the pain makes me stronger
To understand thy message through the shadow of thy
wings
I salute thee, spill hot blood hailing thy horns.
Thy secrets are unequivocal.
The gates of thy palace are a grateful death.
Arming off my soul with thy hate and with thy light
Coldest as a hell of ice are thy eyes, I repent to thee.

Embrace me, in thy sickness I'm powerful
Light my path with thy hand
Diabolical Hell of night, Knight of hell
Lead my soul towards the dark.
A chantic, a poesy made for thy glory
Fill with force our hearts to be brave
Our enemies will feel our wrath in thy name
Followers, recognize the sword given to us.

Lord of the Heaven, thy battle is lost
Our legion hath destroyeth thy temple of love
The ones who followed thee now denies thy weak name
Our master and king is our head
Becoming one here earth and hell
Let us revel in his souls of decay and sin
Feasting an orgy whose blood wilt be spilt again

But now in the name of thy reign

Ordering now to bend knees at the pass
Of thy light which blind any eye any mind
Shinning from thy face as a funeral moon
And thy wind he who chants at the woods.

We who were made to take up thy throne
I'll wait for thy empire forever I'll be
Destroying the souls of the pale and the son
Will be summoned in thy eternal pain.

Forever I'll be waiting even time keeps passing
I know I'm eternal, because I'm part of thy glorious
legion.
I adore thee, lord of the storm and fear of God
For the eternity of thy evil I'll be chanting thy poetry...

Master of darkness
I'll show thee my devotion
Through my vision pureless
And sins full of corruption.

Thy gargoyles come to me
I receive them with open arms
Servants of thee
Lead thy darkness as guards.

Their wicked wings designed my fate
With their jaws sucked my faith
From here an Unholiness will be
My path of repent to thee.

I'm not worthy of pronouncing thy name
Neither to believe thy secrets will be shown
Let me pass the gates of thy divine hell
Greed, Death and impurity scorn.

Satan, Father of us
Show me thy will through thy gargoyles
And all the beasts underneath I will lust
As a slave servant rejoice will preach my voice.
Glaciabolous Poetry

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