

Alghazanth

"An Ode To The Bringer Of Chaos"

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The night is our dawn - bestow us Thy spell
Allow us to comprehend the august wisdom of Hell
With insanity Thou have besmeared my mind
Come forth, Thou art the father of our kind

The agitator behind the walls of flames
Behold these instruments of vengeance
Curse forever this light-raped dimension
Embrace it to death with Thy tyrannic ascension

Crushing the skull of christ out of pure delight
Grievance is the reward of this world forlorn
The hellburn inside, guiding me to the pit and beyond

Thy grasp squeezes my soul and never lets me go

With a perverted smile upon our lips we observed
The enemy bemoaned in the nectar of a dying world...

Satan, Thou art to spill the wine of suicide
Master, Thou art the razor upon their throats

As marionettes of death in the arms of Mammon
Or like flesh torn by the unhallowed dragon
Malignant visions unfold, Thy age has begun
Darkness is ours for Thy flame became our sun

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