

Alghazanth "On Blackening Soil"

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Oh, old night sky, how furious is thy ordnance
When the edge of the crescent cuts thee in half
I sense thy stare on my soul and substance
While the cape of Neptune conceals our stars

Inside a circle we form another out of flesh
Awe mires with confusion as the planets align
Gathered around him that bears the wreath
In the darkness that drowns us like a rising tide

From the icy peaks of Mery to the depths of the sea
All this shall be yours if you now hearken to me

Thevetat, the dragon among snakes
Master crowned king with wisdom most veiled
With lips shut share us the legacy
The godly gnosis that twines about thee

Sense of power pervades each thought
As the pulse in our veins is quaking the ground
The patterns of humility are condemned to fall
By the arrows of spells shooting from our mouths

Climb towards the roots of the inverted tree
For to rise above the angels is your rightful destiny

Thevetat, the dragon among snakes
Master most august by foulness impaled
With lips shut share us the legacy
The godly gnosis that lives within thee

Indeed we are here to stride as giants
Instead of crawling in the dirt like infants
May not our eminence be questioned by any heart
For we truly possess the means to rend such apart

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