

## **Be'Lakor "Sanguinary"**

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The purile form the weakened mind  
The pools that linger in our wake  
Compelled to act, yet not to think  
These are the lambs that will surely fall

Borne out of fire, a new regime  
A beacon for the ancient gods  
Their empire crumbled into ash  
Let ignorance reign no more

Unto the glory of the stars  
We hail the night sky  
Gathered beneath  
We seal the pact and bring it's chaos

The nothing within  
Breeds darkness without  
Consorting with hatred  
The furious winds of Belial's bond  
From which there is no escape

The atrophy of mankind  
Degenerated into drones  
Chasing illusions of any worth  
To worship shadows is to live for naught

To Belial the pariahs turn  
To the fiends of darkness' throne  
A covenant born out of the grave  
Our blood shall wash away their kind

And now you see this life before thee  
Is but a detour to illusion  
The love they preach is but a weakness  
To sate the mind-fields which they sow

As they scream into eternity  
The blades of wisdom carve their flesh  
A fate procured through idle minds

And now you see this life  
Before thee

Is but a detour into illusion  
The love that their preach is but a weakness  
To sate the mind-fields which they sow

As they scream into eternity  
The blades of wisdom carve their flesh  
A fate procured through idle minds  
And nothing will remember them.

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