

## **Blodsrit**

# **"Ridding A Pest"**

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While wandering the heathen planes of Thule  
A wind of the free, began moaning to me  
Mournful whistle, an anthem forlorn  
Ancient, hateful and mighty  
So intense the spreader preached  
That the insight became an answer

Win the battle of becoming  
Be the ominous  
In ridding a pest  
Be the Belial

The grace of the raging is mine  
And all the arts of being my master  
Conspire all archaic evil  
Dominate the dreadful souls  
In ridding a pest  
Be the Belial

And hem in the grandeur of yours  
All heresies and heinous acts of the pagans

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