

## **Abaddon Incarnate**

# **"The Sharing Of Thoughts With The Dead"**

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Starlight filters through the trees  
I am rapt in twisted taught  
I wander to the ancient tomb amidst the stinking fog  
Beneath the moon upon a tomb entranced in a black  
daze  
I seek forbidden truths that lie beyond the grave

Dark minds were born to suffer  
Beneath the lies of the white Christ

Be free among the dead ancients  
Mind meld with the unholy rot

Sometimes I hear them moaning deep within their  
vaults  
Starving, lonely, pathetic bastards infected with the rot  
But if I spend long enough in this morbid trance  
They begin to see my magic and I become their God

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