

Dawn Of Azazel

"Descent Into Eminence"

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Raise the texts of morality
Where the loathsome and vacuous nest
Shower it's delusions with misery
Smear it's every inhibition with filth
Hearts once open now blackened
Fists where hands were once outstretched
Have no mercy for the wretched
Tread the path of eminence

Drunk from the cistern of mediocrity
Content to be blindly led
Butcher these thralls that obstruct me
In my descent into eminence

Victory or defeat lies in our hands alone
True salvation lies within
Uphold this birthright with an iron fist
Compassion is the vice of kings
Bask in pride and infamy
Welter in the pleasures of the flesh
For sin pathed the road to paradise
That descends into eminence

Warped by the path of perversity
I see everything in shades of black and red
Flames burn away all impurities
For the descent into eminence

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