

Dawn Of Azazel

"Master Of The Strumpets"

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Void of benevolent feeling, frigid cold inside
I have travelled to and beyond my limits to understand
why
It thrust me into suffering, sadness, swathes me in
black and woe
And raised me above the festering human vermin that
seethe below
I have gained immeasurable might since the days
when I walked at their side
I have stared into one thousand eyes and seen the
devil inside
And touched the demon dwelling in every man, woman
and child
I know that this is where my destiny lies

Perverse
Demonic
Enlightenment

When all that is sacred is expunged
And all supernal lies profaned
When I stand amongst their ruins
As carnality runs rampant in their domain

As strong and proud as a lion
And clever as a fox
As ungraspable as water
Defiant and amoral

Smiting those who falter
Impassive as they fall
Their tears are only water
No pity for them all

In My black and cold ventricles
Where divinity is found
In the taste of vengeance and
In the arms of strumpets

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