

Dawn Of Azazel

"Monarch Of Bloodshed And Eternal Victory"

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Awaken, this sanguinary imperative

Blood boils over confining walls

For the Luciferian diathesis, that which stands above all

Ordain the age of their suffering

Decimate their enfeebled kingdom

In vengeance rent upon the entrails

Torn of the obsolescent human faeces

Deities of vengeance, bestow upon me your favour

That I might smite mine enemies whilst they sleep

Preserve the mighty, oh bringer of retribution

Crush those prostrate at my feet

May we the spiteful and our kingdom,

In purifying vengeance reign

I shall be as the incendiary,

And consume in fire their remains

And now an internecine lineage

Is born unto this world

With hatred and contempt,

For this enfeebled world

With knotted club as sceptre,

And divine lightning at it's grasp,

Resolute and statuesque
In immortal phallic might
Stout in virtue and defiance
Stands the stratum that bears its soul,
Spartan crushers of the yoke
Embody the dialectic that shall conquer all
One man shall fell one thousand
Under its mantle and its legacy
"Bring my enemies before me,
Vanquished shall they be"
All the old races lie dead and buried
Amid the Faustian ruins
Of the effeminate
All the old doctrines lie hollow and empty
In the twilight of the imperium
Of the decadent
Arise ascetic amidst the decay
As he who is still unfettered
Ordain the consummation in Pandemonic fire
Of the downtrodden infidel
All the old hierarchies lie ineffectual and useless
In the hedonistic weakness
Of the effeminate
All the old maxims lie lost and lowly
In the intoxicating senility
Of the decadent

Arise in conquest amidst the decline

As he who is the destroyer

Ordain the cull of the worthless dross

Sadistic victor

Consanguine Catharsis of the feted, base and inane

Astride the throne in primacy when Rome shall fall
again

To be throned when empires sink in storms of steel and
flame

To be throned when weakling breeds are hunted down
like game

To be throned in the eminence of sanguinary disarray

To reclaim the sceptre in hatred, in spite, in conquest

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