

# **Dawn Of Azazel "Monarch Of Bloodshed And Eternal Victory (Solar Invictus)"**

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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 it soul,  
Spartan crushers of the yoke  
Embody the dialectic that shall conquer all  
One man shall fell one thousand  
Under it's mantle and it's 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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