

## **Dawn Of Azazel**

# **"Victory (Iniquity Guides My Blade)"**

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Inferior Pious Deceiver  
Embodiment of everything that I oppose  
As you tremble before shadows and gods  
And stand naked before your foes  
I grasped destiny by the horns  
And rode out from the invalid which was I  
Now my blood runs black in the ecstasy  
Of my own Machiavellian might

Now see the chariots wheel in panic  
As levelled spears drink their fill  
Feel the pikes grow wet and slippery  
As I move in for the kill  
Upon the path of the true elitist,  
Every footstep is obscured in the dark  
I grasp the hand of iniquity  
And walk under the light of the Morning Star

Now In Rebellious spirit I stand atop this world  
Anoint myself in profane majesty  
A thousand Raven-haired harlots pine at my feet  
Inebriated by the crimson wine of my Satanic victory  
All who challenge, shall fall broken on my way  
Upon the path of true enlightenment  
I brake your stride and strike you lame and mute  
And smite you down in zealous glee

Submission is a gift, (not a loan)  
You are not owed interest.  
Don't just kneel there, make yourself useful  
I am in control  
The power within me is great  
You are a broken shell of a human  
The epitome of all that is weak,  
I am in control  
The power within me is great  
You are a broken shell of a human  
The epitome of all that is weak

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