

Dawn Of Azazel "Victory"

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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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