

## **Dhul-Qarnayn**

# **"March Of The Black Mass"**

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Summoning the beast,  
through lust and murder,  
by seperating your torso with my claws,  
and devouring your heart and soul,

I am one with Him

blood we drink from the chalice on this night,  
flesh we consume in this infernal rite,  
death on our tongues,  
hate in our lungs,  
let's bring forth the feast of blasphemy,  
to this who know not it's strength,  
we are the army of Satan,

with symbols of the goat,  
daggers to their throats,  
we execute the Children of Christ.

Candles are set,  
rituals commencing,  
vulvas dissected,  
priests hung by black nooses,  
crucifixions and texts burn within our very presence,  
marching through the streets,  
in black robes and swords,  
bestiality on the lambs is now the end of man,

march of the black mass

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