

Dodsengel

"A Word To Conquer The Aeon"

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Your God is dead,
Your ideals are dying.
From the aetherworld,
I give unto you,
A word to conquer
The Aeon

In the beginning was the word,
And the word was with god.
And the word was the word,
What a wonderfull word it was!

Your God is dead, is word is dead.
The word of creation still breathes!

The word will guide me, the
Word will protect me, the word
Will save my soul! the word will
Save my soul!
The word will comfort me,
The word will not leave me,
The word will save my soul!
The word will save my soul!

And the word is NIHIL

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