

Enfold Darkness

"Our Cursed Rapture"

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Lost in a foreign land with the scent of pray's blood
licked quick to the lips
Hasten the blackened - all dark sentiments with the
dawn of Trezzek on neigh
Winter winds bring nostalgia of your nefarious deeds
A satanic tumult passed down through the ages
All saints jump in rapture for the end is near

A gorefucked rotten whore beckons thine gaze to peer
Within the fault - abysmal blackened frost
An altar of Braktal O'Minn with hecates fruits of lust
Of luciferian cusps we were united
With her lips wrapped around my pole
Like the birds and the bees we fucked in the breeze
with the trees amidst our lull

And then a primordial spur bereft of conscious fervor
My insaciable lust for blood surged
I had to be this way
For no common shrugs of dark covenant would suffice
but sacrifice

And then I turned whispering psalms up in arms of
prophetic dark verses
To serve as curses abound - to seal the deal
"Amnu Naak Beru- Naak Baran"
I chanted to seal the deal as my countenance reeled

[Solo - Mike Low]

At last - since time has passed clean
Straight through our fingers - a reminder of the cause
Preservation's tactics from a free of life will
Star studded and blackened our path
In the end they would say of the purpose we'd lain forth

Cast from the start
They've tainted our thoughts with a false discipline
Now forgone and left with bitter loss
A product of their virtue in the realm of sin
Azazel's children rise up

In the true end we shall laugh with our kin
And drink from life's blood from the chalice within
Rampant in part but we stole from the start

The secrets of eternal life and heaven's pleasures
sought
Our cursed rapture

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