

Frost Like Ashes "Adorers Of Blood"

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You are the Ancient One
The Ancient of Days
The end and the beginning
The object of my praise
You're the Morning Star
You're the Midnight Sun
I Am that I Am
You're the Victory won
You're Lord Sabaoth
Father, Son, mysterious Ghost
Nefarious Ones tremble in fear
Of your innumerable host
You make the moon blood
Turn the Sun to black
You have slain thousands
With a single Spirit
We are adorers of blood
The blood spilt from your veins
The blood we drink in Eucharist
The blood we bathe our bodies in
Blood-wrought Salvation
You're the Sacrifice of Blood
The Firstborn of the dead
Corpse fulfilled with sin

Word manifest to flesh
Slayer of serpents
Impending death of death
Castrator of sin
The bitter wine of Wrath
We are the possessed
Possession Aeternus
Your blood flows in our veins
We are The Victorious
Others charge You with murder
Others shake their fists at You
Others don't realize
Your blood covers them too
Blood-wrought Salvation
We are adorers of blood
The blood spilt from your veins
The blood we drink in Eucharist

The blood we bathe our bodies in
Bathe me in Your Blood
Baptize me in the Fire
Pour your Spirit on me
Fill my cup higher and higher and higher and higher
and higher!!

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