

## **Glorior Belli "Altered Verses"**

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Psalms of terror, the altered verses of the holy.  
Evil things, in robes of sorrow,  
Assailed the human's high estate.

Vast forms, that move absurdly to a discordant  
melody.

While, like a ghastly threat through pale skins,  
A hideous tumour rush out & laugh But smile no more.

Till secrecy shall knowledge be in the confines of Hell.

See the horns,  
Shake from your burden  
Each hindering thing.  
Manifesting the raging beast.

For what can awaken the beast so soon,  
Whose sleep hath been taken beneath the cold moon,  
As the spell which winds of witchery may cast,  
The rhythmical number "666" will exhort him to rise!

See the horns,  
Shake from your burden each hindering thing.  
Leave them apart,  
Manifesting the raging beast.

See the horns,  
Your burden...  
Each Hindering Thing.  
Leave  
Apart  
Manifesting  
The  
Raging  
Beast

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