

Goatwhore "Alchemy Of The Black Sun Cult"

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Engraved in damnation

Beneath the shadow of submergence

We await this call to Armageddon

To arise in legions of war

Burn the holy words and carve my blasphemy into angel bone

A faith buried in fire where a cold tomb lies

This desire in murdering the slaves of Christ

Sound the horn to winter's plague

Storm of one hundred years to be forged by tidal

waves

Flesh bound by the rites of demon lords

Diversity in divine

Submerged in a countless death of winter

Encryption of the damned

A haunting curse to celebrate this chaos

Whispers in rites of blood

Metal and flesh are joined for spell

Bathed in flames of the serpent

Invoked on this day of hell

Rising legion raised for war

Confines of chains in heaven's fall

The dead climb sky preparing this invasion

This inferno of souls rise from the cold lake of hell

An embrace of suffering in transcendence

In birth of the knowledge of evil

The black heart, in honor of the fallen

Conquer all that deny

My screams fill the timeless skies

A torture harsh and beautiful

Skinless souls placed as markers in possessive praise

of hell's firstborn

Obedience in conjuration of swallowed souls

Trapped in eternal sleep below this surface

Courting death at the hands of fools, lost in silence

Awaken in spoken words of the evoking art

Burn all remorse upon your cold pale flesh

Give to me your blood like a sacrament

Enigmatic force of deception

This order of the formless

Born from black decree

Pestilence, in the form of storms

To drown the armies of the holy

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