Grand Belial's Key "The Holocaust Trumpeter"

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[Music: Gelal / Lyrics: The Black Lourde of Crucifixion, Gelal]

Forth from deadly Apocalypse... Rips the crier Galloping fast on a steed that reeks rabid of blood.

Forth from daemon throne Blowing funeral wind throughout the worlds of time Blasting morbid exequies!

Forth from all that is unholy Whistling the reap of Satanic fury Purest Ambassador of Armageddon!

At the blessed grotto
The Holocaust Trumpeter appeals our power!

Pestilent nightmare visitation Envenom the Christ Child's crib Passionate plague, a profanation Commanded from beyond to kill!

Ghastly seduction through famine Rape the nuns at the scalding convent. Set to flame a blaze of war And conquer the cowardice of God!

At the blessed grotto
The Holocaust Trumpeter appeals our power!

Immersed in a cloud of smoke
Rising from a pile of burning bibles
Words of a holy fable turn rapidly into debris!

The refuge of the spineless Adorned with diseased art Burned and free of the Christian chains!

Cast down thy tender look Upon the flock of God Touch the cicatrix of the piercing blade! At the blessed grotto
The Holocaust Trumpeter appeals our power!

Religious malady cured Which once forced me to kneel At the blessed grotto the sheep Begin to shriek.

At the blessed grotto
The Holocaust Trumpeter appeals our power!

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