

Hollenthon

"Premonition - Lex Talionis"

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Stank lagoons with grasping claws a serpent have
released
From dungeons of despair and farce to feast on
brackish hearts

The walls a tint of crimson fierce speak of vacant
names
Beheld by missive magot-pies, prophetic in their crow

In vested misery, thy devils damn thee black
Not all great Neptune's oceans may ever cleanse your
robes

For Weyward Sisters guide the hand, the hand that
held the scythe
To lands undiscerned in tongue, Cimmerians have
roamed
Infidels of tawny hue cannot hide behind
The cross that bore a bastard child and reigns in fiery
fear

No ends of earth may stifle choirs oracular from
magot-pies
Perched upon a hungry vault to witness serpent's jaws

Mandibles, sabre-lined, ruthless tear through flesh
Grant the mercy shown to those in dungeons of the
past

Forsaken hymn cacophonous concluded long and
drawn
To realms of stank lagoons retreats Leviathan to find
repose

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