

Infernum

"Inverted Prayer"

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Upon hooves,
Behold I, th' black banner...
The answer,
To your prayer.
Into this world, have I come,
To conquer.
This light, which none so dare,
With mortal hands
Is the very harp of my dark art.
Shall ye guess my tune?...
Inverted prayer,
Thirteen thrones... of ash.
Nothing can bind,
The spell that I wind...
Nothing can halt,
The Hail that I wield...
Blood is my wine,
Aloft, I raise my horn...
Mother, priest, and child... trampled, all!
Aloft I raise my sword...
Father, son, and holy spire... ablaze!
Aloft I raise my form...
'Twas ye, who kindled, in dark desire,
The black flame,
Which would... consume... this world...

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