

Izakaron "Aphrodite Of Hatered"

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[Lyrics: Warzlav]

Annihilating midnight
Whose tunes were breeding within?
When Thou wast awaken'd
I'll aspire on black wings
Away from that curs'd place
Where Thou hast died
Who shalt be waiting for me?
Thou art gone and the world hath sunk in the
Vortex
I shall draught my
Inspiration
I shalt entwine Thy essence with death
But am I granted the time to eliminate
My creation before I die
In the incessant oblivion?
Thro' the fireworks of dawn
I heard the groan of eternity
And saw the angels of my passion
Fall

O Aphrodite, Goddess of my hate
I shall enslave Thee in the triumph of summer
In the spires of winter and autumnal tears...
With an evergrowing sorrow
O Aphrodite, Goddess of my wrath
Of my swaying unnatural state
When Thy spectre is sent by the moonlight
Will I see Thee again?

Below countless summits of mountains
Beneath the grim waves,
Drowned in my seas
The arcanum of vastness is conceal'd
By the gleaming of the conjur'd trees
Angels smil'd just once
Unbinding me from my carnal chains
By the touch of their divine wings

"Fantasy strikes me by it's frenzied miracles
All that was impossible, now is a part of the

Endless world of darkness
And light.
I rule this Earth by the magic sceptre of desires.
A giant turns into worm, flesh - into ashes...
I compress the cosmos by my lust for the
Constancy of universal horror.
I enslave the worlds, that aspire to ressurect by
Tytanic blast.
The things
Created by nature will fall into
Primordial darkness:
The moment of initiation into mystery.
The glorious pace of my ominous hate.
Seven ways lead from the coil of useless flesh
To the place beyond the veil,
Where my Aphrodite is dancing amongst the
Dead."

O Aphrodite, Goddess of my hate
I cry out Thy name from the chasm of my fate
In raven's pride and his baleful croak
Our power is gather'd
Our dominion over the Earth -
The instant of the lives we possess
The splendour of the beauty hath reach'd my
Soul
The soul of my neverceasing hate
O Aphrodite, Goddess of my love
A vulture teareth asunder a dove
But there's no suffering in the dead embrace
So let the cosmos swallow itself
The essence of Thine is vanish'd within
The sounds of my odiferous prophecy
I grieve not over my defeated hate
For I am Hate itself

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