

## Katharine McPhee

### "VWorld VWithout End"

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From the brightest of flaymes,  
And burning through black winds,  
From beyond spheres of void  
Cometh the apostate king

Avenger of the once fallen,  
From the mountains of myghte  
To the bottomless pit  
Return in the age of the end of all ages  
Destroy worthless matter, bring back your  
Great lyghte

Terror from Nadir, unfathomable depths  
Warriors come forth in Lorde Antichrist's wayke!  
Who sith upon the holy see by mid-nyghte's power  
Ruin man-kynde with temptation, lust and greed

Eskatonick revelation,  
Fear in the hearts of angels,  
Resurrection of the horns  
The conquerer approaching  
The pearly gates at dawn,  
Lyghtening in the reddened skye,  
Sweet Luzifer, our serpent prince!

[Chorus:]  
Thus thou shalt sin and thou shalt kill  
Royall death - justifier - offering  
Thus thou shalt kill and thou shalt sin  
All these things of truth spake Satan  
Unto them...

The precious blood of the lamb:  
Remember his blood each Lord's Day  
A new death each mid-nyghte beginneth  
The holynesse of God demandeth that sin

Eucharist liturgy of the reverse  
Covenant meaning-less once for all  
Infected spirits yelling woe  
Corpse of cunt Mary, on

Black bleeding stone

[Chorus:]

Perfeckt sacrifice on earth  
Devourment of the most holy-one(s)  
Advent of adversary,  
Mighty prince, thy throne is won

Searching in the darknesse  
Frenzy of colde boiling blood  
Dead-eyes that invite so shamelessly  
Nyghte-trap, my longing  
For glorious ruine...  
Master!  
I am here,  
I respond to thy call...  
King!  
Leave me to fall in thy frozen domayne  
Nekromantick sodomy,  
Dreamscapes of hate, payne  
Alter to reality

He shall rule for thousands of years  
Multiplying paynes and fears  
Heark the guardian angels sing,  
Herald trumpets burst yer ears

Accomplished may be the infernall  
Service of the threefold (and) mighty  
Now the world is done  
And as thou sew, so hast thou reaped...

Lord, We Await Thy Command!

Power of death's spell  
Unholy bloodstorm unleashed  
Kingdome of darknesse rising,  
Out of his unknown domayne  
Behold the black messiah

Through ancient lore  
We conjure their return:  
Masters of wind and of fyre!  
Miracles of the great realm,  
Luzifer's splendour and wonders...

Spiritus rector in colde funereal's bloode  
And obscure fyre elementall!  
Lord, stake your claim, come and stryke,  
Take the crown of empyreaan  
Emeralde -- fyre.

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