

Kult Ov Azazel

"Revelations Reflected From A Dead Jehovah's&hellip"

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Possessed - conquer all that was
Drowned in ancient flames Buried deep within
The vision still bleeds Seek proud and full of sin
Bleed for me Hunting through flames
Murder edged the storms
Kill the sacred whore
My godless noose is armed with razored spite
Revelations are reflected from the dead jews eyes
The kingdom of the dead will arise
Destiny is mine; I must quench the infernal desire
The burning eyes of night They tell the cold, the grim
Bitter tears blacken our perception
The cries have become hoarse from time
Witnessed genocide
Crescendo ed maddening screams
Into other dreams riddled with disease
The distant shores lie bodies that feed the blood red
sea
We reap from blasphemy Your god's tragedy
A coarse hierarchy is my destiny

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