

Lord Belial

"Primordial Incantation"

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Summon the northern sphere to embrace it's wisdom
Bring forth the sole scroll of ethereal black
enchancements
Emblazon the scriptures and it's devilish incantations
Behold the scorching supremacy in the wake of the
infernal names

Ring the bell, turn to the north
Drink the blood; take heed on the voice of the chant
Ring the bell, turn to the south
Drink the blood; take heed on the voice of the present

Summon the southern sphere to embrace it's wisdom
Immense emotional horizon shiver, engrave the signs
in thy flesh
Devour thine fear; embrace the power of demonic
incantation
Dusk shall rise from the north; the abyss shall be the
heavens

Summon the eastern sphere to embrace it's wisdom
The seed of sinister dimensional abhorrence arises
The rites of passage; an overture of satanic
disharmony
Deliverance lies near as from a flick of a razor blade

Ring the bell, turn to the east
Drink the blood; take heed on the voice of the future
Ring the bell, turn to the west
Drink thine blood; take heed on the voice of the past

Summon the western sphere to embrace it's wisdom
Fall deeper into the abyss move towards the dark light
One final sacrifice, bloodletting thyself into dim visions
Enslave thyself to the chains of death

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