

Malkuth

"Under Delight Of The Black Candle"

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It's night !!! Now lift up more the voice of my wicked soul
It's night !!! Awake up all lunar songs... to where goes the tears of my eyes
and feathress? Walking in the olds and poetic catacombs
It's night !!! Now lift up more the voice of my wicked soul
It's night !!! Awake up all lunar songs
To where goes the tears of my eyes and the feathress of my hear?
Walking in the olds and poetic catacombs, with horse screams of wrath and to
fell that run up the noise by long galleries
I went in search of black candle, where emanated an immaculated light
Oh, dark and pale twilight, perpetuate this moment for what the seldom blaze of
the black candle never extinguish
Under Delight of the Black Candle
I'm the coffin replete of malicious and angelical visions of life. I'm the
misery, I'm the necromantical hunger, I'm the desire of to desire, I'm the malign guest
Your magic is replete of spiritual force, that's donated for yours bewitchededs.
Oh, necromantical candle, oh ancient candle, make the solitude been my eternal

homeland
Zombie, now I am a zombie who see the moon like a symbol of my existence.
Seemed
me as motherly... waiting for yours faithfull sons
To where goes the chalice replete of blood and pure tears of the virgin?!? I go
feeling the astral light that's sended by mystic chandelier in the room, where
sleep a beautiful woman dressed with sadomaniac adornments and ready to be impaled
I love you disgrace !!!

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