

Mortuus

"The Constant Descent Of Seraphim"

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The circle of Leviathan is broken
An ageless principle of cathartic darkness
That turns justice into spiritual tyranny
... and restores the balance through a justified torture!
Suffering in excess, they say...
But how can these lives be worthy even a single breath,
When the harlots are are blind to this revelation open
for all eyes to see?

Woe unto all ye, whores to the flesh, for the heart of
Leviathan is healing
Pulsating in destroying rhythm, in constant penetration
of the worlds
From the heights of the left pillar, descending in
sacrosanct wrath
Becoming the bane of all merciful sins,
Smashing the chains, again and again, in the face of a
whore!

There will be new blood, rushing forth through the
veins of the fallen Eden,
Streams of dark Water, cleansing the filth...

Oh, most holy bringer of fear!
Thy punishments are righteous...
The Deaths spread by the many arms of Severity...
Are Holy!

The temple of Fear has risen in this world, and yet you
fail to see...
That the works of Death are shining with brilliance
That the tension between - and - is the divine, natural
law
That the serpent is a key to equilibrium
And thereby to the path that shall give me the bliss of
perfect silence

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