

## Pazuzu

# "An Antidote For God"

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BEHOLD THE FLUID SO SACRED. ENSHROUDED BY TIME  
AND THOSE WHO FORSAW  
THE END I AM CALAMITY AND I AM THE PLAGUE, THE  
THIRD ANGEL HAS BLOWN HIS HORN FROM THE COLD  
VOID COMES  
VERMOUTH THE STAR TO SOUR THE SOIL OF MAN.

BED TO REST MANKIND FOR SANCTUARIES ARE NOW  
ABBATOIRES AS  
THE TEMPLE OF GOD SHELTERS THOSE SOON TO DIE.

FROM THE DISTANT HORIZON, BEYOND THE SCARLETT  
NEMESIS, WE  
HEAR THE SONG OF THE END - VERMOUTH, SOUR  
POISON FROM THE  
STARS.  
DARK SORCERY, EDEN ON it's KNEES...A PALACE OF  
POISON WHERE  
LUSTFUL THE VIRGIN MINGLES WITH HELLS INFERNAL  
HOST...

BITTER WINE, DARK FLUID OF DECEPTION, DROWSES  
THE MIND OF MAN...  
"TETRAGRAMMATON"

"And the third angel blew his horn, and a great star fell  
from heaven,  
Burning like a torch..."  
Revelations 8.10...renewal is at hand...

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