

Rossomahaar

"Of Shadowy Exaltation"

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Flagellating your pale cold skin,
I desire for more
Beholding those deep bleeding wounds
I wish I could return you back to life
To start my feast all over again...

Whip bleeds my own skin now fiercely
I expect the pain, although it passes away
Leaving me in utter bitterness
I await the night, when I may spread my wings
And reach the skies far above the wooden pantheon...
I await the night and the storm it brings
To conquer these lands of pride and joy
To blacken their souls and deprave their minds...

I'm true and faithful servant of those
Who came here long before the earth was born
I'm their messenger and archangel
Condemned to dwell behind these burning gates
Of sullen silent spheres...

I know not if I'm a vital being
But it should be so, since I scent the honied blood of
females...
I lick them, rape them, slaughter them...
Wretched pathetic humans...

I make them weep, make them shriek and ask
forgiveness...
Seeking delight in pain and suffering, oh so sweet...

[whisper:]
When sun sets beyond the snowy mountains
And wolves howl at the fullmoon
Crescent skies tumble into glowing shade of agony,
So bizarre...

The shadowy inmaterial spectres invite me
To join their exalted hellish dance
The night blackens with storm, breed by Ancient Ones
And I lust for their return more than ever before...

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