

## Salacious Gods

# "Manifest Of The Phantoms Fasade"

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Impaled raider-angels chest  
A battered sculpture here manifests

Woe - Begone souls  
Crowd the world in under Arcane  
As a horde yet kept asuder Profane

Cruel defected angels  
Ensnared in sweet rapture  
Yet cursing and rejecting their sins

Descending steep stairs  
Of black frosty stone  
Approaching the vault  
Of the ones assumed condoned

From the walls grabble claws  
Of a voracious kind  
Lasvicious gods laughter  
Resounds in the halls like thunder

Draw the sabre offered to you from  
The scabbard in the phantoms globed hand  
And chop away Feel free from grace

Blistering dead mist looms up from

The phosphorous wells like acid steam  
Noxious gas invades the weak things  
Of the damned as they crowd  
Themselves stairward  
But held down by the sabre-  
Wielding lords

Take the meat-dish offered to you and  
The goblet from the phantoms gloved hand  
Sink your teeth into the flesh of your prey  
You have given rein  
To your malicious ways

Mangeled and torn  
Hangs the torso with angelwings

Amongst my gates ebony xylography  
No crawling back  
From underworld purgatory  
To heavens filled with hypocrisy

Take the banner handed to you and  
The dagger from the phantoms gloved hand  
To lead the way

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