

Satanic Warmaster

"The Great Necropolis / Baphomet Erected"

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In a season of dead lust
In a season of agony
Pain springs out for an aeon to rule
The banes of our newfound gods have arrived

As the Necropolis grows, they approach from the
belows

[CHORUS:]

The world is in shadows swept,
And only Baphomet can still erect
His seed falls cold,
For the world is now far too old
Yes, our towers must fall,
And with them we all

These concentrationcamps are silent unto ears
In neonlights they hide unseen
We know not the name of he who has come
But his day is the night, and darkness his light

As the Necropolis grows, they approach from the
belows

[CHORUS:]

The world is in shadows swept,
And only Baphomet can still erect
His seed falls cold,
For the world is now far too old
Yes, our towers must fall,
And with them we all

In the corner darkness moves for me
The scourge that will alter eternity into days
The suicide-culture below wants my pain
Only to them something will remain

As the Necropolis grows, they approach from the
belows

The lover of Tiamat is not dead,

In secret striving for new ways of killing himself
And by the Ancients curse our blood will soon do
Kingus deed
We'll never reach too high

[CHORUS:]

The world is in shadows swept,
And only Baphomet can still erect
His seed falls cold,
For the world is now far too old
Yes, our towers must fall,
And with them we all

In a collection of absolute nothingness is where to set a
new breed,
Unknowing of that we still bleed
Dead but dreaming we wait for pains aeon again...
In their veins...

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