Thy Serpent

"Beneath The Banner Of The Unholy Satan's Cult"

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To thirteen nights, i have exorcised my rites, layed a thornwreath on a dust of holiness.

Soon the fullmoon's dreariest hours prevail and the seven bridges from the hellaraised storm,
Appearance beneath the archangel's ferocious shade.

Shields adorned with angel's dissection, and headstalls of fallen one's might,

Emerge from the squadron of fabulous styx behind the luciferian night.

The nocturnal winds of demon's blasphemy crown this armageddish manifestation.

And the boiling sulphur waves lick the mundane surface.

I raise my sword from beneath the thousand spears and banners.

To fulfill my impaler fantasies and carry them through ...to children of god.

[chorus]

I hail the king of Tyros, in antichristian devotion and dignity.

I drink the blood in blasphemy, and become the triumphator of humanity.

:beneath the banner of the unholy Satan's cult. Devastation and victory walk hand in hand,

And i bind to burn.

Soldiers of fire's beyond.

Panzer's of hellish reality.

Velocity of Satan's beasts.

Reflects the doom and unholiest trinity.

[chorus]

Eternal darkness i wish to see, the flames of the pit i want to feel.

Armageddon's might is what i represent.

These are the times of beast himself.

Master of chaos, lords of the strom,

The pentagram reflects, they claw the boundary door. The gates of hell are open wide. My vision's of final destruction is at hands.

I raise my sword from beneath the thousand spears and banners.

To fulfill my impaler fantasies and carry them through ...to children of god.

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