

Thyestean Feast "Chimera Curse"

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Rewards of fright and leprosy for vile deeds you
harvest
Foul this virgin mind of mine where impure thoughts
nest
Wake the war of blessed chimera

Fearless in thy caress
Sear punishmet from my blasphemy
Wrath of sun for treachery
I'm doubtless my enchantress
Tribulation purged my faith
No hollow pleads for love or hate

Thy cold kiss of soulless
So curtailed feels path of dawn
Shade feeds from deals I've sworn
Loss of sacred flesh
Fettered fright where spirit flees
Thirst for light of deceised

Chimera curse

Cursed be my voice still
In the name of Israfil
Cursed be my true will
In the name of Arazil
Cursed and revealed
In the name of Jibril
Let lies to proliferate
With seal of seventh
Shall they storm the gate

My temptress of bitterness
No truth hid in artless chapels
Nor in afterlife unraveled
My empress of emptiness
Where thy nemesis once dwelled
Only bells of lost they knell

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