

Thyrane

"Thy World Inverted"

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The scissors of sinful lust clip the angelic wings, all the grievance of the past now culminates.

Rejected is the rotten fruit in the heavenly gardens,
and praised are the names of the fallen ones.

Let your slaves come to me and i shall teach them
impurity.

Thy world decorated with chaos, what a pleasant sight
that is.

Behold the arrival of beasts and pestilence.

The rope tightens around thy necks.

A new sun in summoned to rise, to provide warmth in
which to rot.

Like souls swept in emotional intoxication, they all seek
the absence of flesh.

(then so be it...)

Cloaked with disease and dismay, together with the
last rays of day,

Thou shalt fade away.

A fulfilled divination, this is our paradise.

Thy world inverted, spiritual domination.

Thy kingdom come...perverted!

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