

Twelve Tribes "Abaddon"

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Agathodaemon he sighs in his whispers towards the
skies
You tyrants unfit for this phantast cowered to prestige
In his reconciled nest just as you promised
From his last glimpse of life the sunlight blinds his eyes
Fallen is abaddon she has become a cell for demons
For every foul bird every beast for the angels have
Drunk the wine of her licentious passion the kings of
the
Sky have fucked her untouched strike down the
blistering sun
Downtrodden aura hoax the sidewinders pave the way
To orcus necropolis black abaddon lay wretched in
disgust
Exhaled by the breath of god onto glass as though
It was scribbled in my flesh you die silver flames
Stare back at me and stretch from his chin to crash
down
On my skull long faced descendant
Why must you gather at the stage of my fall
You should be crawling at the side of my foot as dagon
And believe i saw michael with the key as imprisoned
wings
Curl detached from forever from heaven down
Arioc uzziel down moloch and so very low he climbs
Beneath the dead below the orchid blossom go now
Cherub unfeeling sew your fragrance sadness into the
quilts of
Those who wish to wither in you blink as i spit gist in
your mind as
You are no glistening son of mine wrestle you pawn
through three
Hundred and sixty sullen degrees of patients unknown.

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