

## Disinter "Whirling Spectral Voices"

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Whirling spectral voices  
It's chaos in the flesh  
returning (once again)  
The oldest living thing  
A silent specter sting

Whirling spectral voices  
The ancient (enemy)  
Assumes the (god) form  
Then comes to feed

Whirling, spectral, voices  
Silent, specter, stings

Feasting on our knowledge  
There's no chance (for escape)

the horror has awakened  
Your time will soon be here  
For centuries asleep  
dormant (between feedings)  
Consuming all your souls  
Your knowledge it retains

The beast came up from hell tonight  
I think he wants to dance.

A congregation of drones  
A church of the dead  
A phantom priest is preaching  
The words of the damned.

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