Morbid Angel "Angel Of Disease"

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Your plastic souls melt within cauldron's burning black Chanting to the Ancient Ones, chants of broken lines Kneel before the alter, sacrifice is made It is pleasing to the ones most ancient of the days

They call the prince of disease, messenger of the Absu Carry through the icy winds our curse upon their church

Hanging helpless above the pentagram Sacrifice swings within leather noose Sing the ancient hymn that makes the Abso roll Raise the rusty knife, let loose the blood of Kingu

Sudden death throws off the balance that's within the sky

Priest calls forth infernal names to the ones beyond the gate

Angel of disease one who shuns the light Shub Niggurath goat with one thousand young

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Praise the beast, the chanting grew Praise the beast with virgin blood Praise the beast with soul and mind Praise the beast and show the sign

Bind their kings in iron chains Execute the judgment for them Come and taste the fleshy pleasures Orgies of endless time

Beneath the rolling for hate ignites their eyes From their graves the dead rise to answer Nammtar's call

On a twisted cross the virgin corpse hangs They blacken out the sun and burn the elder gods

Morbid priest calling forth Abominations of the sky

Kutulu meets in the void Ancient Ones rule once more

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