

Salacious "Manifest Of The Phantoms Fasade"

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Impaled raider-angels chest
A battered sculpture here manifests

Woe - Begone souls
Crowd the world in under Arcane
As a horde yet kept asuder Profane

Cruel defected angels
Ensnared in sweet rapture
Yet cursing and rejecting their sins

Descending steep stairs
Of black frosty stone
Approaching the vault
Of the ones assumed condoned

From the walls grabble claws
Of a voracious kind
Lasvicious gods laughter
Resounds in the halls like thunder

Draw the sabre offered to you from
The scabbard in the phantoms globed hand
And chop away Feel free from grace

Blistering dead mist looms up from
The phosphorous wells like acid steam
Noxious gas invades the weak things
Of the damned as they crowd
Themselves stairward
But held down by the sabre-
Wielding lords

Take the meat-dish offered to you and
The goblet from the phantoms gloved hand
Sink your teeth into the flesh of your prey
You have given rein
To your malicious ways

Mangeled and torn
Hangs the torso with angelwings
Amongst my gates ebony xylography

No crawling back
From underworld purgatory
To heavens filled with hypocrisy

Take the banner handed to you and
The dagger from the phantoms gloved hand
To lead the way

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