

Abaddon

"The Sharing Of Thoughts With The Dead"

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Starlight filters through the trees

I am rapt in twisted taught

I wander to the ancient tomb amidst the stinking fog

Beneath the moon upon a tomb entranced in a black
daze

I seek forbidden truths that lie beyond the grave

Dark minds were born to suffer

Beneath the lies of the white Christ

Be free among the dead ancients

Mind meld with the unholy rot

Sometimes I hear them moaning deep within their
vaults

Starving, lonely, pathetic bastards infected with the rot

But if I spend long enough in this morbid trance

They begin to see my magic and I become their God

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