## Abazagorath "Death And Necromancy"

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Chaos is growing in my tomb
Grave garments removed - dried maggots
Before me dances the ghoul, Belial
Rouse me from my sleep, wicked profane evil

Clawing at an old torch
Grim teeth biting bones - dancing on my grave
I am a shade in an old place
Rouse my morbid ancient spirit

Lead me to a strange throne Demon dancers thin and black Spinal spikes and claws Eyes red as embers

Cold foul stench Black Metal symphony Strike my skull with blood In my claw place a sword

Medieval evil Fire and wickedness They shall fear the growing plague Return of Black Death

Revolt in pestilence
Disturbed ancient rest
Lead me into this mouth of hell
Deep below the crypt

Words of power uttered In a loud of ageless dust Curses cast upon the false Hatred spanning the centuries

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