

Abazagorath "Les Fleurs Du Mal"

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Upon the fallow fields of blood-drenched earth
The gleaming bale-fire sun
Nourishes an immortal rebirth

Seeds of midnight hate
Interred in burial dirt
When they come to fruit
Yield a harvest of hurt

Blossoms of blackest beauty
Bloom deep inside my soul

Sharpened roots like fangs
Puncturing my heart
Thorny vines constricting
Prick and squeeze out life

O inhale deeply
The sweet stench of death
Rotting spores borne
On an icy wind

Blossoms of blackest beauty
Bloom deep inside my soul

The moon's silver skull
Hangs high in darkened skies
Over lonely plains
So far from paradise
Petals unfurl
Flowers reach into night
Adorned with bloody dew drops
That glisten in the pale moonlight

The growing shadow
Spreads from within
I will sow the seeds
Of decadence and sin

Blossoms of blackest beauty
Bloom deep inside my soul

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