

Abazagorath

"Rites Of The Black Herald"

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Channeling the ethereal moons
Engulfed by the night mist
Carnal yearning for fresh blood
Diabolic hooded figures in essence

Beckoning unholy vigil
Primitive evil
Feel the chill
Foul and ancient

Endure the precious fragment
Renouncing a profane religion
Transcending, manifesting in the flesh
Disciples of sacrilege

To mock the weeping saints
Infinite darkness entombed no longer
Rotting within burning crypts
Flaming host bestows his gift

Circle of abhorrence
Saponified flesh consumed
Northern winds are calling in tongues
They speak of doom

Northern winds are calling in tongues
They speak of doom...

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