

## Abazagorath "The Citadel Of Lies"

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The breath beneath an obscene gaze, Emerged in a  
tempest, intense and violent. From the foulest gouge  
of oppression. Stormed a burning unclean air  
Ominous black shadows, Overtake the fortress,  
Consume in the ground dead, The whores of devotion

Lay impregnated with my sins, Burning in the cunts of  
christ. Beneath the moon and evil sign, A sun obscured  
in their blood

Like a thick velvet robe, stifling, Enveloped in it's  
embrace. Standing to spit upon the cross of god,  
Smothering the embers of deceit

I am the fallen angel

The murderous winds of desire and hate, Rising from  
the seas of our soul, Like the black fog that clings to  
the mountains. Rising from below

Hung an old oak. Say nay to those whose stiffened  
limbs, Sway on elongated necks, yet they may look  
towards you

Those priests that hang like leaves on dead limbs,  
Against the blackened skies of my mind

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