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Abazagorath "Weapon Of Unholy Wrath"

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Satan - possess my soul, Satan -grant me your strength, Form me into a weapon of your unholy wrath Cast your will upon me. Make me a slave in your thrall. I shall execute your command with a thirst for revenge May I feel the torments of countless hellbound souls May their rage manifest within my violent acts

Forged - as if from steel, Brandished - in your right hand. Make me an instrument, Of your hate and vengeance

A blade that will cut Holy hypocrites down, A hammer to smash the walls of their temples, A fire that will burn Their scriptures of lies, A spear to impale their meaningless god

Laying siege to this kingdom of deceit. Waging a war of unholy genocide. The shreds of their slaughtered dogma, Lie like corpses on a blood-stained field Satan - make me a key to open the gates of Hell, To cast my wretched victims into the pits of unending suffering

The cries of fallen heretics cease to haunt me, Long vengeful souls find peace through retribution... Vengeance!

The battle has been one. My deeds have been done, A blade with no more purpose, I fall to the gore drenched earth. A blade that cut holy hypocrites down A hammer that smashed the walls of their temples, A fire that burned their scriptures of lies A spear that impaled their meaningless god

Satan - possess my soul. Satan - grant me your strength

Form me into a weapon of your unholy wrath.

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