

Abominator

"Carnivorous Strike Of The Knife"

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Voracious ritual of our discontent
Flames now ignited in black urns
Altars of flesh stand before us at Gehenna
The moon carves a path for our souls to learn

Praises to Moloch, ghouls of the chosen keep
Demonic land, the resting place, at Gehenna we sleep
Ultimate soil of suffering, repugnant hellhole
Smoke casting black shadows of burning souls

Immortality, flesh suppressed our entities
Prepare to burn with the flock, congregate for Moloch

With the carven's symbol now drawn
And the ashclouds obscuring the light of dawn
Waiting for holy victims to be lured
To cut and burn them, all trace obscured

Carnivorous strike of the knife!

Praises to Moloch, ghouls of the chosen keep
Demonic land the resting place, at Gehenna we sleep
For the blood is victory, Satanic allegory
Portal to eternal life, it opens!

Stoke a fire, sever a victim
Form a cauldron with your desires
Fill the darkness with hateful remains
Watch the flesh turn to mire
Psychotic aura attracts the smoke
With nocturnal strength you continue to stoke
Time to seek, to excoriate
No longer shall we lie in wait
Commence the hunt for tender flesh
Bring to our control, their charred death!

The light of dawn bears a scorn, we must escape
Retreat to a dark where the cross is marked, place of
disdain
Immortal carnivores of hell we've become once again
The knife bears the gleams of the victims eternal pain

Cleansing ourselves with the very art
That reduced us to our impure state
Seeking liquids their purity breeds
Lust for mortal flesh it will satiate

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