

Black Crucifixion "Faustian Scream"

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Distantly the clouds are darkening,
Thunder roars with lightning flash.
Fearful cries of Christling spawn,
Awaiting fateful, final clash.

Black-clad legions harken bravely,
Prepare for battle one & all.
Sharpen sword, axe & spear,
Harken to that far-off call.

Through ages Christlings rule,
Burned & tortured in holy reign.
Now the pagan ethos wakens,
Time for primal law again.

Satan's battlers marching steady,
Berserker's yell fills the sky.
As of old Christlings tremble,

To the sound of warrior's cry.

Here now stand the Dark Lord's legions,
Atop ruins of the Church.
Mountains high are skulls of prelates,
For the holy - do not search.

Victory to the Earth's noblest,
Honour-bound, defy once more.
All the petty Christling worms,
Defeated by the Will of Thor.

Now New Aeon has been ushered,
Satan's reign over world supreme.
Human kind's potential unfettered,
Fulfilling yet the Faustian dream.

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