

Deathevokation "The Monument"

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Forged in Fire, in the Pits of Hell
Death Desire, deep Down We dwell
Passing the Cauldron We stand aback
As the Gods do their Bidding
Carved out of Moonstone, a devoted Existence.

Of Fire is our Path, a Gate to the Dark Side of Creation.
This once unified Us all, these were the Rites of the
Black Mass
They build Us this Monument, everlasting, an ancient
Heritage of Dark Creation
Being born of Hatred and Disgust, an ancient Lore of
Death

You had to desecrate It all, had to lead a Soulless Life
Had to Destroy not Create, but our Cult will persevere
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