

Necros Christos

"Daemonomantic Fog Lay Upon The Tombs Of Succoth"

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Red moonlight falls upon the ritual
The priest is messing
"It's the end of all days"
Spells cast upon the bones that moulder
While the bells chime for the opening of the graves
Once a night in Palestine
Around the tombs fog can be seen
The bonethrone praise is on the run
The rite is done, the doom has come
Goat apocalypse
The woman's throat is slit
Black pentacles burn
The burning wind brings fog in return
Ye shall know when he ascends
Upon the flames a putrid stench
Reveals his presence unto those
For ye shall know when he unfolds
Daemonomantic fog lay upon the tombs of succoth

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