

Anathema

"The Lord Of Mortal Pestilence"

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Storm-lord, the Dreaded One
Poison of our worlds
In times of darkness, of death and decay
he grasps dominion all over
His stench hovers as shame
in the house of fratricide

An impressive depravity of a cadaverous epiphany
A profane blasphemy of the darkest atrocity

Welcome me, mortal beings
to a world a cry of fear
Incursions to evil
shattered are your dreams
My breath, a torrid wind
of immortal pestilence
heaves torment, pain and anguish
suffer in your silence

Chaos, no salvation
misery, no redemption
Twisted minds hold the key
Benevolence, I pray for thee

Drowned in fear, shrouded in black
Mourning eternally in a spiritual lethargy

Every beat of his heart
is a death-toll chiming in a mind
As chimes grow stronger
the earth shudders in his wake
His final lament is a
requiem to the Gods of Darkness
All deep contempt is a
blasphemous sacrilege to his name

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