

Ancient Rites

"And The Physical Shape Of Light Bled"

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Perish, thy presence is no longer
Feeble energy buried by time, by evolution, by man
and mind...

Children of the Beast, Offspring of Hell
Time has come to reap, to triumph
Reap the souls of fools, marked by light
Rejoice in eternal power and eternal sin

Manifest thyself, scorch the land
Scorn the heavens, turned to sand
Stain the ground with sacred blood
Burn their thrones, the end of god

Bleed and cry, thou feeble lord
Blood of thine shall wet my sword
Burn and bleed, thou feeble whore
Burn and bleed, forever more

I am He, who shun the light
Born with sin, to walk by night
Born with sin, born with might
For I am He, who shun the light
Perish, thou of light and purity
Thy presence is no longer
The strength of thine, forever gone
Blessed are we, the Devil's sons

Blessed with fire, born with might
Born with sin, to rule the night

For we are those who shun the light...
I shall drive the stake of sin through the heart of this
world...
... leave eternal scars in the weavings of light...

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