

Empire of Blood

Black Funeral

Malefic energies circle the temple as the spell is
willed...
where the spheres connect cosmic forces enter the casual
world of horrors, beauty to the risen...
watch the cthonic blood pit dwellers rise...controlled by
our will.

The Goat of One Thousand young is a shadow of my
lust...
Leviathan, serpent of the depths is a reality of my iron
will let the trapezoid bring forth...
Mind over matter connected with sonic energy...
the key is the eighth angel,

The black oceans roar with the sound of demonic
laughter, dark waters stir...
Behold, Leviathan awakes...
From the chains in which I have hung myself, I see now
this vision knowing, my strength is one with Pan...