

Ode To Pazuzu

Black Funeral

Wings of disease, trapped in stone
Stone carved from nightmares
Pazuzu, primal egregore of man's suffering
I call your name, and carve your image in my flesh
Lord of plagues, river of the northern winds
You stare at humanity through your glass cage
Brought from Assyria to the city of Lights
Your energy radiating from the Louvre pyramid
A pestilence set out to destroy human life
In a world made of glass and concrete
The flesh is so weak, so easy to corrupt
Ripped by your infected fangs and claws
Lord Pazuzu, spread sickness in the heart of men
Spread fear and terror in the soul of Jehovah's chosen
ones
Feed me through your frozen wild eyes
Now I can bring the sickness in the heart of men