

Sutekh (Chaos)

Black Funeral

Lord of the Northern Sky, chaos unbound
Whose head is a beast, yet has no form
Lord of deserts, the mightiest of Gods
Whose blade cuts deep the weakened enemy
A tribe of sand moves across a sky forlorn
I am the Eye within the center, overmastering, devouring
As the Serpent do I embrace torment, stinging death
Yet through me there is life
The moon is dark, sleeping in a desolate ruin
Shadows bring my servants, breeding serpents within
Lord of Beasts, who cuts with the knife oppression and
stasis
Let strife run through the veins of all, let mastery be
of the strong
There is no compassion for those who are not of our blood
Praise is made in me, for here darkness begins
Tongues of flame, scribe my books of art
So infernal, yet I compel the suns scorching rays
Lord of the Darkened Skies, yet arise in the Noon
Burning sun and deathhead Moon