

Unclean Spirit

Black Funeral

Unclean spirit enter them
We are many, legion
We are filth, of blackest earth
We awake in the bloat of corpses
The fly which is our form
Legion to whom nothing stands
Within a hatred you cannot understand
I want to enter your flesh, become one
Unless you resist, then to drink down your soul
Night and day, no rest just torment
Cut yourself in my name
There are many who offer blood to my cult
For they cannot understand a deeper meaning
I require not sacrifice no bent knee
Rather defiance as the spirit from which I am
We breathe pestilence into the cowering peasant
Who will never be of us
All of my abominations shall defile this earth
And create it again in my image
In one hand I hold heaven
And in the other Hell
Can you see the mark between my eyes
My flesh may perish but my spirit lives on