

Praise The Name Of Satan

Akercocke

Mephistopheles
Extract from concealment
Enlightenment
A plethora of Cacodaemons
Emerge to defile me
Debase me
I dare not resist
But celebrate the pain

Drops of blood fall in time
With the beating of your heart
Foctid breath whispers
Are you the messiah?
Satan

Lacerate the soul
Dissect the ego
Naked I confront
The sheer cliff face of sanity
On which I gain no purchase
Attempt to climb
And make no progress
I am a blasphemy to Christ
Am I Jesus? Am I messiah?
Stone statue speaks
The winter of life too cold
Twisted Debaser
As the winds from the
Furthest reaches of Belial
Stir winter clouds across the moon
I hear the words of the master
For you and Satan