

## Son Of The Morning

Akercocke

Bear witness to my testimony  
The things that I have done- Unforgiveable  
The prayers of a hundred priests  
Could not save my soul  
Like the son of the morning  
Boasting a multitude of sins  
Struck down from the mountain of God  
Whispering to me  
Through cracks in the wall  
Cracks in my sanity  
You only know that which I choose to show  
I stand at the endge of the precipise  
Wondering whether to step  
There is no path of righteousness  
There is only Satan  
Strange angel  
Why do you come here  
How art thou fallen from Heaven  
To the uttermost parts of the pit  
The cherubim and seraphim of Lucifer

[Solo- P.S.]

Indulge in the rites of profanity  
Sink to depths of depravity  
Defilement and penetration  
In the sanctum of the monarch  
Saliva on soft thighs  
Outstretched wings  
Semen across lips  
Hooves steeped in blood  
Insatiable  
Incorrigible  
The adversary- father of death  
Craves adoration