

# An Ode To The Bringer Of Chaos

Alghazanth

The night is our dawn - bestow us Thy spell  
Allow us to comprehend the august wisdom of Hell  
With insanity Thou have besmeared my mind  
Come forth, Thou art the father of our kind

The agitator behind the walls of flames  
Behold these instruments of vengeance  
Curse forever this light-raped dimension  
Embrace it to death with Thy tyrannic ascension

Crushing the skull of christ out of pure delight  
Grievance is the reward of this world forlorn  
The hellburn inside, guiding me to the pit and beyond  
Thy grasp squeezes my soul and never lets me go

With a perverted smile upon our lips we observed  
The enemy bemoaned in the nectar of a dying world...

Satan, Thou art to spill the wine of suicide  
Master, Thou art the razor upon their throats

As marionettes of death in the arms of Mammon  
Or like flesh torn by the unhallowed dragon  
Malignant visions unfold, Thy age has begun  
Darkness is ours for Thy flame became our sun