

# With A Thorn In Our Hearts

Alghazanth

From the shapeless seed of Death grew the most dreadful wonder  
Towering unseen over all existence  
Its roots are wrapped tight around Creation's throat  
And God's all faces drown in the shadow of its Crown

In waking...  
In dreaming...  
In dreamless sleep we're drawn  
By signs and fate towards that vast sinister source

And the song of ravens will guide us forth

Attempt to approach in hope of consolation  
And lost you'll be in the freezing wasteland  
But come thirsting for unearthly strength  
And you may find the bliss that never ends

Seasons rise, seasons fall  
Yet the Tree of Night is florescent forevermore

A venomous thorn from its blackest bough  
Is buried deep in the chests of the chosen  
Piercing the side of the heart every time it beats  
Never to let us forget what we truly seek

Sancti Satanae plena sunt omnia  
Letum et dolor lumen sunt in gloria

Invoking...  
Beseeching...  
In prayer and rites we're torn  
Reborn and slain again by that transforming force

And the song of ravens keeps raging on!

Come and harvest the fruit of rebellion  
Partake in the orgy of apotheosis  
To stand upright and to choose your own way  
Eat of this offering and nothing will be the same

Kingdoms rise, kingdoms fall  
Yet the Tree of Night is florescent forevermore

A venomous thorn from its blackest bough  
Is buried deep in the chests of the chosen  
Piercing the side of the heart every time it beats  
To wake us up from this cursed cosmic dream