

Firebreath of Blasphemy and Scorn

Azarath

Your holy name,
Too holy to be spoken.
Enhanced without distinction,
Weak mirage of salvation.
You are nothing more...
Yes, you are nothing more.

The strangling mistery for the worms ruled by fear.
By hopeless prayers of light - my ears are bleeding.
By holy revelations - my eyes are blind.
My will is the purest hate, the lust for profanation.
My scornful tongue - the stone thrown against the eye.

Your everlasting presence - the gulf of dereliction.
In ceremonial rapture priests lead the chant of love.
Passionate kneeling - the salvage by adoration.
Idly try to escape from eternal sulphur flames.

Tremendous Jehovah! - The shepherd of the scum!
Tremendous Jehovah! - The father failed his son!
Tremendous Jehovah! - Shit coveres the holy altar!
Tremendous Jehovah! - Blaspheres' curse upon Thee!

I raise the Satan's cross!
Intricacy burned!
Soul forever lost!
Speak through my blood!

Now your glory's gone since you became a sin.
Your mighty kingdom stands on the dunghill of hope.
Master of delusion, lousy ruler of beggars,
The pillar of simplicity. Hypostasis torn.

I am the firebreath of blasphemy and scorn.
I'll never praise your name.
I'll never become your throne.

I raise the Satan's cross!
Intricacy burned!
Soul forever lost!
Speak through my blood!