

The Abjection

Azarath

Oh, holy virgin whore,
Monument of my worship,
Time of my harvest is so near.
Immaculate bitch,
The star of my lustful dreams,
Hunger for your flower grows inside and burns.

I am destroyer of your ignorance.
I am your masochistic desire.
Bestial lust for your pain.
Sadistic pleasure piercing your skin.

This is the ceremony of the abjection of the holiness.
Naked and defiled glory of the Holy Ghost's fuckery.

On this damned night of fullmoon I entered your realm,
My carnal ram is grinding your fate.
Let me see your pain,
Let me hear your cry.
Jewel of your virtue has gone with your tears.

On this damned night of sodomy I feast upon her flesh,
Necklace of the bones adorns my chest.
Let me see her wounds,
Let me feel her death.
Agonising scream echo in my mind,

Your father turned his back,
Your son's forever dead,
You're finally raped and killed,
My semen's in your throat.

Your angel fell below,
Dead prayer to his corpse
Won't save your fucking soul
Slutmother of the weak.

On this damned night of cruelty I made my sacrifice
To the power of darkness - the one who dwells within.
Secrets of the eye make me stronger now.
Into the land of the shadows I fly.

I plunge my blade in the holy virgin's blood.
I am his hand when death arrives.