

Under the Will of the Lord

Azarath

Cold life's memorial as a gleam of the torch hidden in
the night.

A breath of the past so distant and so unreal.

An illusion of the other side.

A soul condemned to haunt a frozen burial ground.

Nothing but ashes remained in the soil of the worm-eaten
coffins.

The spirit doomed to wander

In unquieting uncertainty.

His temple of life decomposed,

Vast wastelands welcome his death.

Death!!! Death!!!

A mirage - the flash of blade that opened

The entrance to the worlds below.

Last vision - the circle in blood.

Under the will of the Lord...

Into the formless abyss

Where abomination is enthroned.

Where primordial majesty dwells

In the chamber of no light.

From the crucible of the existence,

Into the darkest emptiness!

A mirage - the flash of blade that opened

The entrance to the worlds below.

Last vision - the circle in blood.

Under the will of the Lord...

Summoning infernal storms of fire.

Immolation to become the key.

Enlightened by the seven stars,

The spirit's born again

From the chaos unbound.

From the house of disgust,

Into the sphere of dust!

Howling funeral orations,

The sweet reek of the corpse.

The spirit returns to its graveyard,

Demonic fury unchained.

A plague among the living,

Immense hunger for blood,

Glorious victory of death.

There is no sight raised up to the sky,

Only death quenching the rays of all hope.