

Malicious Rites

Baptism

This world is only rot
Only burning light
I feel? I remember falling
Somewhere inside the elders sing their discordial poetry
I see? here is the promised flesh, tainted

Our souls are burning
In this baptism of the serpent night
In ecstasy of the obscure and perverted
Your wings are burning in hell's fire
In the primitive hall of Evil

With these hands I destroy
Those shadows I follow
These pathetic humans I hate
This body of mine I shall sacrifice
Malicious rites

Strongly possessed to the Left Hand Path
All these live to honour you, Satan
You are made of us, I see it clearly now
All this disgusting ugliness
Only to build a new un-dead ritual
Temples of un-equilibrium