

Sanguinary

Be'lakor

The purile form the weakened mind
The pools that linger in our wake
Compelled to act, yet not to think
These are the lambs that will surely fall

Borne out of fire, a new regime
A beacon for the ancient gods
Their empire crumbled into ash
Let ignorance reign no more

Unto the glory of the stars
We hail the night sky
Gathered beneath
We seal the pact and bring its chaos

The nothing within
Breeds darkness without
Consorting with hatred
The furious winds of Belial's bond
From which there is no escape

The atrophy of mankind
Degenerated into drones
chasing illusions of any worth
To worship shadows is to live for naught

To Belial the pariahs turn
To the fiends of darkness' throne
A covenant born out of the grave
Our blood shall wash away their kind

And now you see this life before thee
Is but a detour to illusion
The love they preach is but a weakness
To sate the mind-fields which they sow

As they scream into eternity
The blades of wisdom carve their flesh
A fate procured through idle minds

And now you see this life
Before thee
Is but a detour into illusion
The love that their preach is but a weakness
To sate the mind-fields which they sow

As they scream into eternity
The blades of wisdom carve their flesh
A fate procured through idle minds
And nothing will remember them.