

Loathsome Serpents (Ogiel) - Chokmah (Beelzebub = Chaigidel)

Black Funeral

Encircled in the lie
Whispering brilliance, incantations arise
I wait longer for the surge within
The hindering shadow which draws out the beast
Appearance is cracking, my skin is so cold
The veins grow thin, wire bound
A new type of thirst

Surrounded and concealed, I cannot stand up
Restricted by the weight of the false light
Wanting to stand up and lacerate the sky
Pouring blood to bring a new fire of sight
When you can't be held anymore
As when you find nothing matters
Only to corrupt and devour
The ones who are only slaves
And the strong who stand in your way

Born again screaming the names of the shadow god
My own birth as the lord of the abyss
I am down in the darkness still wanting your soul
Or what you think it is

Blackened skin and serpents surround
They are making me stronger, when I wish to crawl again
Across the ground in snake like moments
Severing insects breed in my name