

## Unclean Spirit

## Black Funeral

Unclean spirit enter them  
We are many, legion  
We are filth, of blackest earth  
We awake in the bloat of corpses  
The fly which is our form  
Legion to whom nothing stands  
Within a hatred you cannot understand  
I want to enter your flesh, become one  
Unless you resist, then to drink down your soul  
Night and day, no rest just torment  
Cut yourself in my name  
There are many who offer blood to my cult  
For they cannot understand a deeper meaning  
I require not sacrifice no bent knee  
Rather defiance as the spirit from which I am  
We breathe pestilence into the cowering peasant  
Who will never be of us  
All of my abominations shall defile this earth  
And create it again in my image  
In one hand I hold heaven  
And in the other Hell  
Can you see the mark between my eyes  
My flesh may perish but my spirit lives on