

Ain Elohim

Celtic Frost

Lay thy hand on the neck of thine enemies
Devour their flesh with thy sword
Bring down the slain from among thine adversaries
They shall fall to rise no more

Tetragrammaton
Thy wrath inflame my passion
Tetragrammaton
Against all sinful flesh

Let thy wrath consume all of thine enemies
Scourge them with flames of fire
Lay thy feet on the pile of those slain by thy
mysteries
We shall be cleansed by their blood

Thus said the Lord: I am Sabaoth
Feel my holy wrath
I am glorified
I cannot be denied
I am he who is
Punishment for wickedness
I am the one you dread
You are as good as dead

Tetragrammaton
Thy wrath inflame my passion
Tetragrammaton
Against all sinful flesh

There is no God but the one that dies with me
I have no life but the one I take with me to the grave
We come into this world alone
And we will die on our own
I live
I die
Ain Elohim