

# Black Metal Sabbath

## Cephalic Carnage

Black gate of the mortal  
Sabbath held in thy honor, summon the anti-god  
Is there nothing sacred, is there nothing pure?  
Cool winds are abound me, from this fire well breath.

Embracing the myth  
Everything I am to believe  
Embracing the evil  
Everything that surrounds who I am.

Smoke will rise from the graves of our elders once slain  
Crack the whip, night draws near, darkness swallows me whole  
Worship upon the dead, praise all Harassathoth  
Satan summon ka-put ancients forces arise

Beelzebub suck my balls, Beelzebub will suck my balls!

Corpses' rise from your tomb  
Paint thy light unto dark  
Is there nothing sacred?  
Sexual urge for the dead

War, holy war  
Infernal names invoke the storm  
The end of man has come to pass  
Goatwhore shall reign supreme!

Lust for the dead in the cold night, a chill grasps my breath  
I hold onto nothing, for this I shall fall  
Smoke a bowl, read thy necronomicon  
Balls of fire, erupt from the pyre  
Of unholiness in my mind  
Abaudahdine is honored to behold black metal sabbath!

Shootin' up to get my rush  
This time I think I'll take too much  
Barely breathing, profusely bleeding  
I'd get my gun, if I could move  
and put myself in the ground

Take a pill get all low, high again you jones  
Twisting convulsing, overdosing, skin turns pale  
Writhing in sweat, moribund death comes for you  
Slicing your wrist as you die you now want to live.