

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.