

An ash painted chamber where death has been
A song of entrails strung upon a violin
On the brow, blood and sperm, with bile thinned
And sealed with the Hecate's nightshade kiss

Five live cats, into a pentagram pinned
To fuel their yowls, be they partly skinned
A will to call the reaper to seal the abyss
Where the half-eaten faces of coranthon grin

And the deluge begins
As a wail runs into course
Defeat devours defiance
Life congeals, unhallowed
Stench billows
Raped into compliance
The strong force yields
To the redivider

Altars bleed their rotting sanctity
Aborted selves convulse
Retch momentity avulsed from bliss

The walls give way
To a trembling pandemonium

Nightmares flood the dying soul's septic vision
Decrepit screams, extraneous and obitual
Gnosis through unbearability, psychosis by volition
This is not a happy ritual

Triumphantly
Entropy parades its mandibles
Tendons snap, bone rips from bone
Atrocity transfigures overthrown humanity
A scythed obscene apparition stands alone

Praise the descending dark
Praise limbo's dripping vulva
Praise the perishing spark
That takes with it eternal life

Iginum imus nocte et canoumimus igni

The acolytes shed blood devoutly
Dying slowly where they kneel
The figure reaches out
His clutches grab an easy meal

But as the fiend unvigilant,
Turns to feed, the master draws
Upon his chest a vigil and
Invents death and the devil's laws

Iginum imus nocte et canoumimus igni

Vigna te, vigma temere me tangis et angis

Forta faterno culto mulli claudaris lament
Immare irate, in subata procella
Invoco te, marstra occulta stella

For when you
Even death will die
We spin around the night
Consumed by the fire
Cross thyself, you plague
And vex me without need
Even though consumed by fire
We spin around the night
In seas of wrath and sudden storms
I invoke thee
We spin around the night
Consumed by the fire
For when you should have danced
Even death will die
Even though consumed by fire
We spin around the night