

Cult of Death

Deathchain

We stand before thee
The ancient god of death
And we kneel before the pit
The path to your kingdom come

Cast away by the shadows
Now you rule in the deep
True king of the void
Come make us clean

Before the dawn of men
Inside these temple walls
Unholy oaths were sworn
Among the chosen ones
To be held in secrecy
To be held in silence
Until the day would come
For him to arrive

Gathering at the circle
The ritual is soon complete

Eerie rumbling can be heard
It's coming from the world between
Whispering with the unpure tongue
Spoken only by this god

Stronger than the starless aeons
Stronger than the weight of time

We are the cult of death - we keep the flames alive
We are the cult of death - the children of the scorn

Consuming dark begins to grow
The hour of coming approaches
The ceremony has proceeded
Everflowing stream has opened

We are the cult of death - we keep the flames alive
We are the cult of death - the children of the scorn

Stench of death closing in
He is coming from the deepest depths

Come and seek your might
From the face of this earth

Destroyer - conqueror - legion - tyrant

This wait is soon to be over
As the walls are breeding doom
Thy mighty force of evil
Repulsive yet so pure

As we see them, horns arising
All is covered in black blood
Three heads, three mouths for blaspheming

Bears this one true king

Destroyer - conqueror - legion - tyrant

Our hearts are filled with pride

He is greater than we thought

Strong as the mountainside

Strong as the stormiest sea