

The Order

Demonical

I pervert the essence of grace
Through the rituals of antichrist
The sacred flesh I vomit
The sacred blood I must detest

Glowing scars of the crown
Stigmata marks the favor now
Worn with contempt
My horns flow from the scars
As we form
A voice to sing the oldest song
Of the wound,
Of the rise,
Of the order

A chant to celebrate
The flesh and the becoming
As the son of the order ascends

Born of the wretched, all entwined
Suffering bodies, suffering minds,
Flesh of contempt come forth,
New salvation's spawned
The new womb breeding antichrist
Shall tear asunder the sanctified
Giving birth to a new heaven
This child shall bear
The devil's mark

A voice to sing the oldest song
Of the wound,
Of the rise,
Of the order

A chant to celebrate
The flesh and the becoming
As the son of the order ascends

Suffering
Behold the fall of the blades once again
The black order
The prayer ripped open
Giving birth to a corrupt heart
Dominance!
The black order

A voice to sing the oldest song
Of the wound,
Of the rise,
Of the order

A chant to celebrate
The flesh and the becoming
As the son of the order ascends