

Legion Of Chaos

Devilish Impressions

„How you would please me, Night! without your stars
Which speak a foreign dialect, that jars
On one who seeks the void, the black, the bare.
Yet even your darkest shade a canvas forms
Whereon my eye must multiply in swarms
Familiar looks of shapes no longer there” *

Vision of disorder...
Meritorious, perpetual annihilation
Fountains of blood running down with rain
Washing away the stench of mankind's putrefaction

Hail! We are the Legion Of Chaos
Hail! Bow to the Legion Of Doom
Chaos... sperm and ova of all species
Chaos... bringer of darkness and daylight

„You forests, like cathedrals, are my dread
You roar like organs. Our curst hearts, like cells
Where death forever rattles on the bed,
Echo your de Profundis as it swells.
My spirit hates you, Ocean! sees, and loathes
Its tumults in your own. Of men defeated
The bitter laugh, that's full of sobs and oaths,
Is in your own tremendously repeated” *

Fountains of blood running down with rain
Washing away the stench of mankind's putrefaction

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Chaotic vision of the cosmos...

[* „Obsession” by Charles Baudelaire]