

## Ornament Of Grace

Enthroned

Unto thee, o mighty fatality, do we give thanks for that  
thy name is near thy wondrous works declare  
When we receive the congregation, as we were judged  
uprightly  
Shadows cometh neither from the east, nor from the west,  
nor from the south  
The temple of my breath would hear the laments through 39  
curses

Our blood sang out with glorious glee as Leviathan  
trounced waves  
Surrounding circles dusted with glow, chromed ice melting  
in with astral flow

The serpent blesses the Jupiterian core  
Andromalius wouldn't wish for more  
An evocation in filled ecstasy  
As one arm, we locked them with humility

"Hail Leviathan, Lord and Master of Water  
We thank thee for being present at our ritual  
We bid you, go in peace"

An ornament of grace

The temple of my breath hears the laments of 40 curses  
Let's step to new Circle...