

Troparion For The White Plague

Fairytale Abuse

Sun rise, a smell in the wind speaks the death of another soul
Rainfall, a bacterial barrage of perplexing dimensions

A night in the hours of darkness
Before rimes and hymns were branded
A witch respelling the tome of the damned
One was told she had no eyes, nor for soul
Altherion summon the damned summon the damned
Son of the plague of the rotting dead

Murderer, devious malady
Fallen ones, dance on your graves
Taint by fever
The lust and flesh of humanity
Troparion for the white plague

Silence, only squeals and shiver from the vermin in the water
Sickness spreading trough the gutters

Flesh from a raven
Spleen from an embryo in a bloody both
Skin of a horse
With garlic and vampire guts
Altherion, son of the damned, son of the damned
Summon the plague of the rotting dead

A kiss from to the prince of the dead
By mourning and suffering, people shall die
The year of the plague sets in
Fallen ones, dance with me