

# Anathema Maranatha

## Funeral Mist

Lo! A new angel has come to spread his wings,  
a great swarm of plagues to collect our sins,  
even now shall they surrender...  
to the power of the dog

Sin and sinner, death and dying,  
the many waters must be judged,  
flesh as straw as soil and soul,  
all chained to the great great whore.

For more love than seraphs know,  
we will live seraphs burn,  
deep in bonds of miry clay,  
the many waters must be judged.

He shall suck the poison of asps!  
the viper's tongue shall slay him!  
He shall suck the poison of asps!  
the viper's tongue shall slay him!  
...and yes he shall fall among them that fall!

ANATHEMA MARANATHA!

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The Anathema is in the midst of thee,  
let him be had in execration Maranatha.  
The Anathema is in the midst of thee,  
let him be Anathema Maranatha!

Hell from beneath is moved to meet thee,  
moved to meet thee at thy coming,  
it stirreth up the dead for thee,  
even all the chief ones of the earth.

Hell is naked, naked before him,  
and destruction hath no covering,  
and yes, he shall fall among them that fall,  
for he hearest not the LORD!

For more love than seraphs know,  
we will like seraphs burn,  
deep in bonds of miry clay,  
the many waters must be judged.

He shall suck the poison of asps!  
the viper's tongue shall slay him!  
He shall suck the poison of asps!  
the viper's tongue shall slay him!  
...and yes, he shall burn in the fires of rejection,  
for he hath gone a whoring from the LORD our GOD!